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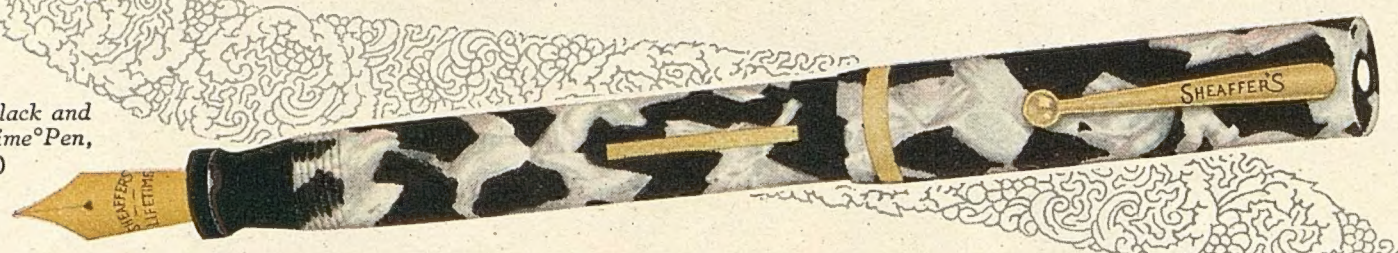


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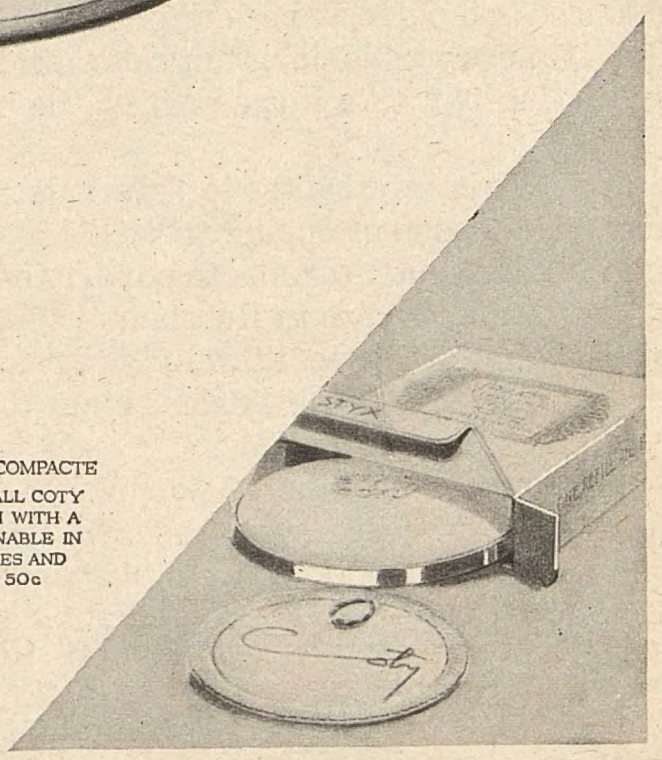


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MARCH 23, 1929 **Liberty** *A Weekly for Everybody* VOL. 6 No. 11

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*"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."* —*Stephen Decatur.*

# SEEIN' THINGS AT NIGHT

If we may judge by letters that have come in after some of our editorials on preparedness against war, the S. P. C. A., the objectionableness of prohibition because it is designed principally to save weaklings, etc., etc., many of our readers have come to the conclusion that we are very hard-boiled.

There seems to be an impression that we have armored sensibilities and nickel-plated feelings.

Well, it isn't true. Perhaps we have an inferiority complex and are trying to cover up our real nature. However that may be, the fact is that we are very soft-hearted. We believe in the greatest good for the greatest number. We believe that suffering is to be avoided. But we also believe that, in life as we find it, some suffering is unavoidable.

All of which leads us to another editorial on a phase of so-called "humanitarianism."

It is announced that experiments are under way at the University of California which may lead to the abolishment of sleeping sickness in Africa. Facing that prospect squarely, what will be the result if they do abolish it?

There will be an excess of black population in Africa. There will be crowding for room. There will be wars, famine, gradually spreading undernourishment such as the Hindus have in India.

Advanced and perfected as our civilization may be, there is more perplexity than solace in things as they are in 1929 on a large part of the earth's surface.

No doubt it is interesting to scientists to discuss ways and means of curing these diseases. It is interesting to humanitarians to ponder the stopping of famines and wars in Russia and China.

But probably it *is* true, literally, that saving a Chinaman from starving now dooms many more to starve twenty years from now.

If there were no checks to population except old age, if poverty were abolished and scientific food made plentiful, no doubt the world would soon be overpopulated—and overpopulated by what we call the lower races.

Three of the Four Horsemen, war, pestilence, and famine, have always been checks to population, and necessary ones as far as we know.

As the earth's various areas are developed it is always possible to support an increasing number of inhabitants. Many parts of the United States can support more. Probably Europe is capable of giving sanctuary to a few more millions.

But as far as we know Asia and some other areas of the globe are populated now up to the possible limit, or nearly so.

In Asia most of the time there isn't enough food now to go 'round. Increase the population further and you move merely toward greater disaster. Solve one problem and you bring another in its wake.

By the merest chance, but significantly we think, the same issue of a New York newspaper which called our attention to the sleeping sickness experiments in California carried also the following headline:

GROWING NEED OF OLD AGE AID FOUND
AS SCIENCE PROLONGS SPAN OF LIFE

This carried an item which began: "An increasing number of persons whose lives have been prolonged into old age by the success of science in extending the normal life span will become burdens upon the public purse, according to facts advanced yesterday by the Board of Managers of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor."

The percentage of people sixty-five and over has increased, said the report, from 2.8 per cent. of the population in 1850 to 4.6 per cent. in 1920. And of these people "probably between 15 and 20 per cent." are either wholly or partly dependent on others for support.

That is the population problem in a comparatively simple form. America faces no acute crisis here.

Asia is different. There the crisis has arrived.

However, this is an inconsequential editorial. We are not dogmatizing about anything—merely wondering what are the facts.

Are we as secure as we think in our white supremacy? Suppose a hundred years from now some great Tartar shall have acquired a masterly knowledge of the art of war. Suppose he will have chased all the Europeans out of Asia and Africa. Or suppose he swings the other way and overrides Europe, while his viceroy sits at Los Angeles.

It is not impossible.

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# 3 Days!

*Monday*

*Tuesday*

*Wednesday*

# —Teeth 3 Shades Whiter!

## *Kolynos on a Dry Brush Removes the "Yellow"*

*The Secret Kolynos Formula Makes It the Only Tooth Paste Adapted to the Dry-Brush Method, as Advocated by Modern Dental Authorities.*

Yellow, or dull and discolored teeth are not "natural" or necessary. They're simply teeth coated with a mucin which forms in the mouth. This mucoid coating absorbs stains, turns yellow, and discolors the teeth. It also causes bad breath and "bad taste."

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Kolynos deals with this mucin in a different way.

Kolynos is a highly concentrated, double-strength dental cream of unique germicidal and antiseptic properties. Due to the exclusive Kolynos formula, Kolynos foams in the mouth. Thus it may be used on a *dry* tooth brush.

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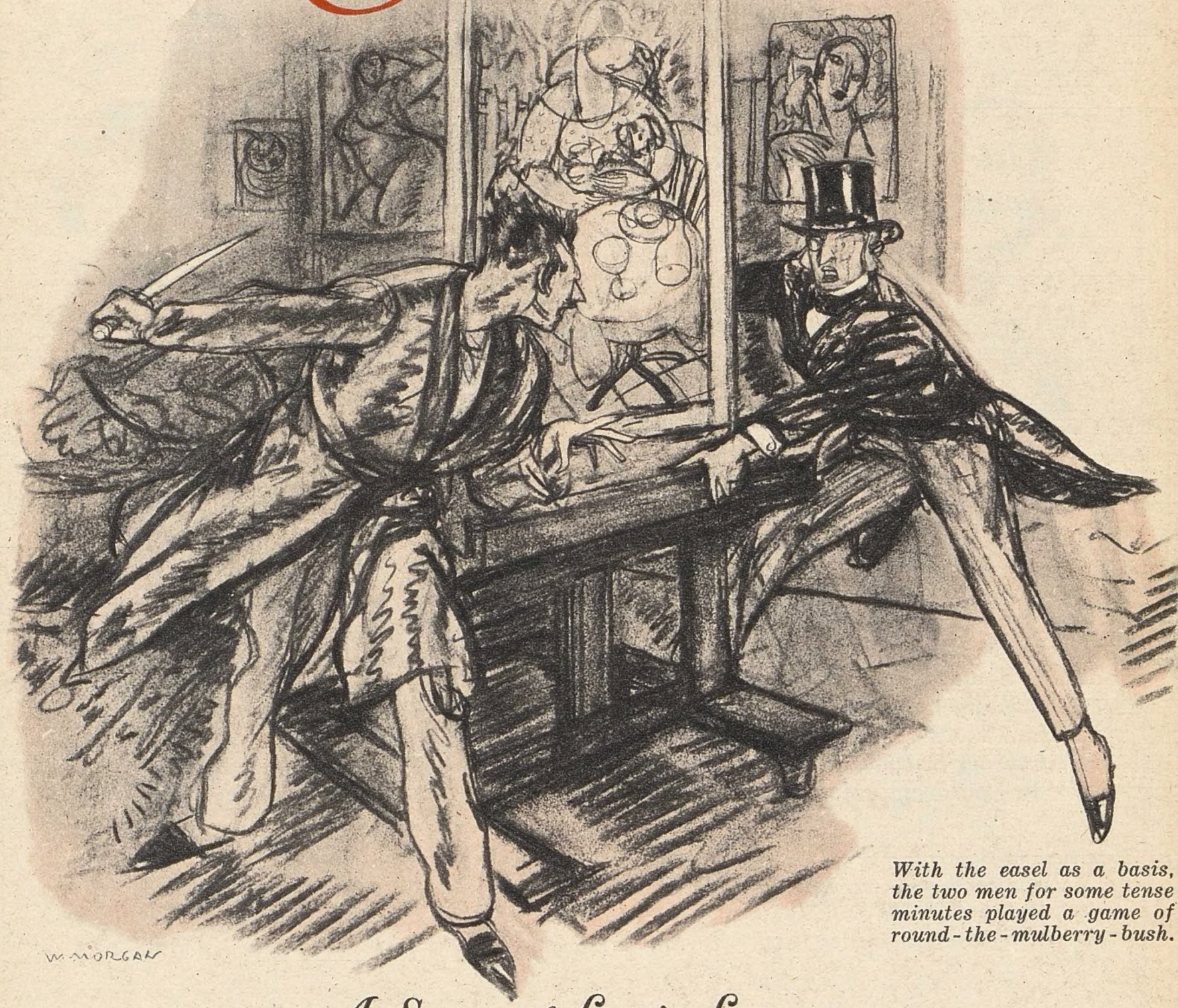
# The Man Who Gave Up SMOKING

*Pictures by*
WALLACE MORGAN




*With the easel as a basis, the two men for some tense minutes played a game of round-the-mulberry-bush.*

## *A Story of Love's Lunacy*

*By* P. G. WODEHOUSE

IN a mixed assemblage like the little group of serious thinkers which gathers nightly in the bar parlour of the Anglers Rest it is hardly to be expected that there will invariably prevail an unbroken harmony. We are all men of spirit; and when men of spirit, with opinions of their own, get together, disputes are bound to arise. Frequently, therefore, even in this peaceful haven you will hear voices raised, tables banged, and tenor Permit-me-to-inform-you-sir's competing with baritone And-jolly-well-permit-me-to-inform-*you's*. I have known fists to be shaken, and on one occasion the word "fathead" to be used.

Fortunately, Mr. Mulliner is always there, ready with the soothing magic of his personality to calm the storm before things have gone too far. Tonight, as I entered the room, I found him in the act of intervening between a flushed Lemon Squash and a scowling Tankard of Ale who had fallen foul of one another in the corner by the window.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," he was saying in his suave, ambassadorial way. "What is all the trouble about?"

The Tankard of Ale pointed the stem of his pipe accusingly at his adversary. One could see that he was deeply stirred.

"He's talking rot about smoking."

"I'm talking sense."

"I didn't hear any."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE]

# These Struggling Authors

SOMETHING was said on this page last week about poverty and perseverance. It seemed the thing to say in a page about authors. Well, we will testify that there is plenty of perseverance among the writing clan. As for poverty, that reminds us that it is time for a few graceful and amusing remarks about P. G. WODEHOUSE, his being the name which leads the list of contributors to the issue before you.

Mr. Wodehouse is a cause of mingled delight and despair in the LIBERTY office. His stories are so funny and they cost so much. For two years they appeared in LIBERTY exclusively, and for that benefit to you who read we have paid a perfectly unbelievable sum.

P. G. Wodehouse

'Way up toward the top in the matter of dollars and cents is Mr. Wodehouse in the literature market—which suggests a page some day about what authors get. We won't go into that now. . . . Wodehouse is an Englishman, known to his best friends as "Plum"—no doubt the authentic pronunciation of the beginning of a name which he used to spell out in all its grandeur: Pelham Grenville Wodehouse. His first published work appeared when he was twenty-one and he has been writing ever since—chiefly fiction and musical comedy lyrics. He lives in London but spends much time in New York.

Mae Tinee

Paul F. Collins

Edward Doherty

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT would have had a place in this paragraph had it not seemed wise to tell something about him on page 21. . . . MAE TINÉE is the pen name under which the lady at the upper right has been reviewing movies for the Chicago Tribune for more years than you would think to look at her. . . . PAUL F. COLLINS is a veteran of the air mail service, having flown in it for eight years and carried something like 8,000,000 letters. . . . And though EDWARD DOHERTY'S serial, The Murders on the Roof, has reached its last installment, it may not be too late to record that he was until recently a newspaper man and knows at first hand the various urban excitements from which his tale is woven. He grew up in Chicago, where his father is a police captain, and migrated from there first to California (Hollywood, to be exact) and then to New York.

THIS page has one drawback. There isn't room enough. We had a most interesting observation to make at this point, and now we can't make it. We have wasted three precious lines on nothing, and here we are on top of the table of contents.

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"I said that smoking was dangerous to the health. And it is."

"It isn't."

"It is. I can prove it from my own personal experience. I was once," said the Lemon Squash, "a smoker myself, and the vile habit reduced me to a physical wreck. My cheeks sagged, my eyes became bleary, my whole face gaunt, yellow, and hideously lined.

"It was giving up smoking that brought about the change."

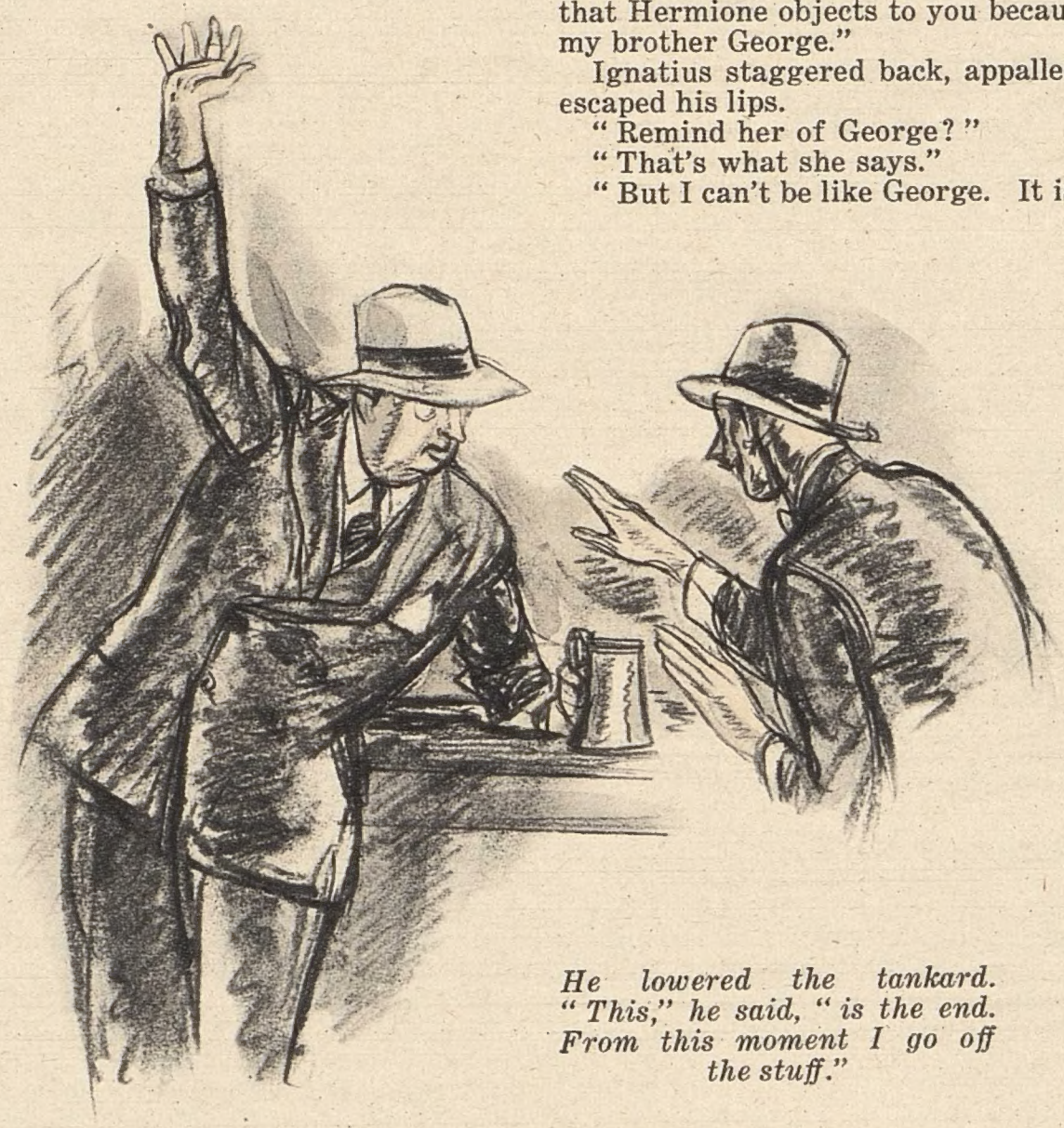
"What change?" asked the Tankard.

The Lemon Squash, who seemed to have taken offense at something, rose and, walking stiffly to the door, disappeared into the night. Mr. Mulliner gave a little sigh of relief.

"I am glad he has left us," he said. "Smoking is a subject on which I hold strong views. I look upon tobacco as life's outstanding boon and it annoys me to hear these faddists abusing it. And how foolish their arguments are; how easily refuted. They come to me and tell me that if they place two drops of nicotine on the tongue of a dog the animal instantly dies: and when I ask them if they have ever tried the childishly simple plan of not placing nicotine on the dog's tongue they have nothing to reply. They are nonplused. They go away mumbling something about never having thought of that."

He puffed at his cigar in silence for a few moments. His genial face had grown grave.

"If you ask my opinion, gentlemen," he resumed, "I say it is not only foolish for a man to give up smoking—it is not safe. Such an action wakes the fiend that sleeps in all of us. To give up smoking is to become a menace to the community. I shall not readily forget what happened in the case of my nephew Ignatius. Mercifully, the thing had a happy ending, but . . . !"



*He lowered the tankard. "This," he said, "is the end. From this moment I go off the stuff."*

THOSE of you [said Mr. Mulliner] who move in artistic circles are possibly familiar with the name and work of my nephew Ignatius. He is a portrait painter of steadily growing reputation. At the time of which I speak, however, he was not so well known as he is today, and consequently had intervals of leisure between commissions. These he occupied in playing the ukulele and proposing marriage to Hermione, the beautiful daughter of Herbert J. Rossiter and Mrs. Rossiter of 3, Scantlebury Square, Kensington. Scantlebury Square was only just round the corner from his studio, and it was his practice, when he had a moment to spare, to pop across, propose to Hermione, get rejected, pop back again, play a bar or two on the ukulele, and then light a pipe, put his feet on the mantelpiece, and wonder what it was about him that appeared to make him distasteful to this lovely girl.

It could not be that she scorned his honest poverty. His income was most satisfactory.

It could not be that she had heard something damaging about his past. His past was blameless.

It could not be that she objected to his looks for, like all the Mulliners, his personal appearance was engaging, and even—from certain angles—fascinating. Besides, a girl who had been brought up in a home containing a father who was one of Kensington's leading gargoyles, and a couple of subhumans like her brother Cyprian and her brother George, would scarcely be an exacting judge of male beauty. Cyprian was pale and thin and wrote art criticism for the weekly papers; and George was stout and pink and did no work of any kind, having developed at an early age considerable skill in the way of touching friends and acquaintances for small loans.

THE thought occurred to Ignatius that one of these two might be able to give him some inside information on the problem. They were often in Hermione's society, and it was quite likely that she might have happened to mention at one time or another what it was about him that caused her so repeatedly to hand the mitten to a good man's love. He called upon Cyprian at his flat and put the thing to him squarely. Cyprian listened attentively, stroking his left side-whisker with a lean hand.

"Ah?" said Cyprian. "One senses, does one, a reluctance on the girl's part to entertain one's suggestions of marriage?"

"One does," replied Ignatius.

"One wonders why one is unable to make progress?"

"One does—repeatedly."

"Well, if one really desires to hear the truth," said Cyprian, stroking his right whisker, "I happen to know that Hermione objects to you because you remind her of my brother George."

Ignatius staggered back, appalled, and an animal cry escaped his lips.

"Remind her of George?"

"That's what she says."

"But I can't be like George. It isn't humanly possible for anybody to be like George."

"One merely repeats what one has heard."

Ignatius staggered from the room and, tottering into the Fulham Road, made for the Goat and Bottle to purchase a restorative. And the first person he saw in the saloon bar was George, taking his elevenses.

"What ho!" said George. "What ho, what ho, what ho!"

He looked pinker and stouter than ever, and the theory that he could possibly resemble this distressing incident was so distasteful to Ignatius that he decided to get a second opinion.

"George," he said, "have you any idea why it is that your sister Hermione spurns my suit?"

George drained his glass.

"You ask me why?"

"Yes."

"You want to know the reason?"

"I do."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MAN WHO GAVE UP SMOKING]
Continued from page nine

"Well, then, first and foremost," said George, "can you lend me a quid till Wednesday week without fail?"

"No, I can't."

"Nor ten bob?"

"Nor ten bob. Kindly stick to the subject and tell me why your sister will not look at me."

"I will," said George. "Not only have you a mean and parsimonious disposition, but she says you remind her of my brother Cyprian."

Ignatius staggered and would have fallen had he not placed a foot on the brass rail.

"I remind her of Cyprian?"

"That's what she says."

With bowed head Ignatius left the saloon bar and returned to his studio to meditate. He was not only stricken to the core, but utterly bewildered. That a man—stretching the possibilities a little—might resemble George Rossiter was intelligible. He could also understand that a man—assuming that nature had played a scurvy trick upon him—might conceivably be like Cyprian. But how could anyone be like both of them and live?

*He struck a match, and the next moment he had begun to puff.*

He took pencil and paper and devoted himself to making a list in parallel columns of the qualities and characteristics of the brothers. When he had finished, he scanned it carefully. This is what he found he had written:

| GEORGE | CYPRIAN |
|---|---|
| Face like pig | Face like camel |
| Pimples | Whiskers |
| Confirmed sponger | Writes art criticism |
| Says "What ho!" | Says "One senses" |
| Slaps backs | Has nasty, dry snigger |
| Eats too much | Fruitarian |
| Tells funny stories | Recites poetry |
| Clammy hands | Bony hands |

He frowned. The mystery was still unsolved. And then he came to the last item.

| GEORGE | CYPRIAN |
|---|---|
| Heavy smoker | Heavy smoker |

A spasm ran through Ignatius Mulliner. Here, at last, was a common factor. Was it possible? Could it be?

It seemed the only solution, and yet Ignatius fought against it. His love for Hermione was the lodestar of his life, but next to it, beaten only by a short head, came his love for his pipe. Had he really to choose between the two?

Could he make such a sacrifice?

He wavered.

AND then he saw the eleven photographs of Hermione Rossiter gazing at him from the mantelpiece, and it seemed to him that they smiled encouragingly. He hesitated no longer. With a soft sigh such as might have proceeded from some loving father on the steppes of Russia when compelled, in order to insure his own safety, to throw his children out of the back of the sleigh to the pursuing wolf pack, he took the pipe from his mouth, collected his other pipes, his tobacco, and his cigars, wrapped them in a neat parcel, and, summoning the charwoman who cleaned his studio, gave her the consignment to take home to her husband, an estimable man of the name of Perkins who, being of straitened means, smoked, as a rule, only what he could pick up in the street.

Ignatius Mulliner had made the great decision.

As those of you who have tried it are aware, the deadly effects of giving up smoking rarely make themselves felt immediately in their full virulence. The process is gradual. In the first stage, indeed, the patient not only suffers no discomfort, but goes about inflated by a sort of gaseous, spiritual pride. All through the morning of the following day, Ignatius, as he walked abroad, found himself regarding such fellow members of the community as had pipes and cigarettes in their mouths with a pitying disdain. He felt like some saint purified and purged of the grosser emotions by a life of asceticism. He longed to tell these people all about pyridine and the intense irritation it causes to the throats and other mucous surfaces of those who inhale the tobacco smoke in which it lurks. He wanted to buttonhole men sucking at their cigars, and inform them that tobacco contains an appreciable quantity of the gas known as carbon monoxide, which, entering into direct combination with the colouring matter of the blood, forms so staple a compound as to render the corpuscles incapable of carrying oxygen to the tissues. He yearned to make it clear to them that smoking was simply a habit which, with a little exercise of the will power, a man could give up at a moment's notice, whenever he pleased.

IT was only after he had returned to his studio to put the finishing touches to his Academy picture that the second stage set in.

Having consumed an artist's lunch consisting of two sardines, the remnants of a knuckle of ham, and a bottle of beer, he found stealing over him, as his stomach got on to the fact that the meal was not to be topped off by a soothing pipe, a kind of vague sense of emptiness and bereavement akin to that experienced by the historian Gibbon on completing his Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Its symptoms were an inability to work and a dim feeling of oppression, as if he had just lost some dear friend. Life seemed, somehow, to have been robbed of all motive. He wandered about the studio, haunted by a sensation that he was leaving undone something that he ought to be doing. From time to time he blew little bubbles, and once or twice his teeth clicked as if he were trying to close them on something that was not there.

A twilight sadness had him in its grip. He took up his ukulele, an instrument to which, as I have said he was greatly addicted, and played Ol' Man River for a while. But melancholy still lingered. And now, it seemed to him, he had discovered its cause. What was wrong was the fact that he was not doing enough good in the world.

Look at it this way, he felt. The world is a sad, gray place, and we are put into it to promote as far as we can the happiness of others. If we concentrate on our own selfish pleasures, what do we find? We find that they speedily pall. We weary of gnawing knuckles of ham. The ukulele loses its fascination.

Of course, if we could sit down and put our feet up and set a match to the good old pipe, that would be a different matter. But we no longer smoke, and so all that is left to us is the doing of good to others. By 3 o'clock, in short, Ignatius Mulliner had reached the third stage, the glutinously sentimental. It caused him to grab his hat and sent him trotting round to Scantlebury Square.

But his object was not, as it usually was when he went to Scantlebury Square, to propose to Hermione Rossiter. He had a more unselfish motive. For some time past, by hints dropped and tentative remarks thrown out, he had been made aware that Mrs. Rossiter greatly desired him to paint her daughter's portrait; and, until now, he had always turned to these remarks and hints a deaf ear. Mrs. Rossiter's mother's heart wanted, he knew, to get the portrait for nothing; and, while love is love and all that, he had the artist's dislike for not collecting all that was coming to him. Ignatius Mulliner, the man, might entertain the idea of pleasing the girl he worshiped by painting her on the nod, but Ignatius Mulliner, the artist, had his schedule of prices. And until

today it was the second Ignatius Mulliner who had said the deciding word.

This afternoon, however, everything was changed. In a short but moving speech he informed Hermione's mother that the one wish of his life was to paint her daughter's portrait; that for so great a privilege he would not dream of charging a fee; and that if she would call at the studio on the morrow, bringing Hermione with her, he would put the job in hand right away.

In fact, he very nearly offered to paint another portrait of Mrs. Rossiter herself, in evening dress and holding her Pekinese. He contrived, however, to hold the fatal words back; and it was perhaps the recollection of this belated prudence which gave him, as he stood on the pavement outside the house after the interview, a sense of having failed to be as altruistic as he might have been.

Stricken with remorse, he decided to look up good old Cyprian and ask him to come to the studio tomorrow and criticize his Academy picture. After that he would find dear old George and press a little money on him. Ten minutes later he was in Cyprian's sitting room.

"One wishes what?" asked Cyprian incredulously.

"One wishes," repeated Ignatius, "that you would come round tomorrow morning and have a look at one's Academy picture and give one a hint or two about it."

"Is one really serious?" cried Cyprian, his eyes beginning to gleam. It was seldom that he received invitations of this kind. He had, indeed, been thrown out of more studios for butting in and giving artists a hint or two about their pictures than any other art critic in Chelsea.

"One is perfectly serious," Ignatius assured him. "One feels that an opinion from an expert will be invaluable."

"Then one will be there at eleven sharp," said Cyprian, "without fail."

Ignatius wrung his hand warmly and hurried off to the Goat and Bottle to find George.

"George," he said, "George, my dear old chap, I passed a sleepless night last night, wondering if you had all the money you require. The fear that you might have run short seemed to go through me like a knife. Call on me for as much as you need."

GEORGE'S face was partially obscured by a tankard. At these words his eyes, bulging above the pewter, took on a sudden expression of acute horror. He lowered the tankard, ashen to the lips, and raised his right hand.

"This," he said in a shaking voice, "is the end. From this moment I go off the stuff. Yes, you have seen George Plimsoll Rossiter drink his last mild-and-bitter. I am not a nervous man, but I know when I'm licked. And when it comes to a fellow's ears going . . ."

Ignatius patted his arm affectionately.

"Your ears have not gone, George," he said. "They are still there."

And so, indeed, they were, as large and red as ever. But George was not to be comforted.

"I mean when a fellow thinks he hears things . . . I give you my honest word, old man, I solemnly assure you that I could have sworn I heard you voluntarily offer me money."

"But I did."

"You did?"

"Certainly."

"You mean you definitely—literally—without any sort of prompting on my part—without my so much as saying a word to indicate that I could do with a small loan till Friday week—absolutely, positively offered to lend me money?"

"I did."

George drew a deep breath and took up his tankard again.

"All this modern, advanced stuff you read about miracles not happening," he said severely, "is dashed poppycock. I disapprove of it. I resent it keenly. About how much?" he went on, pawing adoringly at Ignatius' sleeve. "To about what, as it were, extent would you be prepared to go? A quid?"

Ignatius raised his eyebrows. "A quid is not much, George," he said with quiet reproach.

George made a little gurgling noise.

"A fiver?"

Ignatius shook his head. The movement was a silent rebuke.

"Correct this petty, cheese-paring spirit, George," he urged. "Be big and broad. Think spaciously."

"Not—a tenner?"

"I was about to suggest fifteen pounds," said Ignatius. "If you are sure that that will be enough."

"What ho!"

"You're positive you can manage with that? I know how many expenses you have."

"What ho!"

"Very well, then. If you can get along with fifteen pounds, come round to my studio tomorrow morning and we'll fix it up."

AND, glowing with fervour, Ignatius slapped George's back in a hearty sort of way and withdrew.

"Something attempted, something done," he said to himself as he climbed into bed some hours later, "has earned a night's repose."

Like so many men who live intensely and work with their brains, my nephew Ignatius was a heavy sleeper. Generally, after waking to a new day, he spent a considerable time lying on his back in a sort of coma, not stirring till lured from his couch by the soft, appealing smell of frying bacon. On the following morning he was conscious, directly he opened his eyes, of a strange alertness. He was keyed up to quite an extraordinary extent.

He had, in short, reached the stage when the patient becomes a little nervous.

Yes, he felt, analyzing his emotions, he was distinctly nervous. The noise of the cat stamping about in the passage outside caused him exquisite discomfort. He was just about to shout to Mrs. Perkins, his charwoman, to stop the creature, when she rapped suddenly on the panel to inform him that his shaving water lay without; and at the sound he immediately shot straight up to the ceiling in a cocoon of sheets and blankets, turned three complete somersaults in midair, and came down, quivering like a frightened mustang, in the middle of the floor. His heart was entangled with his tonsils, his eyes had worked round to the back of their sockets, and he wondered dazedly how many human souls besides himself had survived the bomb explosion.

Reason returning to her throne, his next impulse was to cry quietly. Remembering after a while that he was a Mulliner, he checked the unmanly tears and, creeping to the bathroom, took a cold shower and felt a little better. A hearty breakfast assisted the cure, and he was almost himself again, when the discovery that there was not a pipe or a shred of tobacco in the place plunged him once more into an inky gloom.

For a long time Ignatius Mulliner sat with his face in his hands, while all the sorrows of the world seemed to rise before him. And then, abruptly, his mood changed again. A moment before, he had been pitying the human race with an intensity that racked him almost unendurably. Now, the realization surged over him that he didn't care a hoot about the human race. The only emotion the human race evoked in him was an intense dislike. He burned with an irritable loathing for all created things. If the cat had been present, he would have kicked it. If Mrs. Perkins had entered, he would have struck her with a mahlstick. But the cat had gone off to restore its tissues in the dustbin, and Mrs. Perkins was in the kitchen singing hymns. Ignatius Mulliner boiled with baffled fury. Here he was, with all this concentrated hatred stored up within him, and not a living thing in sight on which to expend it. That, he told himself with a mirthless laugh, was the way things happened.

And just then the door opened, and there, looking like a camel arriving at an oasis, was Cyprian.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MAN WHO GAVE UP SMOKING
Cont'd from page 11]

"Ah, my dear fellow," said Cyprian. "May one enter?"

"Come right in," said Ignatius.

At the sight of this art critic, who not only wore short side whiskers, but also one of those black stocks which go twice round the neck and add from forty to fifty per cent to the loathsomeness of the wearer's appearance, a strange, febrile excitement had gripped Ignatius Mulliner. He felt like a tiger at the zoo who sees the keeper approaching with the luncheon tray. He licked his lips slowly and gazed earnestly at the visitor. From a hook on the wall beside him there hung a richly inlaid Damascus dagger. He took it down and tested its point with the ball of his thumb.

*"Her ears stick out and her chin goes in. Her whole appea*

CYPRIAN had turned his back, and was examining the Academy picture through a black-rimmed monocle. He moved his head about and peered between his fingers and made funny, art-critic noises.

"Ye-e-s," said Cyprian. "'Myes. Ha! H'm. Hrrmph! The thing has rhythm, undoubted rhythm, and, to an extent, certain inevitable curves. And yet can one conscientiously say that one altogether likes it? One fears one cannot."

"No?" said Ignatius.

"No," said Cyprian. He toyed with his left whisker. He seemed to be massaging it for purposes of his own. "One quite inevitably senses at a glance that the patine lacks vitality."

"Yes?" said Ignatius.

"Yes," said Cyprian. He toyed with the whisker again. It was too early to judge whether he was improving it at all. He shut his eyes, opened them, half closed them once more, drew back his head, fiddled with his fingers, and expelled his breath with a hissing sound, as if he were grooming a horse. "Beyond a question one senses in the patine a lack of vitality. And vitality must never be sacrificed. The artist should use his palette as an orchestra. He should put on his colours as a great conductor uses his orchestra. There must be significant form. The colour must have a flatness, a gravity, shall I say an aroma? The figure must be placed on the canvas in a manner not only harmonious, but awake. Only so can a picture quite too exquisitely live. And, as regards the patine . . ."

HE broke off. He had had more to say about the patine, but he had heard immediately behind him an odd, stealthy, shuffling sound not unlike that made by a leopard of the jungle when stalking its prey. Spinning round, he saw Ignatius Mulliner advancing upon him. The artist's lips were curled back over his teeth in a hideous, set smile. His eyes glittered. And poised in

*s me an indefinable pain in the neck."*

his right hand he held a Damascus dagger which, Cyprian noticed, was richly inlaid.

An art critic who makes a habit of going round the studios of Chelsea, and speaking his mind to men who are finishing their Academy pictures, gets into the way of thinking swiftly. Otherwise, he would not quite too exquisitely live through a single visit. To cast a glance at the door and note that it was closed and that his host was between him and it was with Cyprian Rossiter the work of a moment; to dart behind the easel the work of another. And with the easel as a basis, the two men for some tense minutes played a silent game of round-and-round-the-mulberry-bush. It was in the middle of the twelfth lap that Cyprian received a flesh wound in the upper arm.

On another man this might have had the effect of causing him to falter, lose his head, and become an easy prey to the pursuer. But Cyprian had the advantage of having been through this sort of thing before. Only a day or two ago, one of England's leading animal painters had chivvied him for nearly an hour in a fruitless endeavour to get at him with a short bludgeon tipped with lead.

He kept cool. In the face of danger, his footwork, always impressive, took on a new agility. And finally, when Ignatius tripped over a loose mat, he seized his opportunity like the strategist which every art critic has to be if he mixes with artists, and dodged nimbly into a small cupboard near the model throne.

Ignatius recovered his balance just too late. By the time he had disentangled himself from the mat, leaped at the cupboard door, and started to tug at the handle, Cyprian was tugging at it from the other side, and, strive though he might, Ignatius could not dislodge him.

PRESENTLY he gave up the struggle, and, moving moodily away, picked up his ukulele and played Ol' Man River for a while. He was just feeling his way cautiously through that rather tricky "He don't say nuffin', he must know somefin'" bit when the door opened once more and there stood George.

"What ho!" said George.

"Ah!" said Ignatius.

"What do you mean—Ah?"

"Just 'Ah!'" said Ignatius.

"I've come for that money."

"Ah?"

"That twenty quid or whatever it was that you very decently promised me yesterday. And, lying in bed this morning, the thought crossed my mind—why not make it twenty-five? A nice, round sum," argued George.

"Ah!"

"You keep saying 'Ah!'" said George. "Why do you say 'Ah!'?"

Ignatius drew himself up haughtily.

"This is my studio, paid for with my own money, and I shall say 'Ah!' in it just as often as I please."

"Of course," agreed George hurriedly. "Of course, my dear old chap, of course, of course. Hullo!" He looked down. "Shoe lace undone. Dangerous. Might trip a fellow. Excuse me a moment."

He stooped; and as Ignatius gazed at his spacious trouser-seat, the thought came to him that in the special circumstances there was but one thing to be done. He waggled his right leg for a moment to limber it up, drew back a pace or two, and crept forward.

Mrs. Rossiter, meanwhile, accompanied by her daughter Hermione, had left Scantlebury Square and, though a trifle short in the wind, had covered the distance between it and the studio in quite good time. But the effort had told upon her, and halfway up the stairs she was compelled to halt for a short rest. It was as she stood there, puffing slightly like a seal after diving for fish, that something seemed to shoot past her in the darkness.

"What was that?" she exclaimed.

"I thought I saw something, too," said Hermione.

"Some heavy, moving object."

"Yes," said Hermione. "Perhaps we had better go

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MAN WHO GAVE UP SMOKING]
Continued from page thirteen

up and ask Mr. Mulliner if he has been dropping things downstairs."

They made their way to the studio. Ignatius was standing on one leg, rubbing the toes of his right foot. Your artist is proverbially a dreamy, absent-minded man, and he had realized too late that he was wearing bedroom slippers. Despite the fact, however, that he was in considerable pain, his expression was not unhappy. He had the air of a man who is conscious of having done the right thing.

"Good morning, Mr. Mulliner," said Mrs. Rossiter.

"Good morning, Mr. Mulliner," said Hermione.

"Good morning," said Ignatius, looking at them with deep loathing. It amazed him that he had ever felt attracted by this girl. Until this moment, his animosity had been directed wholly against the male members of her family; but now that she stood before him he realized that the real outstanding Rossiter blister was this Hermione. The brief flicker of *joie de vivre* which had followed his interview with George had died away, leaving his mood blacker than ever. One scarcely likes to think what might have happened, had Hermione selected that moment to tie her shoe lace.

"Well, here we are," said Mrs. Rossiter.

At this point, unseen by them, the cupboard door began to open noiselessly. A pale face peeped out. The next instant, there was a cloud of dust, a whirring noise, and the sound of footsteps descending the stairs three at a time.

Mrs. Rossiter put a hand to her heart and panted.

"What was that?"

"It was a little blurred," said Hermione, "but I think it was Cyprian."

Ignatius uttered a passionate cry and dashed to the head of the stairs.

"Gone!"

He came back, his face contorted, muttering to himself. Mrs. Rossiter looked at him keenly. It seemed plain to her that all that was wanted here was a couple of doctors with fountain pens to sign the necessary certificate, but she was not dismayed. After all, as she reasoned with not a little shrewd sense, a gibbering artist is just as good as a sane artist, provided he makes no charge for painting portraits.

"WELL, Mr. Mulliner," she said cheerily, dismissing from her mind the problem which had been puzzling her a little—of why her son Cyprian had been in this studio behaving like a Scotch Express—"Hermione has nothing to do this morning, so, if you are free, now would be a good time for the first sitting."

Ignatius came out of his reverie.

"Sitting?"

"For the portrait."

"What portrait?"

"Hermione's portrait."

"You wish me to paint Miss Rossiter's portrait?"

"Why, you said you would only last night."

"Did I?" Ignatius passed a hand across his forehead. "Perhaps I did. Very well. Kindly step to the desk and write out a cheque for fifty pounds. You have your book with you?"

"Fifty what?"

"Guineas," said Ignatius. "A hundred guineas. I always require a deposit before I start work."

"But last night you said you would paint her for nothing."

"I said I would paint her for nothing?"

"Yes."

A dim recollection of having behaved in the fatuous manner described came to Ignatius.

"Well, and suppose I did," he said warmly. "Can't you women ever understand when a man is kidding you? Have you no sense of humour? Must you always take every light quip literally? If you want a portrait of Miss Rossiter, you will jolly well pay for it in the usual manner. The thing that beats me is why you do want a portrait of a girl who not only has most unattractive features, but is also a dull yellow in colour. Furthermore, she flickers. As I look at her, she definitely flickers round the edges. Her face is sallow and unwholesome. Her eyes have no sparkle of intelligence. Her ears stick out and her chin goes in. To sum up, her whole appearance gives me an indefinable pain in the neck; and, if you hold me to my promise, I shall charge extra for moral and intellectual damage and wear and tear caused by having to sit opposite her and look at her."

With these words, Ignatius Mulliner turned and began to rummage in a drawer for his pipe. But the drawer contained no pipe.

"What!" cried Mrs. Rossiter.

"You heard," said Ignatius.

"My smelling salts!" gasped Mrs. Rossiter.

IGNATIUS ran his hand along the mantelpiece. He opened two cupboards, and looked under the settee. But he found no pipe.

The Mulliners are by nature a courteous family, and, seeing Mrs. Rossiter sniffing and gulping there, a belated sense of having been less tactful than he might have been came to Ignatius.

"It is possible," he said, "that my recent remarks may have caused you pain. If so, I am sorry. My excuse must be that they came from a full heart. I am fed to the teeth with the human race, and look on the entire Rossiter family as its darkest blots. I cannot see the Rossiter family. There seems to me to be no market for them. All I require of the Rossiters is their blood. I nearly got Cyprian with a dagger, but he was too quick for me. If he fails as a critic, there is always a future for him as a Russian dancer. However, I had decidedly better luck with George. I gave him the juiciest kick I have ever administered to human frame. If he had been shot from a gun he couldn't have gone out quicker. Probably he passed you on the stairs?"

"So *that* was what passed us!" said Hermione, interested. "I remember thinking at the time that there was a whiff of George."

Mrs. Rossiter was staring, aghast.

"You kicked my son!"

"As squarely in the seat of the pants, madam," said Ignatius with modest pride, "as if I had been practicing for weeks."

"My stricken child!" cried Mrs. Rossiter, and, hastening from the room, she ran down the stairs in quest of the remains. A boy's best friend is his mother.

In the studio she had left, Hermione was gazing at Ignatius, in her eyes a look he had never seen there before.

"I had no idea you were so eloquent, Mr. Mulliner," she said, breaking the silence. "What a vivid description that was that you gave of me. Quite a prose poem."

Ignatius made a deprecating gesture.

"Oh, well," he said.

"Do you really think I am like that?"

"I do."

"Yellow?"

"Greeny yellow."

"And my eyes . . .?" She hesitated for a word.

"They are not unlike blue oysters," said Ignatius, prompting her, "which have been dead some time."

"In fact, you don't admire my looks?"

"Far from it."

She was saying something, but he had ceased to listen. Quite suddenly he had remembered that about a couple of weeks ago, at a little party which he had given in the studio, he had dropped a half-smoked cigar behind the bureau. And as no charwoman is allowed by the rules of her union to sweep under bureaus, it might—nay, must—still be there.

With feverish haste he dragged the bureau out. It was.

Ignatius Mulliner sighed an ecstatic sigh. Chewed and mangled, covered with dust and bitten by mice, this object between his fingers was nevertheless a cigar—a

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE SIXTEEN]

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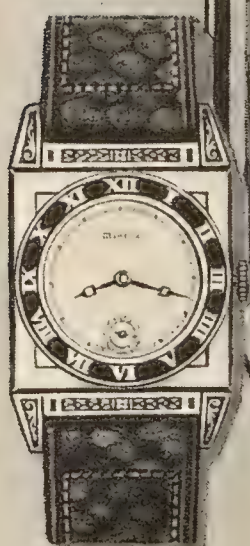

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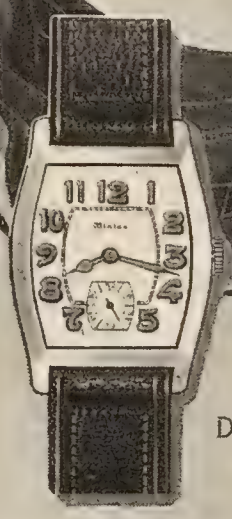

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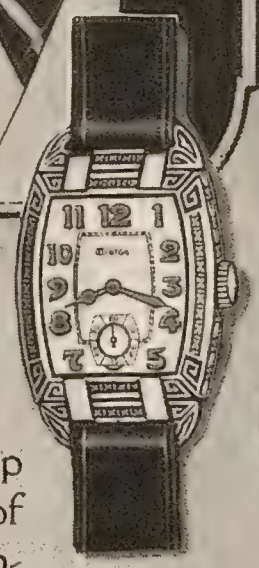

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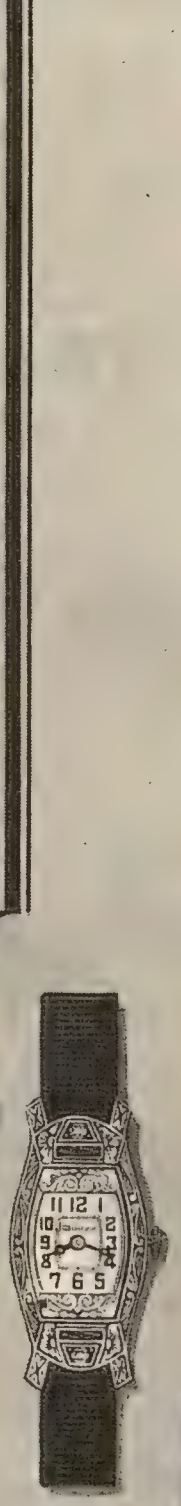

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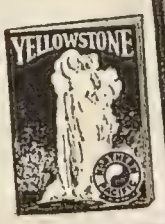
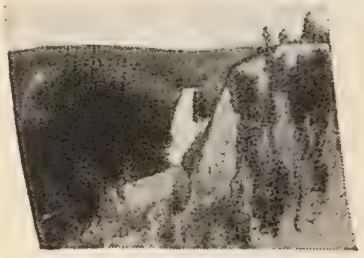
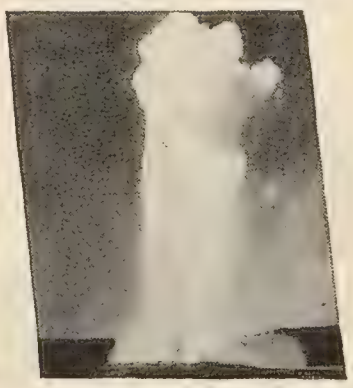


GRAND CANYON

YELLOWSTONE GRIZZLY HAYNES ©



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[THE MAN WHO GAVE UP SMOKING]
Continued from page fourteen

genuine, smokable cigar, containing the regulation 8 per cent of carbon monoxide. He struck a match, and the next moment he had begun to puff.

And, as he did so, the milk of human kindness surged back into his soul like a vast tidal wave. As swiftly as a rabbit, handled by a competent conjurer, changes into a bouquet, a bowl of goldfish, or the grand old flag, Ignatius Mulliner changed into a thing of sweetness and light, with charity toward all, with malice toward none. The pyridine played about his mucous surfaces, and he welcomed it like a long-lost brother.

He felt gay, happy, and exhilarated.

He looked at Hermione, standing there with her eyes sparkling and her beautiful face ashine, and he realized that he had been all wrong about her. So far from being a blister, she was the loveliest thing that had ever breathed the perfumed air of Kensington.

And then, chilling his ecstasy and stopping his heart in the middle of a beat, came the recollection of what he had said about her appearance. He felt pale and boneless.

If ever a man had dished himself properly, that man, he felt, was Ignatius Mulliner. And he did not mean maybe.

SHE was looking at him, and the expression on her face seemed somehow to suggest that she was waiting for something.

"Well?" she said.

"I beg your pardon?" said Ignatius.

She pouted.

"Well, aren't you going to—er—?"

"What?"

"Well, fold me in your arms and all that sort of thing?" said Hermione, blushing prettily.

Ignatius tottered.

"Who, me?"

"Yes, you."

"Fold you in my arms?"

"Yes."

"But—er—do you want me to?"

"Certainly."

"I mean—after all I said—"

She stared at him in amazement.

"Haven't you been listening to what I've been saying?" she cried.

"I'm sorry," Ignatius stammered. "Good deal on my mind just now. Must have missed it. What did you say?"

"I said that if you really think I look like that, you do not love me, as I had always supposed, for my beauty, but for my intellect. And if you knew how I have always longed to be loved for my intellect!"

Ignatius put down his cigar and breathed deeply. "Let me get this right," he said. "Will you marry me?"

"Of course I will. You always attracted me strangely, Ignatius, but I thought that you looked upon me as a mere doll."

HE picked up his cigar, took a puff, laid it down again, took a step forward, extended his arms, and folded her in them. And for a space they stood there, clasped together, murmuring those broken words that lovers know so well.

Then, gently disengaging her, he went back to the cigar and took another invigorating puff.

"Besides," she said, "how could a girl help but love a man who could lift my brother George right down a whole flight of stairs with a single kick?"

Ignatius' face clouded.

"George! That reminds me. Cyprian said you said I was like George."

"Oh! I didn't mean him to repeat that."

"Well, he did," said Ignatius moodily. "And the thought was agony."

"But I only meant that you and George were both always playing the ukulele. And I hate ukuleles."

Ignatius' face cleared.

"I will give mine to the poor this afternoon. And, touching Cyprian . . . George said you said I reminded you of him."

She hastened to soothe him.

"It's only the way you dress. You both wear such horrid sloppy clothes."

Ignatius folded her in his arms once more.

"You shall take me this very instant to the best tailor in London," he said. "Give me a minute to put on my boots, and I'll be with you. You don't mind if I just stop at my tobacconist's for a moment on the way? I have a large order for him."

THE END

*NEXT WEEK*

Stories and articles
by

Achmed Abdullah

Alicia Patterson

Walton Green

and a new serial of love, mystery, and adventure—

Fool Errant

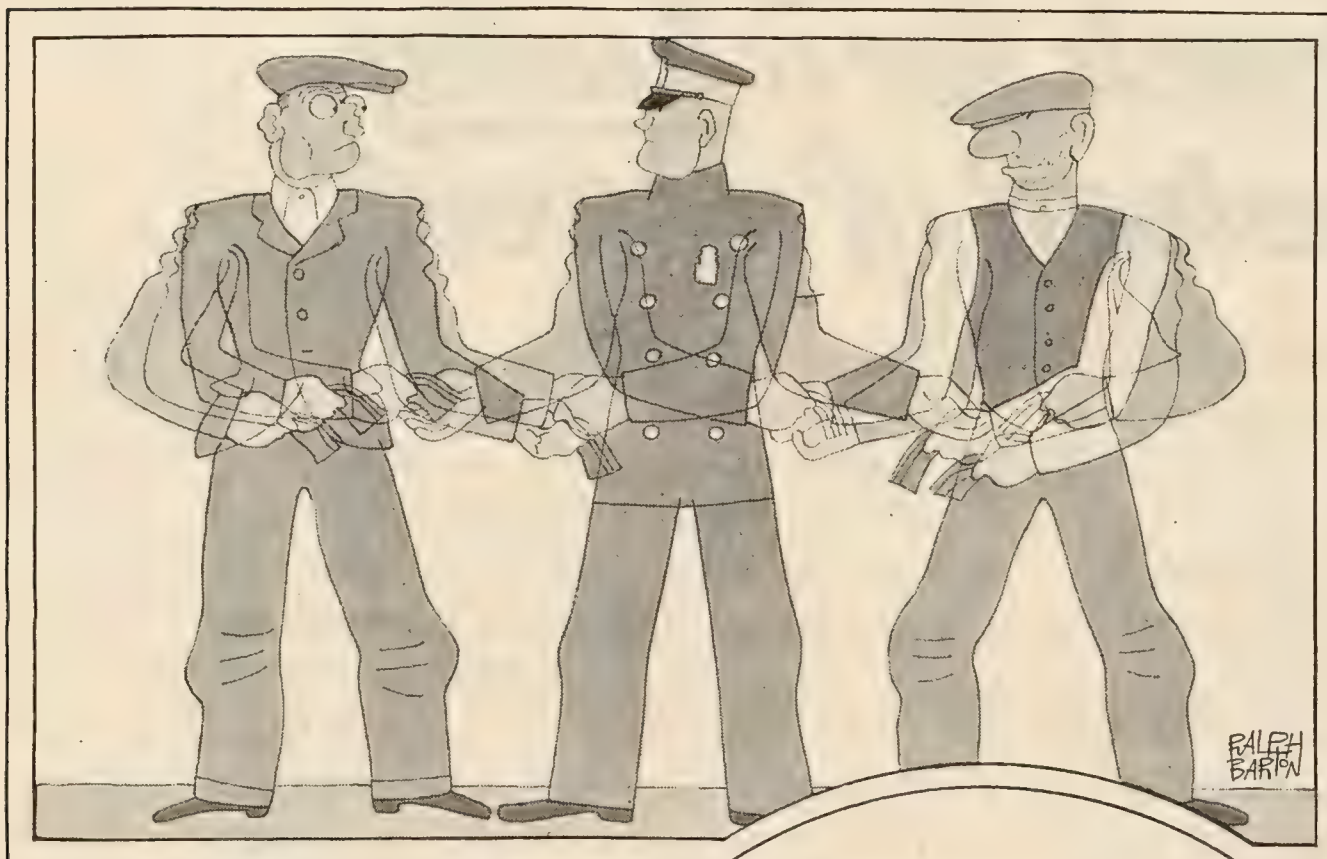
by

Patricia Wentworth

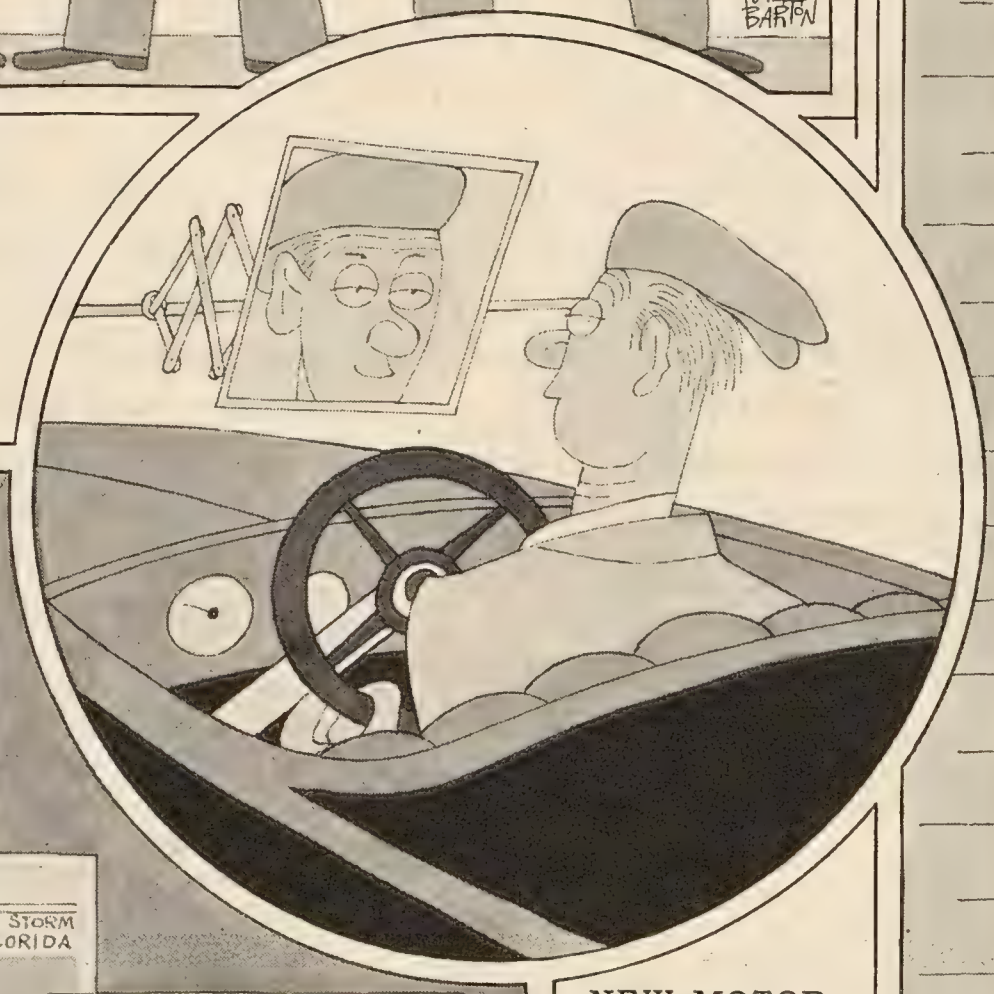
GRAPHIC SECTION

# News of the World

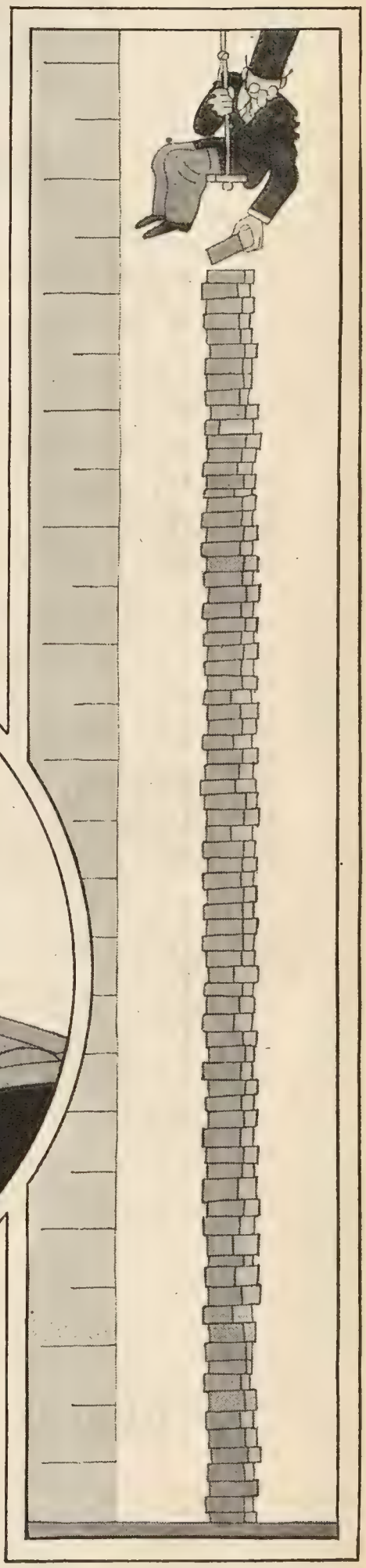
By RALPH BARTON




INSTANTANEOUS PHOTO of the Chicago Bootleg Ring. Fastest lens fails to catch speed with which the graft is passed between bootleggers, police, and hijackers.



NOTE ON THE FLORIDA-CALIFORNIA WAR. News of two natural phenomena as played up (top) in the California papers (center), the neutral Middle West papers, and (bottom) the Florida papers.



NEW MOTOR ACCESSORY: A wind-shield mirror for drunken drivers to remind them from time to time who is at the wheel.

*THE NOW - YOU - TELL - ONE CORNER.* (*A penny is paid for thoughts accepted for illustration in this corner.*)

STATISTICAL FACT: If all the empty cigar boxes in New York were piled one on top of the other, they would soon fall over.

(*Idea by Morris Godfrey, Camden, N. J.*)

# Capt. George Fried,

## "Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet"

"AN S. O. S. from the 'Florida'! We change our course. We on the 'America' strain to arrive in time to rescue the men on their sinking ship, 350 miles away. Through the icy, freezing storm and high seas we plunge on—all speed ahead! Then the night-time rescue, the search lights, the whirling waves, the manoeuvering to get near the 'Florida.' Finally, the 'Florida's' crew coming off one at a time, pulling themselves through the water on the line our men had thrown them. These 32 men, dazed, many half clothed, needed reviving after their long exposure. Hot coffee, food and Lucky Strikes—these gave new life to many of them and we on board the 'America,' crew and passengers alike, found after the strain and struggle that there was nothing quite so comforting and relaxing as the inviting, toasted flavor of Lucky Strikes. Playing this game with 'Davy' is ever fascinating, ever thrilling. And we who follow the sea must be ever ready for adventure. Ours is an active life, demanding nerve control and physical fitness. In my health program I have found that Luckies are most important not only because they provide a respite for frazzled nerves and an exhausted body but because whenever I crave anything which is over-fattening, I say to myself, 'Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.' In the toasted flavor of Luckies, I get complete satisfaction. And I find that toasting, by removing the irritants, protects my throat."

Geo. Fried

George Fried
Commander of "*S. S. America*"

"REACH FOR A LUCKY INSTEAD OF A SWEET."

© 1929. The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

# heroic rescuer, says:

**Note**: Authorities attribute the enormous increase in Cigarette smoking to the improvement in the process of Cigarette manufacture by the application of heat. It is true that during the year 1928, Lucky Strike Cigarettes showed a greater increase than all other Cigarettes combined. This confirms in no uncertain terms the public's confidence in the superiority of Lucky Strike.

# FILM
# A Dangerous Coating
# That robs teeth of their whiteness

## A way to remove it that quickly restores brilliance. Film, it is agreed, also fosters serious tooth and gum disorders. Please accept free 10-day supply.

THERE is a scientific way to keep teeth white and brilliant. A way science itself evolved, to safeguard better against the commoner tooth and gum diseases, including pyorrhea. A way that polishes enamel.

The source of discolored teeth is a sticky, dingy film. Film, too, is the source of serious dental troubles. Science knows this—thus the approved method today of protecting teeth is by removing film. A special dentifrice called Pepsodent has been compounded with that as its sole purpose.

You may receive a 10 days' supply to try. Send the coupon for your free tube.

*You must fight film*

Feel for film with your tongue—a slippery, viscous coating. Food and smoking stain that film. Germs by the millions breed in it . . . germs of many different kinds.

Film hardens into tartar. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Film is also the basis of decay.

*The special way to remove it*

Ordinary brushing ways are not successful. You must employ the scientific method that first curdles film. Light brushing then can easily remove it in safety to enamel. Old ways may be discarded.

As children's teeth appear you marvel at their whiteness. Yours may once again regain that color. May take on a brilliance that is actually amazing. Lustreless, dull teeth are known to be unnatural.

*Test FREE for 10 days*

Perhaps unattractive teeth have cost you too much in society and business. You must not delay another day in testing this method. Get a full-size tube wherever dentifrices are sold, or send coupon below to nearest address for free 10-day tube to try.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE

Mail Coupon to
The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 223,
1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

**Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,** 191 George St., **Toronto** 2, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., **London,** S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave, **Sydney,** N. S. W.

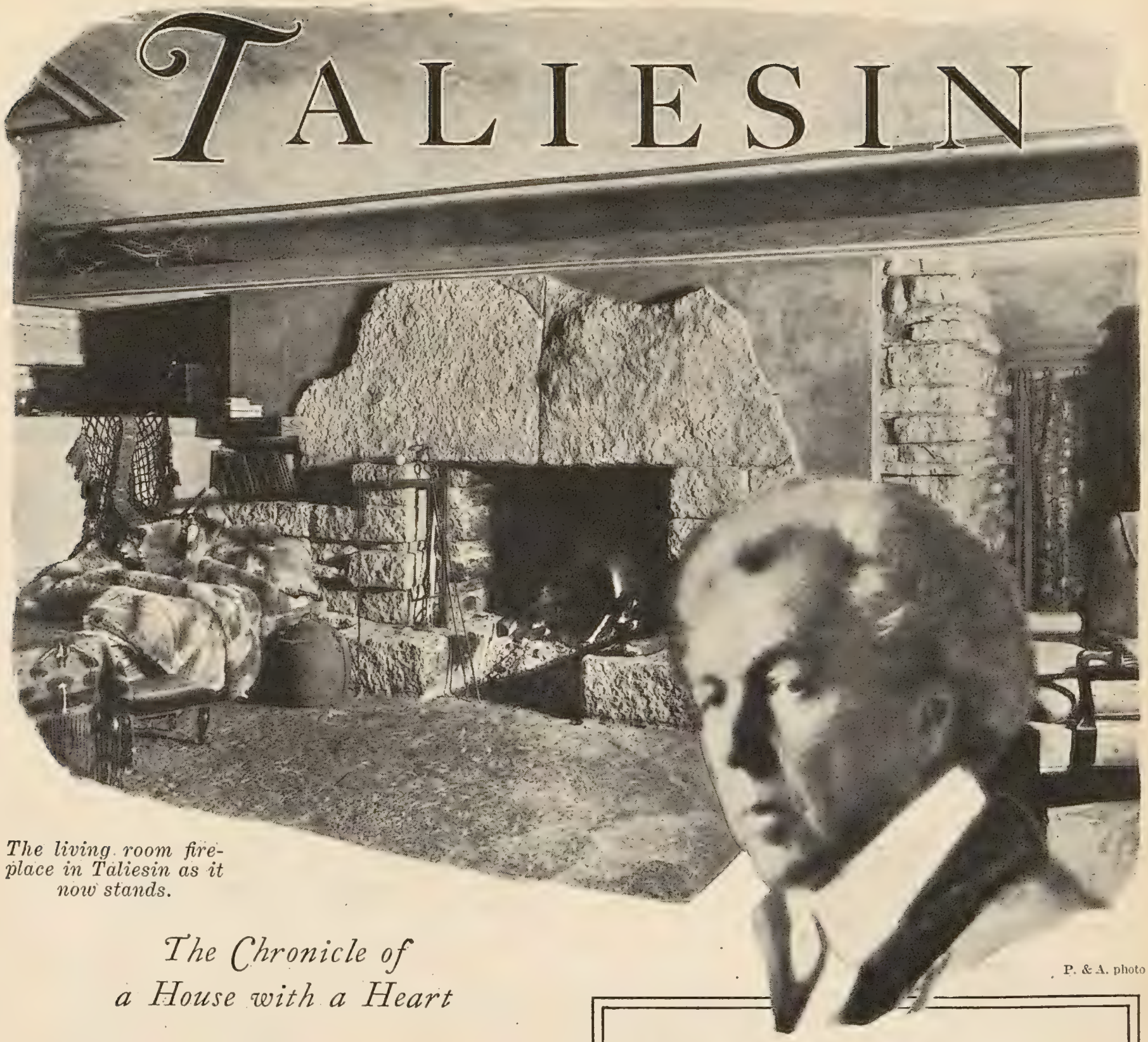
Only one tube to a family

3171

# Pepsodent

***The Special Film-Removing Dentifrice***

# TALIESIN



*The living room fireplace in Taliesin as it now stands.*

P. & A. photo

## *The Chronicle of a House with a Heart*

By

## FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT of Taliesin. He is one of the most eminent American architects, designer and builder of the famous Imperial Hotel in Tokyo and many other noteworthy structures. In these pages he gives only a hint of the tragedy that centered about the greatly loved Wisconsin home of which he writes. Taliesin was built in 1911, and was the objective of a much discussed "spiritual hegira" with Mrs. Mamah Bostwick Cheney of Oak Park, Illinois. In 1914, an insane Negro butler killed Mrs. Cheney, her two children, and four other persons, and burned Taliesin to the ground. As Mr. Wright relates, the house was rebuilt, only to be burned again ten years later, and rebuilt again. Since 1914, Mr. Wright has married twice, both times in circumstances attended with considerable publicity.

TALIESIN was an ancient bard, in Wales, who sang the glories of Fine Art. His name is Welsh for "radiant brow." But he is now a house in Wisconsin on a low hill dividing several valleys that end in the plain of the Wisconsin River. Along one valley perennially flows a spring-water stream, winding and doubling upon itself on its way to the river with fine disregard of time or distance.

This valley with the stream winding down its very center was the home of Grandfather Lloyd-Jones, in Wales a hatter and preacher; in the valley a farmer and preacher because Unitarians in Wales, at the time he was about fifty-three years old, were not popular anyway. And if a firebrand of a man, such as he, questioned how a man should be just with God, regardless of conventional answers—well, to such as he, America seemed a hope and a haven.

He hadn't been long in this country, however, before they proposed to "try" him for "heresy." He said, "No, you need not. If I am intrusive I will get out. I cannot quell my spirit." And he got out and came to the valley with his five sons and five daughters to break the ground and bring up his family on what he could grow. But more of the people from the church that was to try him came to his house on Sunday to hear him preach than went to the church. So, although farmer now, he was still preacher.

His crest—the family crest—was the old Druid symbol as old as Stonehenge: "Truth against the World." And that crest, with any spirit at all behind it, meant enough for one family, as anyone might imagine who knows

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

anything at all of America. Anna Lloyd-Jones was one of his daughters, and of his spirit. She was a teacher and she, too, married a preacher who happened to be my father. She wanted an architect for a son, announced him as one before he was born, and ordained him herself as soon as she got him into her arms.

This mother of mine gave me a kindergarten education beginning at the time of the Centennial at Philadelphia, while father was preaching in a Boston suburb. Then she sent me back, when I was eleven, to the valley to run around the hills barefooted after cows and work on the farm with another Lloyd-Jones, my Uncle James. And like all these Lloyd-Jones, Uncle James was independently tall, and resembled a patriarch.

This hill on which Taliesin now stands as a "brow" was one of my favorite places as a boy, for pasque flowers grew there in March sun while snowdrifts still streaked the hillsides. And when you were on its crown you were out in mid-air as though swinging in an airplane, as the three valleys dropped away leaving the tree tops all about you.

The predestined architect, that is me, grew up, raised a family in the city, all the while in love with the country—*this* country—this hill and these valleys. I knew the ground plan of the region in every line and feature. Its elevation for me was the modeling of the hills, the weaving and the fabric of the woods that clung to them—the look of it in tender green or covered with snow or in full glow of summer that burst into the blaze of autumn. I was part of it.

So when life there in the city in the spring of 1909 conspired against the freedom to which I felt every soul entitled, and I, thirty-nine years old, had no choice, would I keep my self-respect, but to go out, a voluntary exile, into the uncharted and unknown, deprived of legal protection, get my back against the wall and live, if I could, an unconventional life—I turned to the hill in the valley as my grandfather before me had turned to America.

Architecture to me was, by now, mine. It meant something out of the ground of America, something in league with the stones of the field, in sympathy with the flower that fadeth, the grass that withereth.

IT was unthinkable that any house should be put *on* that beloved hill.

No house should ever be *on* any hill or *on* anything. It should be *of* the hill, belonging to it, so hill and house could live together each the happier for the other. That was the way everything found round about it was naturally managed, except when man did something. When he added his mite be became imitative and ugly. Why? Was there no natural house! Yes, that was it, I wanted a *natural* house. I scanned the hills of the region where the rock came cropping out in strata to suggest buildings. How quiet and strong the rock-ledge masses looked with the dark red cedars and white birches. They were all part of the countenance of southern Wisconsin.

I wished to be part of southern Wisconsin and not put my small part of it out of countenance. Architecture, before all, was a weaving and a fabric, like the trees. And as anyone could see, a beech tree was a beech tree. It wasn't trying to be an oak. Nor was a pine trying to be a birch, although each made the other more beautiful when seen together.

The world had had appropriate buildings before—why not more than ever now? There must be some kind of house that would belong to that hill as trees and ledges did; as grandfather and mother had, in their sense of it all.

Yes, there must be a natural house, not natural as caves and log cabins were natural, but native in spirit with all that architecture had meant whenever it was alive in times past. Colonial wouldn't do. Nor French nor English, nor anything at all I had ever seen. This country was something else. I was something other. Grandfather and mother were something splendid in themselves that I couldn't imagine in any of these fashionable period houses. But there was a house that hill might marry and live happily with ever after. I intended to find it. I even saw, for myself, what it might be like.

*A studio fireplace in the Taliesin III of today.*

It was a very young faith that undertook to build it.

The same faith that plants twigs for orchards, vine-slips for vineyards, and small whips that become great beneficent shade trees. And it did plant them, too, all about.

A Welsh name would be appropriate. There was the legend of Taliesin, the primeval artist with the shining brow! Why not a "shining brow" for the hill?

So the house was dedicated to Taliesin.

THERE was a stone quarry on a hill a mile away, where the yellow sand limestone lay in strata like those outcropping ledges.

The look of it was what I wanted for such masses as would rise from the slopes. The teams of neighboring farmers soon began hauling it over to the hill. Long cords of this native stone, 500 or more from first to last, got up there. The stone went down for pavements of terraces and courts. Stone was sent along the slopes into great walls. Stone stepped up like ledges on to the hill, and flung long arms in any direction that brought the house to the ground. The ground. My grandfather's ground! It was lovingly felt as a part of all this.

Finally it was not so easy to tell where pavement and walls left off and ground began. Especially on the hill crown, which became a low-walled garden above the surrounding courts. A clump of fine oaks that grew on the hilltop stood untouched on one side above the court. A great curved stone-walled seat inclosed the space just beneath them, and stone pavement stepped down to a spring or fountain that welled up into a pool at the center of the circle. Each court had its fountain and the winding stream below had a great dam of stone thrown across it, to make a pond at the very foot of the hill, and raise the water in the valley to within sight from Taliesin. The water below the falls thus made, was sent, by hydraulic ram, up to a big stone reservoir in the hill just behind and above the hilltop garden.

Taliesin, of course, was to be an architect's workshop, as well as a dwelling for the architect, and also for young workers who came to assist. And it was a farm cottage for the farm help. Around a rear court were to be farm buildings, for Taliesin was to be a complete living unit, genuine in point of comfort and beauty, from pig to proprietor. The place was to be self-sustaining, if not self-sufficient. With its domain of 200 acres, it was to be shelter, food, clothes, and even entertainment within

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

# Do you SMOKE OFF A MISSED MEAL?

## HERE, TOO, SPUD'S COOLNESS KEEPS MOUTH-COMFORT!

Do you ever miss luncheon—then try to make it up with cigarette after cigarette? And wish you hadn't? That's a time you'll appreciate Spud! The smoke of your twentieth Spud leaves your mouth as moist-cool as your first Spud of the session... keeping all the while that comfortable meal-time mouth-moisture. That is Spud's cooling effect, its smoke proved by scientists 16% cooler...heightening your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor...making Spud the new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

SMOKE 16% COOLER by TEST

JUDGE SPUD...Not by first puff...but by first pack. Surprise of first puff soon forgotten...continued coolness heightens enjoyment of the full tobacco flavor.

HOW the coolness of Spud smoke was proved scientifically, and what "Smoke 16% Cooler by Test" means to you, are told in this little book, sent gladly on request

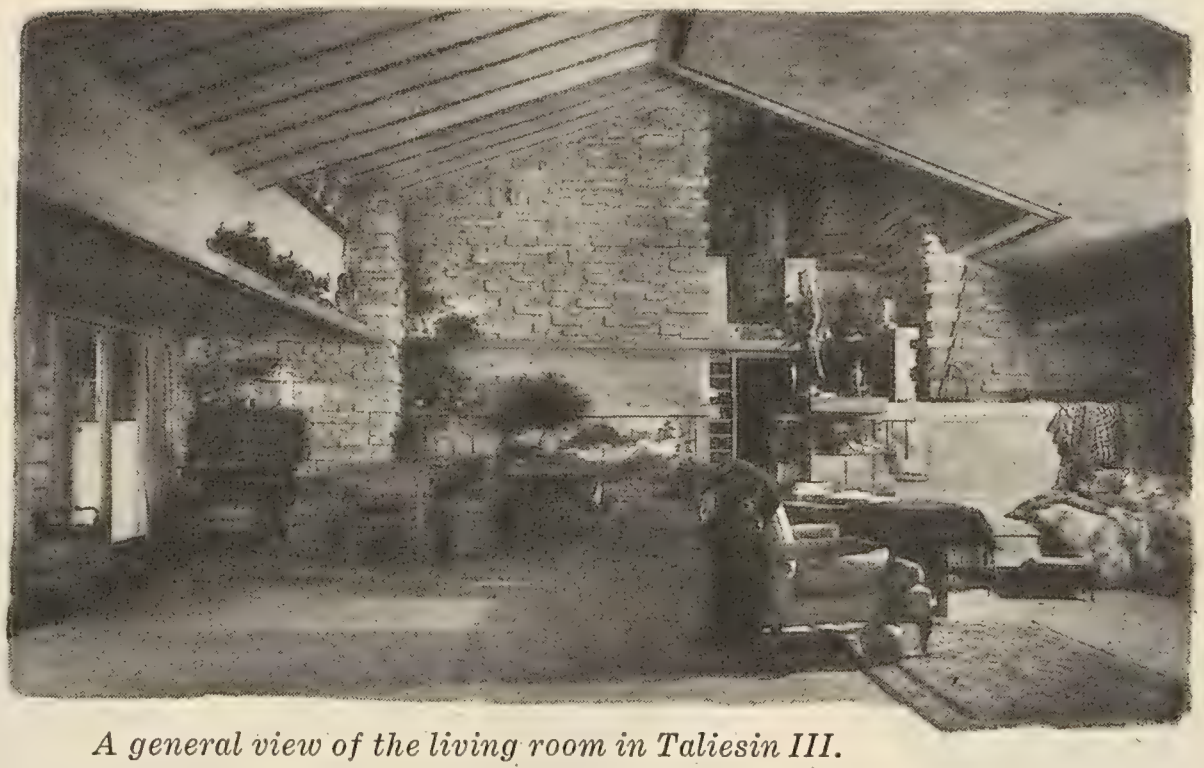
MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

itself. It had to be its own light plant, fuel yard, transportation, and water system.

It was to be recreation ground for my children and their children.

This modest human program arranged itself around the hilltop in a series of four varied courts leading one into the other, courts together forming a sort of drive along the hillside, flanked by low buildings on one side and by flower gardens against the stone walls that retained the hill crown on the other.



*A general view of the living room in Taliesin III.*

The strata of fundamental stonework reached around or into the four courts and made them. Then stone, stratified, went into the lower house walls and on up into the chimneys from the ground. This native stone prepared the way for the lighter plastered construction of the upper wood walls. Taliesin was to be a combination of stone and wood as they met in the aspect of the hills around about. The lines of the hills were the lines of the roofs. The slopes of the hills, their slopes. The plastered surfaces of the light wood walls, set back into shade beneath broad eaves, were like the flat stretches of sand in the river below.

The finished wood outside was the color of gray tree trunks in violet light.

The shingles of the roof surfaces were left to weather, silver gray like the tree branches spreading below them.

The chimneys of the great stone fireplaces rose heavily through all, wherever there was a gathering place within, and there were many such places. They showed great rock faces over deep openings inside. Outside they were strong, quiet, rectangular rock masses.

COUNTRY masons laid all the stone with the quarry for a pattern and the architect for teacher. They learned to lay the walls in the long thin flat ledges that were natural. As often as they laid a stone they would stand back to judge the effect. They were soon interested as sculptors fashioning a statue. They were artistic for the first time, many of them, and liked it. There were many masons from first to last, all good, perhaps Dad Signola, in his youth a Czech, the best of them until Philip Volk came. He worked away five years at the place as it grew from year to year, for it will never be finished. And with no inharmonious discrepancy, one may see each mason's individuality in his work to this day.

At that time, to get this mass of material to the hilltop meant organizing man and horse power. Trucks came along years later. Main strength and awkwardness directed by commanding intelligence got the better of the law of gravitation by the ton, as sand, stone, gravel, and timber went up into appointed places. Ben Davis was commander of these forces at this time. Ben was a creative cusser. He had to be. To listen to Ben back of all this movement was to take off your hat to a virtuoso. Men have cussed between every word, but Ben split the words, artistically worked an oath in between every syllable.

One day Ben with five of his men was moving a big rock that suddenly fell over flat, catching Ben's big toe. I shuddered for that rock as, hobbling slowly back and forth around it, Ben hissed and glared at it, threatening, eying, and cussing it. He rose to such heights, plunged to such depths of vengeance, as I had never suspected, even in Ben. His performance went as far beyond praise as it did past belief.

No Marseillaise nor any damnation in the mouth of Hebraic prophet ever exceeded Ben at this high spot in his career as cusser. William Blake says exuberance is beauty. It would be profane, perhaps, to say that Ben at this moment was sublime. But he was.

AND in Spring Green (the names in this region are mostly simple like that: Black Earth, Blue Mounds, Lone Rock, Silver Creek, etc.) I found a carpenter.

William Weston was a natural carpenter. He was a carpenter such as architects like to stand and watch work. I never saw him make a false or unnecessary movement. His hammer, extra light, with a handle fashioned by himself, flashed to the right spot every time, like the rapier of a practiced swordsman.

William stayed with Taliesin through trials and tribulations the better part of fourteen years. America turns up a good mechanic around in country places every so often. Billy was one of them.

Winter came. A bitter one. The roof was on, plastering done, windows in, the men working inside. Evenings, the men grouped around the open fireplaces, throwing cordwood into them to keep themselves warm as the wind came up between the floor boards. They came to work from surrounding towns and had to be fed and bedded on the place during the week. Their reactions were picturesque. There was Johnnie Vaughn who was—I guess—a genius. I got him because he had gone into some kind of concrete business with another Irishman for partner, and failed. Johnnie said, "We didn't fail sooner because we didn't have more business."

I overheard this lank genius (he was looking after the carpenters) nagging little Billy Little, who had been foreman of several jobs in the city for me. Said Johnnie, "I built this place here off a shingle." "Huh," said Billy, "that ain't nothing. I built them places in Oak Park right off the air."

Workmen never have enough drawings or explanations, no matter how many they get—but this was the sort of slander an architect needs to hear occasionally.

The workmen took the work as a sort of adventure. It was adventure. In every realm. Especially in the financial realm.

I kept on working all the while to make the money come. It did. And we kept on inside with clean soft wood that could be left alone, pretty much, in plain surfaces. The stone, too, spoke for itself—it looked strong and protective inside.

Floors were stoned-paved or laid with wide dark-streaked cypress boards. The plaster, mixed with raw sienna, went on the walls "natural," drying out tawny gold. Outside, the plastered walls were the same but grayer with cement.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

# How often do you *check up* on your diet?

*Unless you have a trained dietician in your home to weigh and apportion every element of your diet . . . to make you eat as you should . . . acid poisoning, from badly balanced meals, is probably robbing you of energy and efficiency.*

NEARLY everyone suffers from acid poisoning at times, simply because it is so hard to avoid its causes . . . to plan consistently balanced meals. Over-eating, hurried eating, eating between meals, eating when tired or worried, excessive smoking . . . these are some of the universal habits that can bring on excessive acidity in the digestive system.

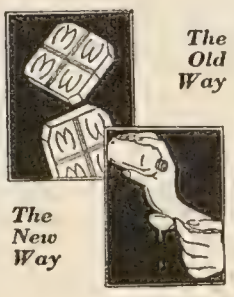
### *Banish acid poisoning with Milnesia (Milk of Magnesia) Wafers*

Watch out for sick headaches . . . sour stomach . . . indigestion . . . occasional constipation . . . bad breath . . . a logy, listless feeling . . . they are acid poison's danger signals. Whenever they appear chew one or two palatable Milnesia Wafers . . . or better still, use them as a preventative. Each wafer represents equal teaspoons of milk of magnesia . . . giving you the alkalinity that counteracts acidity.

Hundreds of doctors are endorsing this new way of taking milk of magnesia. For when you chew this pleasant tasting Milnesia, you gently cleanse your whole digestive system . . . from gums and mouth to intestines. Teeth and gums, fertile sources of hidden acid condition, share in its benefits.

### *The whole family likes Milnesia*

Children particularly welcome this pleasant release from the old way of taking milk of magnesia. You'll find Milnesia gets a lot of use around the house. Each wafer is easily broken into halves or quarters for children's dosage. Give it a trial. Fill out the coupon and send to us with 10¢ for a week's supply of Milnesia Wafers.



*The Old Way*

*The New Way*

*In bottles 35¢—60¢*

*In handy pocket tin 20¢*

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(MILK OF MAGNESIA)
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Enclosed is 10¢. Send me a week's supply of Milnesia Wafers.

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State _____

[TALIESIN
Continued from page twenty-four]

But in the constitution of the whole—in the way the walls rose from the plan and the spaces were roofed over—was the chief interest. It was all supremely natural. The rooms went up into the roof, tentlike, and were ribbanded overhead with marking strips of waxed soft wood. The house was set so sun came through the openings into every room some time during the day. Walls opened everywhere to views as the windows swung out above the tree tops. In spring, the perfume of the blossoms came full through the windows, the birds singing there, the while, from sunrise to sunset—all but the several white months of winter.

I wanted a home where icicles by invitation might beautify the eaves. So there were no gutters. And when the snow piled deep on the roofs and lay drifted in the courts, icicles came to hang staccato from the roofs. Prismatic crystal in pendants sometimes six feet long glittered between the landscape and the eyes inside. Taliesin in winter was a frosted palace roofed and walled with snow, hung with iridescent fringes, the plate glass of the windows delicately fantastic with frosted arabesques. A thing of winter beauty. But the windows shone warm and bright through it all as the light of the huge fireplaces lit them, and streams of wood smoke from a dozen such places went straight up toward the stars.

Thin tan-colored flax rugs covered the floors. Doors and windows were hung with modest brown checkered fabrics. The furniture was "homemade" of the same wood as the trim and mostly fitted into the trim. I got a compliment on this from old Dan Davis, a rich and "savin'" neighbor, who saw we had made it ourselves. "Gosh dang it, Frank," he said, "ye're savin', too, ain't ye?" Although Mother Williams, another neighbor, said, "Nothing of the sort; he could have got it most as cheap ready made from that Sears and Roebuck."

*A bedroom fireplace, built of the specially quarried native stone.*

THE whole was low, wide, and snug, a broad shelter seeking fellowship with its surroundings. A house of the North! A house that could open to the summer and become like an open camp if need be. With spring came music on the roofs, for there were few dead roof spaces, and the broad eaves so sheltered the windows that they were safely left open to the sweeping soft air of the rain. Taliesin was grateful for care. Took what grooming it got with gratitude and repaid it with interest.

Taliesin's order was such that when all was clean and in place its countenance beamed, wore a happy smile of well-being and welcome for all.

It was intensely human, I believe.

Although, thanks to "bigger and better publicity," among those who besieged it Saturdays and Sundays from near and far came several ladies whose unusual enterprise got them as far as the upper half of the Dutch door standing open to the living room. They couldn't see me. I was lying on a long walled seat just inside. They poked in their heads and looked about with Ohs and Ahs—a pause—and in the nasal twang of the more aggressive one, "I wonder . . . I wonder if I'd like livin' in a house like this so much as I would in a regular home?"

The studio, lit by tall windows to the north, really was a group of four studies, one large, three small. And in their midst stood a stone fireproof vault for treasure. The plans, private papers, and such money as there was, took chances anywhere outside it. But the Taliesin library of Genroku embroidery and antique colored wood-block prints all stayed safely inside. But, as work and sojourn overseas continued, Chinese pottery and sculpture and Momoyama screens overflowed into the rooms.

If the eye rested on some ornament it could be sure of worthy entertainment. Hovering over these messengers to Taliesin from other civilizations and thousands of years ago, must have been spirits of peace and goodwill. They seemed to shed fraternal sense of kinship.

For the story of Taliesin, after all, is old: old as the human spirit. These figures were traces of that spirit, left behind in the human procession as Time went on, and they now came forward to find rest and feel at home. So it seemed as you looked at them. But they were only the story within the story: ancient comment on the New.

The New lived for itself for their sake as, long ago, they had lived for its sake.

THE storms of the north broke over the low sweeping roofs that now sheltered a structure in which hope purposefully lived at earnest work. The lightning in this region, always so brilliant and severe, crashed and Taliesin smiled. Taliesin was minding its own business, living up to its own obligations and to the past it could well understand. But the New, failing to recognize it and besieged, traduced and insulted it.

Taliesin raged, wanted to talk back—and smiled. Taliesin was a story and therefore had to run the gauntlet. It made its way through storm and stress, threats and slanderous curiosity to its happiness for more than three years, and smiled—always. No one feeling the repose of its spirit could believe in the storm of publicity that kept breaking outside because a kindred spirit—a woman—had taken refuge there for life. And then, out of a clear sky, a thunderbolt, human but inhumane, crashed upon the heart of it, sweeping it down in terror and in flames. A black, gaping wound lay open on the hillside where once Taliesin shone.

Waves of publicity broke over it again. The human sacrifice at Taliesin seemed in vain. Its heroism was mocked, its very heart, thus struck from it at a blow, profaned.

The great stone chimneys stood blackened there above the valley, against the sky.

Tried and condemned, "they" said. Was it for heresy? Was this some trial at some judgment seat, like grandfather's, to quell a spirit that would not be quelled?

Thirty-six hours after leaving all at Taliesin, living, friendly and happy, I was suddenly called back to the blow that had fallen like the lightning stroke. In less time than it takes to write it a thin-lipped Barbados Negro—who had been well recommended to me as an ideal servant—turned madman, had taken the lives of seven and set the house in flames. In thirty minutes it had burned to the stonework or the ground. The living half of Taliesin violently swept down in a madman's nightmare of flame and murder.

The working half remained.

Will Weston saved that.

He had come to grips with the madman whose strength

was superhuman; slipped from his grasp and his blows. Bleeding from the encounter, he ran down the hill to the nearest neighbor to give the alarm; made his way back immediately through the cornfields, only to find the deadly work finished and the home ablaze. Hardly able to stand, he ran to where the fire hose was kept in a niche of the garden wall, past his young son, lying there in the fountain basin, one of the seven dead, got the hose loose, staggered with it to the fire and with the playing hose stood against destruction until they led him away.

. . . . . .

IN the family chapel yard beside my grandfather and grandmother—a new grave.

And I? Unconventional believer in the Good, the True, the Beautiful, thus struck at, if not struck down, in the midst of all three?

Some months before, sitting in the stone loggia, overlooking the valley below, I saw one of the finest cows of the countryside, Maplecroft, a Holstein thoroughbred worth several hundred ordinary cows, standing beneath an oak tree with two cows comparatively worthless. A flash, a crash. The two walked away from beneath the tree unharmed, but Maplecroft lay there dead by stroke of lightning. Why peerless Maplecroft? Why Taliesin?

Many answers to "Why Taliesin?" were publicly made by good men and true. They now had a text upon which to preach. But none more reasonable than that the unconventional gathers the displeasure of the conventional until explosion, in some form obvious or occult, follows. But did this apply to Maplecroft's "unconventionality?" Hers consisted in being thoroughbred. Did the envy or displeasure of ordinary numbers attract destruction to her?

NONSENSE! So the dull consuming rage that grew in my breast, when I felt inimical human weight upon my soul, began to fade. Taliesin must live to show something more for its mortal sacrifice than a charred and terrible ruin on a lonely hillside in the beloved valley.

There is release from anguish only in action. Anguish would not leave Taliesin until action for renewal began. Again, and at once, all that had been in motion before, at the will of the architect was set in motion. Steadily, without joy this time, but surely, as painfully, stone by stone, board by board, Taliesin II began to rise from the ashes of Taliesin the first.

Where scenes of horror had left ugly memories, all changed. An open stone-floored loggia looked up the valley to the Lloyd-Jones Chapel. This beautiful stone loggia took the place of the scene of the tragedy.

There was no turning back nor stopping to mourn. What had been beautiful at Taliesin should live as a grateful memory creating the new, and, come who might to share Taliesin, they would help in that spirit.

I believed it.

More stone, more wood, more work, and more harmonious use of them all. More workmen, more sacrifice, more creative work on my part and efforts to find or earn the money.

Another year, and, late in 1915, Taliesin II stood in the place of the first. A more reposeful and finer one. Not a chastened Taliesin. No, rather up in arms declining the popular idea of punishment as unworthy the sacrifice demanded and taken there.

Demanded? By whom? Taken? For what? And the sentimental or superstitious or profane answers answered nothing.

But something was coming clear; through the brutalizing Taliesin had received. Something—no, not rebellion but conviction—lifted the crown of the head a little higher, made the eye shine clearer, and the tread become more sure and elastic.

. . . . . .

THE building was finished.

But Life, of legal necessity, five years later, remained unconventional, still and voluntarily in exile—because Taliesin now became refuge to the misfortune of the unfortunate, and the refugee, a woman.

*The forecourt at sunset. Taliesin III has four courts.*

But life at Taliesin changed. There were no longer carefree walks over the friendly hills, nor swimming in the river below. No horseback riding along the country lanes. No coasting or skating or happy sleighing in winter. No singing. Life seemed soon paralyzed by subtle poison. Taliesin had encountered disintegration from within.

Fortunately I was soon called to the other side of the world to build in Japan.

Life left Taliesin and went elsewhere. A couple of caretakers and one faithful student only stayed there. Restlessly, during many years, Taliesin languished and called in vain. Dust settled on the heads of the ancient gods at rest upon its broad ledges.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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*City*.....

MARY T. GOLDMAN'S
*Hair Color Restorer*

[TALIESIN
Continued from page twenty-seven]

Taliesin still called and I looked forward to the time when it should come alive again for me and those I loved.

I came back seven years after, but if I stayed there it was to stay alone.

I stayed.

Young people came from all over the world, already attracted by Taliesin's fame abroad, as American, to share its spirit; to learn what message indigenous America had for Europe. And, evenings, after good work done, the piano, violin, and cello spoke there the religion of Bach, Beethoven, and Handel. William Blake, Samuel Butler, Walt Whitman, and Shelley often presided there. Carl Sandburg, Edna Millay, and Ring Lardner, too, had something to say or sing. And life in the hills revived for the little cosmopolitan group — eager to know America, for Taliesin was at work quietly Americanizing Europe while American architects Europeanized America.

*Taliesin III as a harmonious feature of its rock-ledged, wooded hilltop at Spring Green, Wisconsin.*

But not for long was there peace even for these gentle seekers from afar. There were but eleven months of growing goodwill. The living things of Art and Beauty belonging to the place as the eye to the face—become like Taliesin's own flesh—each and all were a loneliness and sorrow. Taliesin dreamed, meditated, worked, and slept.

The primeval fireplaces sent streams of light and warmth into the house, but it no longer seemed to live. Long years of suffering had saturated the stone, burdened the wood; dissension had shamed the walls and ceilings.

A hope, only, lived, wishing to bring back happiness.

Meantime the work of Taliesin was growing in importance until the European world was interested. Here, said that world, is America. And it came and delighted in it. Taliesin, it seemed, might revive with this sympathy.

THEN at twilight, as the lightning of an approaching storm was playing, I came down from the little detached dining room on the hilltop to find smoke pouring from my bedroom. Again? There it was—Fire!

Fire, fanned by that rising wind meant—to fight. My heart was sand as I realized all had gone from the place for the evening but two besides myself.

"Water!" And water came to the constant cry of "Water!" for two hours. The people of the countryside again turned to fight flames at Taliesin. "Let us save what we can of the things inside!" they cried. "No! Fight! Fight the flames! Save Taliesin or let all go," I shouted.

"More water," was the cry as more men came. Whipped by the wind, great clouds of smoke and sparks drove straight down the length of Taliesin courts. The place seemed doomed. That merciless wind! How cruel the wind may be!

But I stood on the smoking roofs, feet burned, lungs seared, hair and eyebrows gone, and fought.

I could not give it up. Everyone else had. Taliesin as a whole, they said, was gone.

Destruction had reached to the workrooms and begun to take hold of them—water gone, human energy gone, too. Suddenly a tremendous pealing roll of thunder and the storm broke with violent change of wind that rolled the flames up the valley, back upon themselves—as the rain fell hissing into the roaring furnace.

. . . . .

The living half of Taliesin gone—again!

Plate-glass windows lay, crystal pools in ashes on hot pavements.

Priceless human blossoms-of-the-soul in all ages lay broken, smoldering, crumbled in ashes, or vanished. Gone back whence they came?

Another savage blow struck.

Left to me out of most of my earnings since my home was first destroyed, and from my wanderings in the Orient for seven years past, were the leather trousers, burned socks and shirt in which I stood, defeated.

But Taliesin lived where I stood. So I believed.

The lightning had struck again, and—is human carelessness and ignorance the wrath of God? The fire had originated in a house telephone that had given trouble as it stood by the head of my bed. I wondered. Everything of a personal nature I had in the world was gone—but, this time, no lives lost except precious works of art.

I had been poor trustee for posterity. I had not protected them. Never mind. They should live in me, I thought, because I could prove their life by mine. I had loved and understood them. They had become part of me and should live in what I did.

And that lurid crowd! Standing there all about me—lit by the flames! Some few sympathetic, others half-sympathizing, some sneering at the fool who imagined Taliesin could "come back." Others stolidly chewing tobacco—entertained.

Were they the force that had again struck?

Well—there was I alive in their midst, key to a Taliesin nobler than the first if I could make it.

Alexander Woollcott had come and gone from Taliesin a few hours before its destruction. His article in the New York World informed my friends and relatives of what had happened. No one would have got word from me had there been need. I do not know why.

A few days later, clearing away the debris to reconstruct, I picked up partly calcined marble heads of the Tang dynasty, fragments of the black basalt of Wei stones, Sung soft-clay sculpture, and gorgeous Ming pottery bronzed by the intensity of the blaze.

I put the fragments aside to weave them into the masonry fabric of Taliesin III.

The limestone piers and walls and fireplaces had turned red and mostly crumbled in the fire . . . but I saved many stones so dyed by fire, and later built them too into the new walls, adding a richness unknown to them before.

Whereas, before, the building had grown by addition, all could now be spontaneously born.

Enlightened by the building of the two previous ones, now came forty sheets of pencil studies for reconstruction. Still in debt for the second, no discretion could detain me from beginning work on the third. Waves of publicity, this time neither ribald nor unkind, broke over the ruins. After all, folk are kind, when they understand.

The frustration of the past seven years had ended in the destruction of everything the frustrated life had touched.

I was comforted by that thought as one beloved thing

after another would rise out of its ashes to plague my heart with sense of shameful loss. I was alone. And again more and better building materials—more, and, by this time, *trained* workmen—more intelligent planning and execution, more difficult ways and means, more patience, more humility, and more anxiety—all in the same faith.

. . . . .

LIFE smiled again upon Taliesin. Help came with an understanding ready for any sacrifice, a real friend—yes—a woman. For the idea that had come to life with Taliesin II was, by now, conviction. The idea was that an American has a right to three things if he is honest with all three—the Good, the True, the Beautiful.

The Good? His life.

The True? His work.

The Beautiful? His love.

Another spring of coördinate effort. Another summer. Another autumn. Another winter—and early in 1925 another life in another Taliesin, Taliesin III, as it proudly took its place where the ashes of Taliesin I, eleven years earlier, had fallen.

Its brow, though marked by sorrow, shone now with a serenity unknown before. Life came to take shelter within walls, that new life itself had helped to build and make noble.

Taliesin was refreshed by the gift of a little new soul, to bring back to Taliesin again something Taliesin had lost.

Happy friendliness was sheltered there ready for any sacrifice that might be made if only Taliesin might come alive again.

But enterprising enemies, eyes always aslant where the beautiful would show its face or the noble lift its head, were lying in wait by now to attack, should it rise from its ashes.

Human obliquity going hand in hand with "bigger and better publicity" conspired to do the work. Taliesin, frowned, lifted an arm to strike—suffered in silence—and waited.

The insulting hue and cry reached the doors of public officials, some of whom were moved by it. Knowing only the hue and cry, they added their blows to give richness to the hue, added injury to the insult of the cry, until the sovereign insult in the gift of its own people was put upon Taliesin.

Taliesin raged, wanted to strike back—but strike at what?

Instead, it turned to work. At least life was no longer betrayed within its walls.

And, now, humbly, but with steadfast faith, Taliesin, voluntary exile, in his shining brow declares, in this third and nobler construction in his name, not only an American Architecture on American soil for conscious America, but declares the right, as well, and for the same reason, of every American to the Trinity of life, so long as he shall be honest with all three. The Good, his Life. The True, his Work. The Beautiful, his Love.

THE END


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## *Now an Utterly* DRUGLESS *Way to Instant Sleep—Boundless Energy the Next Day*

If you are troubled with restless nights, we urge you to accept the test offered here. Doing so has made a great difference in the lives of thousands of nervous people.

On doctors' advice, millions are employing this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep!

### *What It Is*

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food-concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bed-time; a super-delicious drink.

First it induces sleep; sound, natural sleep. The kind that rebuilds and rejuvenates.

Then while you sleep, Ovaltine re-supplies your system with the energy lost the previous active day. For it contains practically every building element necessary to life and energy, in a form which the human system can easily absorb while you sleep.

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Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used over 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

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Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day to relieve fatigue. A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine. Try it. Obtain at any drug or grocery store, or use coupon for special 3-day test.

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Make this experiment. Drink a cup of Hot Ovaltine before retiring, for three nights. Note how quickly you go to sleep; how refreshed you feel when you awaken; your unlimited energy next day. Mail coupon with 10c for a 3-day introductory package.

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I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

*Name*.....
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(One package to a person)

# Front Page Fanny

*A Story That Shows You Never Can Tell About Love*

By

MAE TINÉE

*Pictures by* RALPH P. COLEMAN

*"Now, you wait before you bawl me out!*

THIS story is like one of those Japanese boxes. It is a story within a story, within a story.

It happened quite a while ago when the movies were younger, and the hero of all the stories—if indeed he can be called a hero—is Sam Macy, a high-pressure press agent of a declining school, who knew the doubtful pleasure of having temperamental lady stars battle hotly for his services, and the not doubtful satisfaction of seeing the names of the most important magnates of moviedom adorning his pay checks.

The heroine?

A tiny toddler listed on the books of a Los Angeles orphanage as Fanny Doe.

Brown eyes, wistful under a mop of dark curls that nobody had the time to keep in order. Grave little mouth set in dimples. Chubby legs bruised and scratched from tumbles on the gravel. Grubby wee hands with dimples to match the sweet ones in her face. Three years old. This is Fanny, the heroine.

It doesn't matter to you who Fanny really was, does it? It hadn't mattered to whoever had left her, a blue-faced, wheezing baby, aged two weeks, on the steps of the institution. Or, perhaps, it had mattered too much. Anyway, there was no note of explanation pinned to this baby's clothes. Just the baby and hardly any clothes.

Sober little Fanny, who, though the matron didn't know it, always hoped when she heard her name called that "a mamma" had come to get her. She didn't know just what mammas were, except that they were sweet-smelling ladies, not like matrons, who wore rings to—maybe—play with; and dresses that looked as if they would feel soft against the cheek of a little girl when she was sleepy or hurt-ed.

Sometimes mammas brought their own little children to visit, and walked through the orphanage holding their hands closely, and said to their little children—pointing at Fanny, sometimes:

"Just look at those poor little things! No mamma. No anything. You'd better be good or perhaps some day you'll have to come to an orfimidge!"

But, somehow, though in her prayers each night Fanny tucked a request for a mamma, nobody ever called her and said: "Fanny, come, dear! A mamma is here that wants you to go home with her and be her little girl!"

Not ever.

Fanny had heard the matron say that the great demand was for boys, or for girls with blue eyes and yellow hair.

Now that you have had a glimpse at your hero and heroine, we will start taking our Japanese box to pieces.

Step, if you please, into the office of Mr. Solomon Goldyman.

It was a very grand office, done up in all the latest things in woods and rugs and pictures, and statues and desk accessories—several of the last smirked with jewels—and in a large, ultra-leather chair sat what at first glance looked like one of those lady-doll blinds

*Listen—that kid is going to ruin my career! I tell you I can't stand it. I got to ask for a rest."*

for telephones and pincushions. A second blink, however, proved the mass of ruffles topped by golden hair to be none other than that widely known screen heroine, Miss Joy Jardine, whose long suit was being rescued from the jaws of death and the wicked by leaping dark gentlemen. Dark, that they might most perfectly foil her fairness.

Just now the lady's bee-stung upper lip was quivering. Helplessly flopping a paper covered with figures, she was saying to the squat man in heavy spectacles who sat staring impassively at her across his polished desk:

"You know I can't understand this, Mr. Goldyman! What's it mean?"

Mr. Goldyman sighed from the depths of him.

"Turn it right side up," he said patiently. "Now tell me, do you see two rows up and down of figures? Tell me—do you see what is edded up at the bottom of the row named Production Costs? Read it out. I want you should see for yourself."

"One hundred and forty thousand seven hundred and eighty dollars," announced the reader somewhat sullenly.

"And do you see another column named Gross, Joy? Under that what reads it?"

"Seventy-six thousand one hundred and eight dollars."

"So!" said Mr. Goldyman calmly, but with emphasis. "There you have, my dear darling, where your last picture stands me. That is how the people liked you in Curls and Cutlasses. One hundred and forty thousand it costs me—never mind the odd dollars—and half of it I get back. And your other two pictures before it is just as bad. And here, maybe I shouldn't show you what the exhibitors say!" He slapped a handful of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FRONT PAGE FANNY
Continued from page thirty-one]

papers down in front of her. "Such a howl! They are efter me and efter me to cencel their contracts. 'Goldyman,' they say to me, 'she's through!' And me with another year of your contract staring me in the checkbook! Sho, sho! Don't be bawlin', now, Joy! I don't believe 'em. You ain't through; but we cen't go on like this to always take these trimmings."

But Joy's little bosom heaved as her directors had taught her to heave it, and her eyes were wet from the minute atomizer she carried to them with each dab of her handkerchief. She moaned hysterically of bum stories and boob directors.

To all of which Mr. Goldyman said nothing. He sat staring and thinking, staring and thinking; leaned forward suddenly and pressed a button. To the boy who bounced in he said:

"Send Macy in."

"Who's Macy?" whimpered Joy.

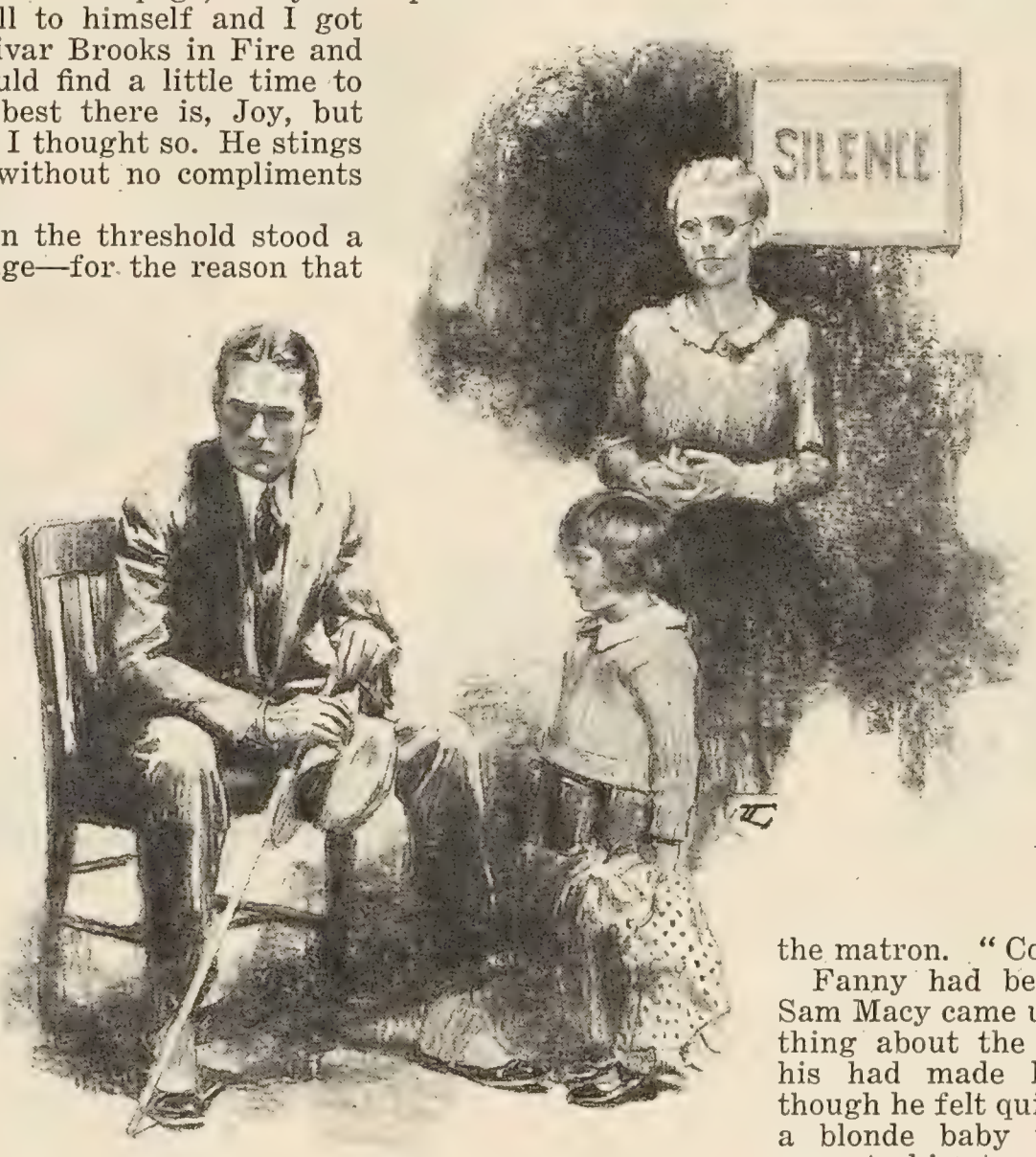
Goldyman gave her a look of unfeigned amazement. Without doubt this *was* the dumbest woman he had ever encountered!

"Who's Macy? Sam Macy? My golly, Joy, where *haf* you been sleeping? Everybody in pictures knows Sam Macy. It was him that put Molly Mavourneen in the east coast studios so big with that fake suicide and rescue on the ferry by the Hudson. It was him had them took the lady in the seven veils and the tiger asleep in the piano box to the Woolworth Building, forty-fourth story, and made a clean-up out of our jungle picture. You should know! First page, always! A press agent as has a class all to himself and I got him here to hendle Bolivar Brooks in Fire and Ice. But maybe he could find a little time to help us on you. The best there is, Joy, but don't you never tell him I thought so. He stings me plenty every week without no compliments bonus!"

The door opened. On the threshold stood a man of indeterminate age—for the reason that he looked at once both so old and so young. Slim, shrewd—and thirty—he was, with a rather painful disillusionment written in tired eyes.

A WOMAN hater? Maybe. Certainly he gave wide and scornful berth to the Hollywood femmes who would gladly have annexed his interests. Rumor charged him with having once remarked scathingly that there wasn't a woman in the world who could be trusted, and that a man was a particular kind of a fool who with his freedom bought a wedding ring for some leering damsel. But the rumor could never be verified, and Sam Macy, Orientally uncommunicative, pursued his calm way amid the Babylonic din of the industry that employed him. A quiet, baffling fellow who now listened with the courteous patience of a doctor to Goldyman's fevered recital of the Jardine case.

He smiled a little as the producer concluded and leaned back to mop a perspiring brow with a violent handkerchief.




*She came to him trustfully: "Is you dot a mamma for me?"*

"Well," he said, after a minute, rocking back and forth on his tilted chair, "you're just behind the times, Goldyman, that's all. Here, in 1924, you present this young woman in curls and innocence and fainting spells, when you ought to know that curls and innocence and fainting spells went out with the vamp—which was a long time ago! Flappers and society heroines, swift, nifty girls, real honest-to-God women, are the order of the present day. Curls and Cutlasses! I shudder!"

"Me, too!" said Mr. Goldyman, with feeling.

Sam Macy ran an appraising eye over Joy Jardine, who had struck her most photographed pose and stuck to it, though she fidgeted and flushed and dropped her coy eyes under the coldness of his regard. Goldyman waited.

"WELL," Sam Macy said finally, "here's what we'll do: Miss Jardine has been sixteen for half a generation, hasn't she? Yeah. Well, now she's going to be a society wife and mother. Husband up to the neck in business—cold, distant. Old theme, but still going good. She loves her baby. Get somebody busy writing a piece with big, weepy scenes—baby arms around her neck and all that. You get me?

"Change her make-up. Change everything. Cut out the sheik leads and have Louis Rock play opposite her. And I'll put her on the front page of the papers. By the time this new picture we're talking about is out, the world shall know that Joy Jardine has grown up into a tender, beautiful woman who adores children."

"Whatcha mean?" whispered the lady under observation. With the muffled air of one speaking out of turn in a sanctuary.

"You'll adopt a baby. Really. A real baby and a real adoption. Legal papers. She's to be your heir. Get me?"

"Oh, but I dunno what to do with no kid . . . ." wailed Joy Jardine.

"*Shuddup!*" said Goldyman.

She did.

That being that, Sam Macy bowed himself out of Goldyman's office and into the matron's quarters of a Los Angeles orphanage. Scurrying assistants could attend to the legal details, but only Sam Macy must choose the child whose face was to win her way into a myriad rotogravure sections.

"Fanny!" called the matron. "Come, dear . . . ."

Fanny had been at the window as Sam Macy came up the steps, and something about the brown eyes that met his had made him ask to see her, though he felt quite sure that he wanted a blonde baby with blue eyes. She came to him trustfully, trembling with suppressed excitement as she asked slowly:

"Is you dot a mamma for me?"

"Can't say. Can't say," said Sam Macy brusquely, clearing his throat for no reason at all, and he spent three hours looking over the children in the institution before, finally, there whirled away in an automobile a young man with an impassive face holding a tiny girl whose eyes blazed with rapture.

Fanny was on her way to a mamma.

Such a beautiful mamma! All giggles and tickly,

who fed her ice cream, tried on her one gorgeous dress after another, and at last turned her over to a kind black lady who gave her a lovely warm bath and put her to bed in the softest nest the orphanage baby had ever known.

"Fank you, Dod!" whispered Fanny when she had been left to go to sleep in the big, airy room that had graduated into a nursery. "Fank you for the mamma."

Before she awakened next morning to wonder blissfully where she was, her discoverer was shoving telegrams under the nose of Mr. Solomon Goldyman.

"All New York A. M.'s carry Jardine adoption story page one stop great stuff stop hustle pictures."

"Both Chicago morning papers fell for Joy Jardine adoption story page one stop hot stuff stop you are too good to be true."

"That does it," said Sam Macy. "When you get time you can look at the rest of these reporting on the stunt. All the key cities are in. From now on it's up to your staff men. Any one of them can take the follow-up pictures of Joy and the kid and shoot them to the rotogravures. You know—Joy rocking the baby to sleep; washing the baby; cooking its supper. Better have a good director there to rehearse her. The thing's set. So long."

Solomon Goldyman, speechless, wagged his fat face.

SEVERAL weeks after Sam Macy had eased his graceful way out of Goldyman's office, replete with success, he was being shown into the Marie Antoinette-Renaissance-Queen Anne-John Quincy Adams chamber that expressed Joy Jardine's idea of how a drawing-room should look.

Miss Jardine was not in, a pert maid informed him, but the child was.

"Bring her down, please!" said Sam Macy with the air of authority so few tried to question, and, on the wave of a sibilant whisper to "Behave yourself, now!" Fanny, in a lace dress that was none too clean, tip-toed into the room.

The eyes that had held Sam Macy's at the orphanage held them now.

Same eyes. Not any happier! "What's the matter here?" thought Sam Macy; but he only said calmly:

"Come here, Fanny. I won't bite you."

The baby advanced timidly till she reached his knee.

"Well," quoth Sam Macy, taking her on it, "what are tailors for but to press pants? Is it nice, having a mamma, Fanny?"

"But her don't yike to be a mamma," Fanny said gravely.

"Oh, you must be mistaken, Fanny," Sam Macy said abruptly, feeling suddenly hot and panicky. "All ladies like to be mammas."

"No," said Fanny.

"No? No? Wellwell! Well, Fanny, I must be going. Just dropped in—

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

That Night of All Nights!

. . . It Meant So Much to Her!

DOWN with a cold the day before—sneezing—stuffiness—irritated throat and tightness across the chest. More serious trouble, perhaps, if she didn't act quickly. Over night BAUME BENGUÉ brought her prompt relief—and she was able to appear...radiant—beautiful—without a trace of a cold!

*This is how she did it:*

First she squeezed a little BAUME BENGUÉ into a bowl of steaming water and inhaled the vapors. This cleared her head. Then she applied a hot towel to her neck, throat and chest. This opened up the pores. Drying thoroughly, she rubbed in BAUME BENGUÉ freely. (It cannot burn or blister). She then spread a thin layer over the entire area and covered it with absorbent cotton. The cotton was held in place by an undergarment. She retired for the night, wrapped well in warm blankets. Almost at once the Baume brought relief. It stimulated fresh circulation and relieved congestion: the tightness was relaxed. She slept comfortably and the next morning all signs of the cold were gone.

*Doctors for more than 30 years have recommended BAUME BENGUÉ*

**RHEUMATIC PAINS:**
Rub the affected part well with BAUME BENGUÉ. Then spread a thin layer over the entire area of pain and cover with absorbent cotton, held in place by a piece of cloth or flannel. The powerful ingredients of BAUME BENGUÉ will start to work at once to bring you soothing comfort. Circulation will be stimulated and congestion relieved.

**HEADACHE:**
Rub BAUME BENGUÉ well into the forehead, temples and back of the neck. This brings soothing comfort and reduces congestion.

**TIRED FEET:**
Rub BAUME BENGUÉ over the entire surface of the feet. Swelling and inflammation will be relieved and you will get cooling comfort.

**TOOTHACHE:**
For immediate relief, rub BAUME BENGUÉ on the cheek around the entire area of pain. Dry the gums near the tooth with cotton and apply a small amount of Baume, rubbing it in well.

BAUME BENGUÉ

*Ask for* "Ben-Gay" —The Original Analgésique Baume

[FRONT PAGE FANNY
Continued from page thirty-three]

er—! Well, you run up to your nurse, Fanny. Sure she likes to be a mamma, Fanny. Why, sure she does!"

She slipped off his knee and trotted obediently out, slowly opening and shutting her eyes to keep back the big tears that came because the man she had loved from the first minute she ever saw him was going away again. But she never even looked back. At orphanages babies are taught to do as they are told.

Sam Macy waited till a door upstairs opened and shut before he let himself out of the house.

. . . . .

Three months passed. As Sam Macy entered a set on the huge Union lots, there was much commotion. Julian Wilberforce, the great director, was, to all intents and purposes, having a fit.

Up and down an impossibly ornate ballroom he paced. It blazed in blue-white lights and was faced by a battery of cameramen. Lolling by the distant gate where players entered the lot, picture people in dress suits, evening gowns, butlers' uniforms, palpably waited for something. Electricians and cameramen lolled by their apparatus, smoking and gossiping.

"Damn her!" roared Wilberforce finally, banging his megaphone to the ground. "This *is* the end! Four times now she's stood us up and made us lose a whole morning's work!"

"Who?" asked Sam Macy, strolling up. "'Smatter?"

"Your damn mother stunt for Joy Jardine, that's what! We were through with her—good riddance! She'd worn out. And you have to go and bring her back! Suffering cats! Because she's made two quickies since that have gone over, she's the grande dame. Comes when she feels like it and stays away when she feels like it, and I hold the bag! With the Old Man watching my cost sheets on this picture like a hawk! Every time she's late it runs my overhead up an easy thousand. Ah, there she comes, God bless her! Only four hours late!"

*"Really, Mr. Macy, I do so admire your mind!" she said, letting her negligee slip from a round, white shoulder.*

JOY JARDINE, frowning pettishly, came mincing across the lot and threw herself into a chair.

"Now, Julian, you wait before you bawl me out!" she sopranoed. "I'm almost out of my mind, and I'm glad you're here, Mr. Macy, to hear about it. Listen—that kid is going to ruin my career! How can I do art when the darn kid keeps me awake all night crying? I wouldn't mind if she'd yell and get done with it, but she just lays and cries to herself. Don't want candy. Don't want ice cream. 'Well, what in hell *do* you want?' I ask her, and she won't answer me! I tell you I can't stand it. I got to ask for a rest."

Sam Macy laughed suddenly and strangely.

"Bad!" he said briefly. "Well, Miss Jardine, I got you into this. Would you like to have me get you out?"

"Oh, sweet man, could you! I thought the kid was wished on me for keeps."

"Supposed to be. But I'll arrange it."

"Mr. Macy, you're wonderful! Would you do that? You know I'm simply crazy about Fanny, but one can't let one's career be ruined, can one?"

"No," said Sam Macy, "not if one has one around who can fix things for one."

With a tilt of his hat he sauntered forth to the set where his newest client, little Bobby Burns, the boy actor, was being photographed.

He strolled up to the eagle-eyed Mrs. Burns who oversaw every move of her five-year-old son; wrote his stories; hired his directors; managed his business affairs and, apparently, loved him very much.

"I promised you I'd put the boy on page one all over the country in a month after I came to you, didn't I?" he asked, as she turned to him from shrill complaints at the stupidity of the electricians in turning the klieg lights so full on dear Bobby's eyes.

"You did, Mr. Macy."

"All right. Man of my word. Here's the gag: Bobby must be kept natural. Owing to the death of his father and your consecration of your life to his future, there's not much likelihood of his ever having a brother or sister. See?

"Now, he and Joy Jardine's adopted child see each other on the lot. It's a case of love at first sight. Fanny cries when he's out of her sight and refuses to be comforted. Bobby grows thin and pleads heart-breakingly: 'Mamma dear, can't I please have Fanny for my little sister?'

"What can you and Miss Jardine do! You spend long, weary nights talking it over, and at last Miss Jardine agrees with you that you two must not stand in the way

of the children's happiness. *She* gives Fanny up. *You* adopt her! How that will register with the mothers of America! They'll go crazy over Bobby—and you! It's front page stuff, sure!"

"All right. Go ahead. Handle it." And Mrs. Burns turned.

"Now use some sense, you klieg men! Smile, darling. The naughty men won't hurt your eyes any more."

Sam marched away.

Some time later he again strolled across the Union studios, whistling softly to himself as, under eyebrows raised aloft in satisfaction, he scanned a pack of clippings.

He was headed for the set upon which the adored Bobby Burns was weeping upon an educated dog in a carefully disreputable alley.

As he looked about to locate the vigilant Mrs. Burns, something lunged against him, and his knees were caught and passionately embraced. He tautened involuntarily and a muscle in his cheek twitched.

"Hello, Fanny!" Sam Macy said evenly. "They've got you on the lot too, have they? Well, you get some fresh air, anyhow."

He drew away, determinedly avoiding the brown eyes, with the same panicky feeling he had had that day at Joy Jardine's.

"You sure deliver, don't you?" he said, and gave the little head two swift pats. "Oh, Mrs. Burns—here we are! Page one in four hundred and eighty-six dailies. Story crashed in fine. Glad it did, for I'm leaving you and I can do it feeling right. Always like to feel right and leave a client satisfied."

"LEAVING us! Why, Mr. Macy, we can't spare you! Where you going?"

"Over to Peacock Pictures. Thousand a week and a year's contract."

"Is that so?" said Mrs. Burns, frowning. "Well, you're a smart man, Mr. Macy, but you better think twice about this. Louie Levinson's a hard man to get on with."

"They're all easy to get on with if you know how. I never have any trouble. By the way, it's a good idea having Bobby's new sister playing on the lot. Looks natural and on the level to fan magazine writers. You like Fanny, Mrs. Burns?"

"Oh, so-so," said Mrs. Burns indifferently, turning away. "But if she takes any attention away from Bobby, it's out with her. Bobby didn't want her to call me mamma so I told her right at the start she couldn't."

"So!" said Sam Macy very softly. "So!"

. . . . . .

Louie Levinson of Peacock Pictures beamed upon Sam Macy across his walnut desk.

"Take another, Mr. Macy! It's prewar stuff. My man brings it across from Tia Juana in an airplane."

"Thanks, no," said the press agent pleasantly. "I'm not good at the sociability game, Mr. Levinson. Ideas are my business. When I get chummy with a client, ideas slump. You fellows curse me for a robber behind my back. I know it and you know I know it. But you need me because I can steam up your stuff and make it sell. All right. Who's the patient here? The doctor has arrived."

Mr. Levinson shook with feigned laughter. "Mr. Macy, you are too killing! Well, we got to do something about that bad girl, Morgana Ney.

"Scendel, scendel, scendel! She is always in it. I say to her, 'You fool, you, you'll soon be out of a job! No picture man should look at you pretty soon.' Four times she is divorced, and each time her husband names more and more corespondents till it looks like the government draft in the war. And only she laughs and says the people they want to see such a woman. But them times is past, Mr. Macy. They *don't* want to see such a woman—and here I got her on my hands. You should dewise some plan?"

"Hm-mm!" said Sam Macy, "She's pretty far gone to doctor up, but I guess we can put her over for the balance of her contract. Ordinary prescriptions won't do. Got to think it over. Be back tomorrow with something that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Bobby went through his like that before I heard of Wearite"

Millions of mothers now know the secret of longest wear in children's shoes. Wearite Composition Soles, with their unusual wearing qualities, have pointed out the way to real shoe economy. And men employed in outdoor occupations—farmers, firemen, policemen, salesmen, laborers in every industry—know that Wearite is the most serviceable and comfortable sole made.

Wearite is a laboratory product into which maximum wear and comfort have been built. Waterproof, non-cracking and acid resisting. The ideal sole for all work and all weather. Made in black and tan for children's and adult's shoes—half or full soles.

Have your shoes re-soled with Wearite at the repairman's. Wearite Soled Shoes are featured by great chain store systems—mail order houses—department stores. Remember, "WEARITE" for longest wear!

*Made in Black and non-marking Tan*

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Father struggled with the lemon squeezer—mother tried to be helpful, but all to no avail, for old-fashioned castor oil refused to be disguised. Uncertain camouflage is gone forever. Every parent now knows Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil.

In Kellogg's the taste isn't covered up—it simply isn't there. It contains no benzyl alcohol, saccharin or flavoring. Super-refined by a patented process and the *only* refinery-bottled castor oil. This keeps it 100% pure, tasteless—untouched from refinery to you.

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[FRONT PAGE FANNY Continued from page thirty-five]

will take the curse off your man-eater. So long."

. . . . . .

Morgana Ney threw back her lustrous head and laughed. Her long throat was very white against the rich, dark velvet of her negligee.

"Really, Mr. Macy, that's good! That's a laugh for me and all Hollywood! *Me* adopt a child! How in heaven's name could you get any institution to let me adopt a baby! Morgana Ney with a kid!"

Sam Macy eyed her politely and without mirth.

"That's my worry," he said. "All you have to do is go through. Hire a governess and a nurse—good, honest, capable women who love children! I'll pick 'em out. Appear with the little girl in public, kiss her before the cameras, and back up the interviews I give out under your name. Make the story stand up and show how you love the baby. The idea's this:

"You've reformed. Men have preyed on you, see? They've betrayed your passionate, loving nature too often. You've given your heart to the dogs to tear, and now you're sick of it all. Get me? Now you want something to love you with a clean, pure, redeeming love. So you adopt a baby. A go?"

"Shoot, kid," said Morgana Ney, laying a lazy hand on his knee.

Sam Macy rose. "S'long," he said. "See you soon."

"HOW'S Fanny working, Mrs. Burns?"

Sam Macy was talking into the telephone. His face was expressionless.

"Hum! I was afraid so. Fussy, you say? Cries herself to sleep. Annoys Bobby? Well—maybe I made a mistake. . . ."

He listened patiently, murmuring little sounds of assent and attention, while Mrs. Burns talked.

"Well," he finally interrupted, "I've found a party who will take the baby if you think best to give her up. . . . No. No unpleasant publicity at all. Everything legal and proper. I'll fix it. . . . You're welcome, Mrs. Burns. Good-by."

. . . . . .

Morgana Ney, languid and voluptuous among the cushions of her couch, read her clippings. "Famous Vampire Tires of Hectic Life . . . Morgana Ney, the much-discussed Hollywood screen temptress and divorcée, turns yearning eyes to orphanage and adopts little Louise Brown, parentage unknown, aged four. . . . 'Home! Children! After all, these are the only things!' said Morgana Ney, with a break in her voice."

"You did it, Mr. Macy! My own clipping bureau got most of those you brought. The way you had 'em fix Fanny's—I mean Louise's—hair and dress her, nobody'd ever guess she was the same kid Burns and Jardine used."

"It's an art," said Sam Macy, rocking slowly in the chair drawn up by the chaise longue. "Mr. Levinson isn't paying for any slips. By the way, how do you like being a mother, Miss Ney?"

*"Is I goin' to get anuzzer mamma?" Fanny asked fearfully.*

MORGANA screamed with laughter. But there was no answering mirth in her caller's face and she quieted abruptly.

"Oh, I can't be bothered with the kid," she said. "But the nurses take care of it all right. It wanted to get up on my lap the day after the stills were made and I tried picking it up. But, hell, it mussed my clothes and got my complexion rubbed the wrong way and I had to yell for help. Kind of sweet, but life is too short, don't you think?"

She turned writhingly and edged closer to the press agent.

"Really, Mr. Macy, I do so admire your mind!" she said softly, letting her negligee slip from a round, white shoulder. "You should go into the acting end! You're not handsome—but *so* distingey! The women would be wild over you!"

And the face that had sailed a thousand matrimonial barks, more or less, into the divorce courts, turned its Lorelei lure full blast upon him.

Morgana sighed and stirred among her scented pillows. Smoldering eyes and hot, red mouth waited confidently.

Sam Macy tapped his ankle with his hat. He looked away from her and out the window. Morgana raised herself undulatingly upon an elbow and was about to speak her deadly wooing lines when—

There was the sound of hesitating steps in the hall. The door knob turned timidly.

"It's the damn brat!" said Morgana. "I'll ring to tell them to take it away."

But Sam Macy, moving with incredible swiftness, had opened the door and picked up the little figure standing there. Fanny's arms went suddenly, hungrily, around his neck and, suddenly, hungrily, his lips were hidden in her curls.

So he stood for a minute. Then he turned and said curtly to the woman on the couch: "Ring, please!"

Morgana angrily tinkled a small bell on the table beside her.

"A nuisance if ever there was one!" she muttered, but the child didn't hear her. The brown eyes were looking at Sam Macy, and Sam, gazing deep into them was saying:

"Little Fanny First Page! Little Fanny First Page! You put 'em all on page one, didn't you? Gave 'em aces and got—nothing. That was all you did—and all you got!"

He kissed squarely the grave little mouth set in dimples. "Little Fanny First Page!"

A maid appeared. Said Sam Macy in the tones of authority so few ever questioned:

"Please bring the baby's outdoor things and a change of clothes in a grip."

The girl looked at her mistress questioningly.

"Well, do it, fool!" exclaimed Morgana, viciously. There was sullen wonder in her eyes as she stared at Sam Macy who, returning her stare, waited.

"Where you going with that kid? I could sue you!"

"I wouldn't," said Sam Macy. Morgana sneered, lit a cigarette, and threw herself back on her cushions. Sam went out into the hall, closing the door after him.

Here the maid came, bringing what he had ordered.

"That's all!" he said, and she walked away slowly, listeningly, burning with curiosity.

"Little Fanny First Page," she heard him say as he put a wee girl's hat on sideways and buttoned her coat behind, "You're going to have a fourth adoption in a ve-ry little while. And not one agate line about it!"

"Is I goin' to get anuzzer mamma?" Fanny asked fearfully.

"No!" said Sam Macy, gathering her up and striding forth with her. "But you're going to get a papa as *is* a papa!"

THE END

# TWENTY QUESTIONS

*(Answers will be found on page seventy-eight)*

1—What is the capital of Delaware; Florida; Georgia?

2—What is a dragoman?

3—What does the Latin phrase *non compos mentis* mean?

4—What great European power does not use the decimal system of currency?

5—What is an obtuse angle?

6—What is a panegyric?

7—By what names are the National League baseball teams of the following cities known: Boston, Brooklyn, New York, Philadelphia?

8—What fictional character said she "just growed"?

9—What is meant by the expression "to send to Coventry"?

10—What is the highest mountain of the Appalachian range?

11—What great western university is named for the donor's son?

12—What is the nickname for Fielding H. Yost, the University of Michigan football coach?

13—What is a dewlap?

14—What great British poet is said to have swum the Hellespont?

15—What is common to the following names: Paulist, Dominican, Trappist, Benedictine?

16—What is meant by halcyon days?

17—What city in Missouri bears the name of an ancient country and seaport of North Africa?

18—From what were Adam and Eve made, according to the Bible?

19—Distinguish between bouillon and bullion.

20—What American and British patriotic songs have the same tune?

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*Aqua Velva is made just for after shaving. It takes care of tiny nicks and cuts. Keeps the skin well conditioned by conserving its natural moisture, essential to good complexions. Fully protects against wind and weather. Helps prevent chapping. Exhilarating, yet never harsh.*

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5-oz. bottle 50 cents at all dealers, or a Free Trial Size by addressing: Dept. L49, The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.—Montreal, Can.

**Williams Aqua Velva**

*For use after shaving*

# An Entertaining CRIME

## *Hollywood Proves that It CAN Film a Detective Story*

A Page of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★

AT last—a good screen detective story!

Only a year ago S. S. Van Dine, under his real name of Willard Huntington Wright, wrote an analysis of crime fiction in which he said "the cinematograph has never been able to project a detective story." Oddly enough, it is Mr. Van Dine's own yarn, The Canary Murder Case, that achieves the impossible.

Maybe you read The Canary Murder Case and know of the elaborate dexterity of the murder. If you did not, you will have to see the film to discover the real culprit. I wouldn't spoil your surprise. The Canary, otherwise a gold-digging Broadway revue darling, is found strangled in her apartment. The clues point in the general direction of six suspects. Van Dine's now celebrated sleuth, Philo Vance, subtly solves the identity of the murderer during a shrewdly managed poker game.

The film version sticks to the original pretty closely. True, the Canary is given added wickedness and Philo Vance is robbed of his former affected way of arriving at his devastating crime deductions. I am afraid that the average audience would have been moved to mirth by a literal transcription of the drawling Philo.

William Powell turns in a great performance of Vance. He lends a suave and sure hand to a character that would have eluded most any other Hollywooden actor. The rest of the cast is good to the last drop. When you see Louise Brooks hold up her admirers as the Canary, you really are hearing Margaret Livingston's voice.

The Paramount forces deserve their laurels for The Canary Murder Case. I give most of them to William Powell, who, I understand, had a lot to do with the working out of this all-talkie.

*Ruth Chatterton and Richard Tucker in a scene from The Dummy, which, by the way, is not so dumb as it might be.*

*Fair, fickle, false—Louise Brooks as the Canary in The Canary Murder Case.*

★ ★

Another Paramount melodrama, The Dummy, shows the results of Hollywood's avalanche of actors from the speaking stage.

The Dummy is jammed with a so-called legitimate cast. It was directed by Robert Milton, long a footlight producer. It was taken very literally from a successful stage play. And, after all the returns are in, you find that a little kid of the movies, Mickey Bennett, runs away with all the honors.

The Dummy is the story of a brash office boy, hired by a curiously gullible detective to pose as a deaf mute and thereby thwart the dastardly plans of a gang of kidnapers. This gang is demanding a huge ransom for a little girl. Does freckled Barney Cook cross the gang? He does—and how he does it provides some amusing entertainment.

The Dummy seems to prove that a screen personality is more important than a voice, even in Hollywood.

★

True Heaven, in which William Fox co-stars George O'Brien and Lois Moran, is another World War film. You know the one about love and duty? The German girl spy surrenders the man she loves, an English secret service man, to her countrymen. They are all set to use him as a target when the armistice comes along.

***Do you know that—***

The ten best selling films right now are In Old Arizona, Woman of Affairs, Our Dancing Daughters, Street Angel, Four Sons, Lilac Time, The Singing Fool, White Shadows, The Fleet's In, and Wings?

LONDON, UNDERFEED

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# General Electric

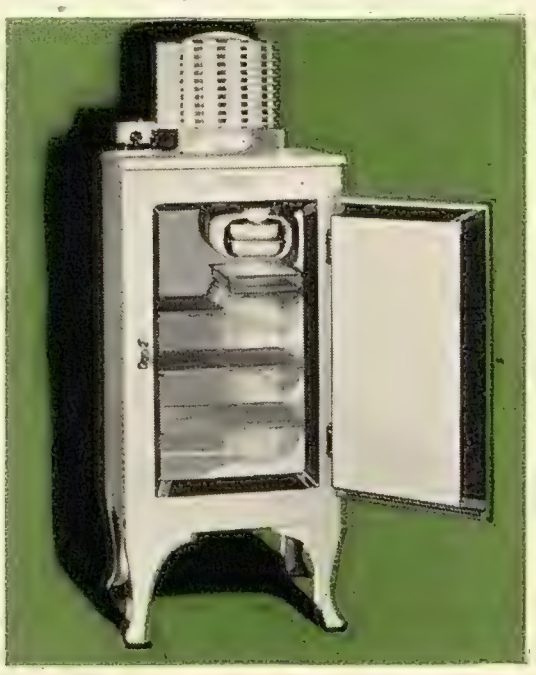
## ALL-STEEL

# presents the first REFRIGERATOR

## A new small-family model at the very low price of $215

ANOTHER chapter has been added to the achievements of the engineers and scientists of the General Electric Research Laboratories. The same group of men who, after fifteen years of painstaking endeavor, perfected the hermetically sealed mechanism of the General Electric Refrigerator, have now designed and built the first all-steel refrigerator cabinet. ¶ This achievement marks the greatest improvement made during the past thirty years, in the design and construction of household cabinets. It means that new and even greater value has been built into the already unrivaled General Electric Refrigerator.

MASS PRODUCTION CUTS THE COST . . After the engineers of General Electric had perfected the design of this all-steel refrigerator, there remained for the manufacturing experts an equally important and difficult task. They had to design and build the giant presses which were to cut the steel, bend it into shape and weld together the folded forms. ¶ General Electric has made a large investment in new machinery. But it has achieved its purpose. Its aim was, by mass production, to build the best refrigerator ever produced and offer it to the small families of America at a price easily within their reach. Never before has a single refrigerator model been built in such large quantities or by such efficient and economical methods.



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*Pioneers of Electric Radio without batteries of any kind*

*The EQUASONNE*

***"Radio's Richest Voice"***

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*Leo Frank was hanged from this tree. The picture was taken a few minutes after his body was cut down. Judge N. A. Morris is successfully dissuading the crowd from burning the body.*

# The MYSTERY of the Pencil Factory

## *Did Leo Frank Commit the Crime for Which He Was Lynched?*

*By* SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

AS an example of national hysteria, sectional fury, distortion of judicial processes, racial hatred, and bewildering uncertainty as to just exactly what was truth and justice, the case of Leo Frank stands unparalleled in American criminal history.

Looking back after the passage of sixteen years has helped to assuage the rancors and recriminations of that lurid two-year sensation in Atlanta and throughout the country, it is possible now to consider the atrocious murder of little Mary Phagan, the prosecution of Frank, the maze of contradictory testimony, the extraordinary battle to save his neck, and his eventual assassination by a Georgia mob, with impersonal calmness based on a mere recital of the facts as shown by the record.

Leo Frank was born in Cuero, Texas, on April 17, 1884. His father was Rudolph Frank, his mother's name was Rhea. The year of Frank's birth marked the departure of the family from Texas to Brooklyn. They lived at 152 Underhill Avenue. Mr. Frank died in 1922; his widow followed him in 1925; and they are buried in Brooklyn beside their son, whose body was given to Leo's widow by a judge who retrieved it from the lynchers.

Leo attended the public schools of Brooklyn, completed his preparatory studies at Pratt Institute, and then matriculated at Cornell University, where he was graduated with the class of 1906. Character references from his instructors were used by the defense at his trials.

Leo specialized in engineering at Cornell; and for several months he worked as a draftsman for the B. F. Sturtevant Company of Hyde Park, Massachusetts. He was then engineer and draftsman with the National Meter Company of Brooklyn.

In 1907 he came to terms with a delegation of Atlanta citizens to establish a pencil factory in that thriving Dixie city. He spent nine months in Europe studying that business, and in 1908 he opened the National Pencil Company factory on Forsythe Street; and in that same year he married Lucy Selig of Atlanta. She still lives with her family in Atlanta.

Leo was small, frail, bespectacled. His black eyes were bright and alert; his hands slender and thin; his weight probably never topped 120 pounds. He was president of the local B'nai B'rith, popular in his small Hebrew circle, and generally liked by his employees.

Most of these employees were young white women. Though several were to be quoted as reflecting on Leo's character, a far larger number were witnesses to his genial and inoffensive relations at the factory.

Among these working folk was Mary Phagan, a pretty little blonde girl, fourteen years old, who lived in Marietta, a suburb now engulfed by Atlanta. She lived with her mother, Mrs. J. W. Coleman, about half an hour's trolley ride from the plant. Her work was to operate a machine which fastened the metal clips which held the erasers to the pencils. It was a simple task and her wages were proportionately small.

Another worker at the factory was Jim Conley, who wielded a broom and mop after the others left. He was a lazy, unreliable Negro oaf, about three jumps out of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MYSTERY OF THE PENCIL FACTORY
Continued from page forty-three]

the jungle, and his record bore seven arrests in eight years for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, for which he had been jailed and fined. Until he was spotlighted on the witness stand and uttered the words that condemned his employer, not a human in Atlanta would have believed him under oath.

Other employees were Newt Lee, the Negro night watchman; Arthur Mullinar, a white man; and J. M. Gantt, a former bookkeeper.

From October, 1912, until April, 1913, there had been fifteen murders in Atlanta, and Chief of Detectives Lanford and his men had solved none of them and nobody had been punished. Atlanta was in a terrific turmoil over these homicides and, given the racial identities of the principals in our drama, the soil was ripe for a frightful harvest of excitement and blind vengeance.

About the 20th of April, 1913, Mary Phagan was laid off work pending the arrival of the stock from which her metal bands were made. She had $1.80 coming to her, and she was told to return to the factory on pay day, Saturday, April 26.

It so happened that this was Confederate Memorial Day, an occasion observed solemnly throughout the South.

Leo saw in this holiday a chance to clean up some accumulated work, and he went to the factory that morning about 10 o'clock. There was nobody in the building save two workmen two floors above.

In Marietta, Mary Phagan prepared to go to the plant to collect her $1.80 and then go downtown to watch the Memorial parade. She left her home about 11:30 o'clock, and half an hour later walked into Leo's office. She was not again seen alive. Leo said that she asked for her money, that he gave it to her, and that she left the room, her footsteps echoing along the hall of the silent and empty building. Leo's further assertions will be related presently.

P. & A. photo
*Mary Phagan.*

At 4 o'clock in the morning of Sunday, April 27, Lee, the watchman, reached the cellar of the factory on his rounds. He found the body of a white girl lying on a pile of cinders near the furnace. He backed away from it—a dangerous discovery for a Negro to make in Dixie—and at once notified the police.

The police came at once. They found the body black from cinders and dirt. A piece of cloth had been torn from her skirt and tied about her face. One eye had been blackened by a blow. Over both eyes was a slight abrasion. The left side of the head bore a two-inch wound, and there was a cut below the left knee. Drawn tightly about her neck was a cord buried in the flesh. The girl had been beaten and strangled; and she had been raped.

Fifty feet from the body her hat and one of her shoes had been tossed back of a pile of clinkers. Beside the body were two notes. One of them was penciled on a faded yellow order blank; and with asterisks to indicate certain unprintable words, it read:

Mam, that negro fire down here did this***** he push me down that hole***** a long tall negro black that who it wase long sleam tall negro I write while********

THE second note, in the same semiliterate chirography and Southern darky dialect, was penciled on a scratch-pad sheet. It said that the accused (the above description being that of the factory's fireman) would pretend that the night watchman had committed the crime, but that the "long tall black negro did [it] by himself."

The police promptly arrested Lee, and took the body to the morgue. A little later, the corpse being made presentable, they went to Leo's home and asked him to come down and identify the girl. He went willingly enough, but said he did not know the child. During the morning a young woman, fellow worker of Mary's, identified her little friend.

Leo was questioned again, and Mullinar and Gantt were arrested, Leo having stated that Gantt had liked Mary Phagan. The next day, Monday the 28th, Leo was arrested after the police had questioned Conley, the Negro janitor. Conley also was placed in a cell.

Brown Bros. photo
*Leo Frank.*

Atlanta received the news of this sixteenth murder with frenzied demands, editorial and pedestrian, that this rape and assassination of the "flower of Dixie's womanhood" be avenged. It was only when the detectives and reporters began to delve into the background of the case that the customary and normal demands rose to a crescendo of racial hatred and bitterness.

Coroner Paul Donehoo's jury bound Leo over to the grand jury after it listened to Conley's story, and held Conley as an accessory. The other prisoners were released, their alibis sustaining a searching examination.

While waiting for the grand jury to act, Thomas E.

## $10,000 for the Best Solutions of TEN REAL LIFE MYSTERIES

THE Mystery of the Pencil Factory is the ninth of a series of ten stories of celebrated detective problems.

LIBERTY is giving its readers $10,000 in prizes for solutions of these ten mysteries. There will be eight prizes for each mystery: one of $500, one of $250, one of $100, one of $50, and four of $25. In case of a tie, the prizes will be duplicated.

Read this story, figure out who killed Mary Phagan, and mail your solution to me in care of LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to be a professional writer, or even a subscriber to LIBERTY. Everyone except employees of LIBERTY and members of their families is eligible. *What* you say will count, not *how* you say it. It might be well to say it within 500 words, simply telling who you think did the killing and why you think so.

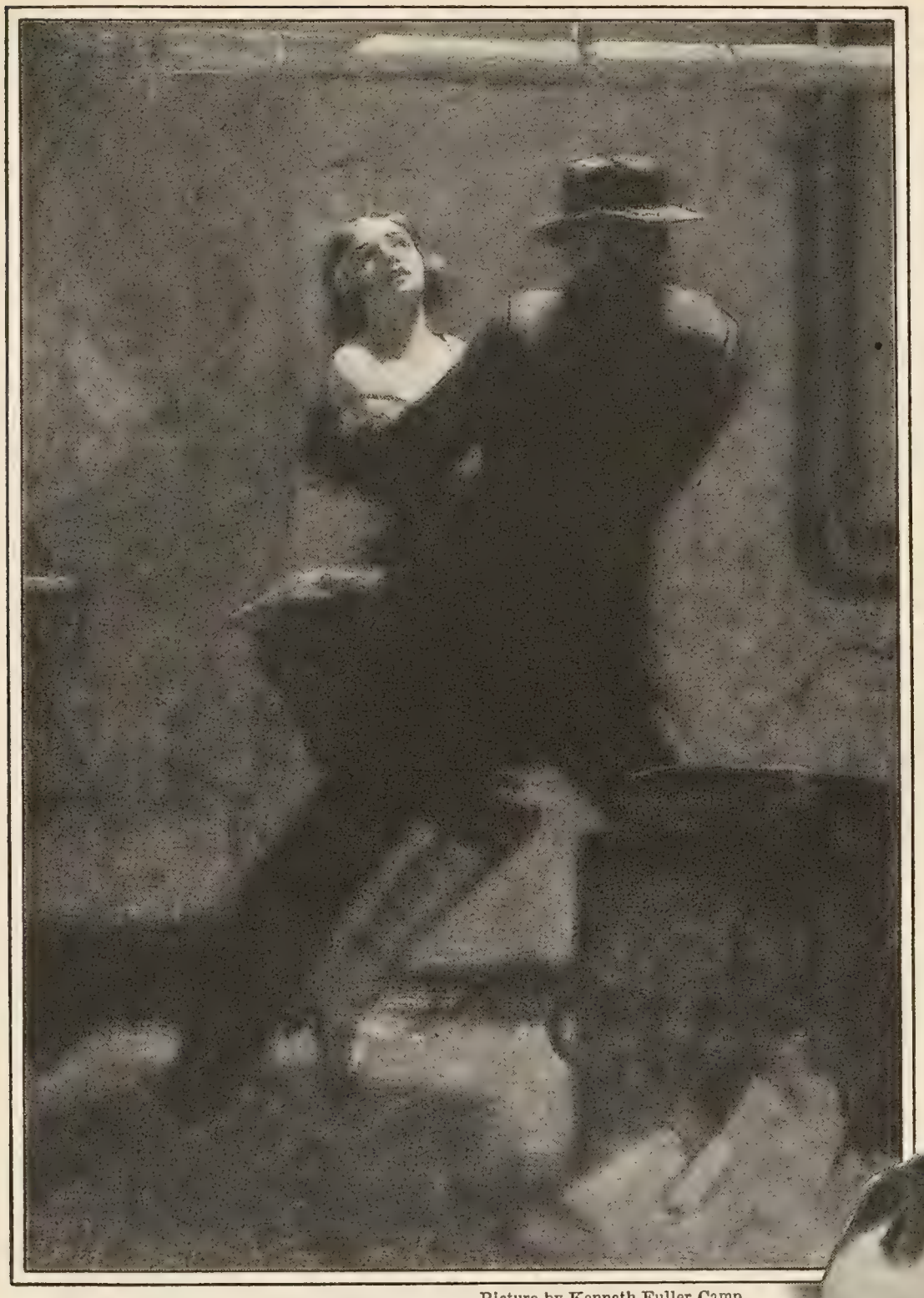
Neatness, brevity, logic, originality of deduction—these will count with me in considering your contributions. The publishers have decided that I am to have the only and final say as to the winners.

To be considered, any solution mailed to me must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story appears. Names of winners will be published as soon after they are selected as is mechanically possible in the printing of a weekly magazine.

---

**It is hoped that the task of choosing the prize-winning solutions of the first problem in the series—The Mystery of the Bridge Whist Expert—can be completed in time to announce the winners in next week's issue.**

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND.



Picture by Kenneth Fuller Camp

*In the cellar of the pencil factory Mary Phagan was attacked and killed.*

Watson, Populist candidate for President, author and journalist, and rabid professional Southerner, proceeded in his newspapers to try, convict, and execute Leo Frank, Yankee Jew and employer of Dixie's white womanhood.

Yet even in the wake of Watson's scathing pogrom Atlanta kept its head, angry but confident that legal measures would take care of the atrocity. It was not until the Atlanta Constitution printed an interview—a scoop which it probably regrets today—with Mrs. Nina Formby that the tornado of *Juden-Hetze* got out of control and swept the city and state and the South.

MRS. FORMBY was well acquainted with the detectives of Atlanta. She ran a brothel, and she later swore—from the safety of distant New York City—that the sleuths got her drunk and made her accuse Leo. The Constitution carried a story that on the evening of the murder Leo had telephoned her, frantically demanding a room in her house for himself and a young girl. "It's a matter of life and death," she said Leo told her. And though Leo proved by many witnesses that he was at that time entertaining friends in his home, the story got out that Frank was a pervert—and the town went mad.

Tom Watson seized avidly this added fagot for the pyre he was building about the young Hebrew, and tales of indescribable orgies in Leo's office were circulated and believed. Several girls were produced to tell of such affairs, but none of them went beyond assertions that Leo had tried to become familiar with them.

Newspaper extras were tossed into the streets on so trivial a story as the reported remark of Minola McKnight, Mrs. Frank's colored cook, that Mr. Frank was nervous that Saturday evening, and that Mrs. Frank told her mother the next morning that Leo had tried to kill himself during the night. Both Mrs. Frank and Minola denied this story a hundred times, but scant heed was paid the denials.

Before we proceed with a summation of the life and death of Leo Frank, let us study the testimony of Harry Scott, an important witness for the prosecution.

"We got Conley's affidavit after a lot of trouble," said Scott, a detective in Lanford's bureau. "At first he told a wandering story that didn't mean anything. We saw him again in Lanford's office on May 27. We talked to him and swore at him for six hours. Frank couldn't have written the two notes on Friday, as Conley insisted, because that showed premeditation, and wouldn't do. Conley wouldn't make another statement.

"On May 28 we grilled him six more hours, telling him his statement was farfetched and *wouldn't fit*. He made another long statement. On May 29 we talked to him all day and told him some of his story was improbable and he would have to do better than that. So then he made his final statement and we didn't wish to make any further suggestions to him."

ON May 24, 1913, the grand jury indicted Leo for the murder of Mary Phagan, largely on the testimony of Conley, and held the Negro as an accessory. There were five Hebrews on this grand jury.

On July 28 the trial began; and whether Frank killed the girl or didn't, surely it has been seldom in our jurisprudence that a trial was conducted under such one-sided circumstances. Judge L. S. Roan tried, but vainly, to preserve decorum, but the tide was now running too swiftly against all sanity and impartial procedure.

P. & A. photo

*Hugh M. Dorsey, the prosecutor of Leo Frank, and afterward governor of Georgia.*

The courtroom was packed, and the spectators clapped their hands and cheered each sally of the prosecution, conducted by Solicitor General Hugh M. Dorsey; and hissed and booed each maneuver of the defense, headed by Reuben Arnold and Luther Z. Rosser, leaders of the Atlanta bar. Bailiffs gaveled fruitlessly for silence and order; and the yard outside was jammed with screaming men who pressed their faces against the window sills and shrieked: "Hang the Jew or we'll hang you!"

Conley was the ace of trumps for the People—an incongruous spectacle, a slant-headed Ethiopian ape drooling and mumbling his story on a stand high above the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MYSTERY OF THE PENCIL FACTORY]
Continued from page forty-five

heads of a Caucasian throng whose loathing for him and his race was only equaled in this instance by their abhorrence for the prisoner.

Summarized, Conley's story was to the effect that he had often sat outside Leo's office as a sort of watchdog while Leo staged his perversions behind the locked door. When anybody would approach, Conley would whistle or cough to warn his employer. No female participants in these wanton parties were produced.

On the day of the murder, Conley went on, he came into the office and found Leo crouching over the unconscious girl. Leo told him that Mary had resisted his advances, and when he grabbed her had fallen and struck her head. When he had finished with her he decided to kill her. So he strangled her to death with the cord.

He then promised Conley $200 to burn the body, and did, in fact, give him that sum, the Negro said. They carried her together to the elevator, found it would not work, and so passed her down through a trapdoor and on into the cellar. Then, fearing the smoke from the furnace would attract attention on the holiday, Leo dictated the notes which Conley wrote, and they left them beside the body. But, said Conley, Leo made him return the $200 because he hadn't burnt the body. If Conley came down early the next day and burnt it, Leo would then give him the money.

Conley was unshaken by a severe two-day cross-examination, deviating, as might be expected from his mentality, in minor points, but sticking firmly to his main account. He never varied from his statement that all this took place between 12:56 and 1:30 P. M.

Watchman Lee was a sinister witness, from Leo's viewpoint. He said he came to work at 4 o'clock and that, contrary to custom, Leo told him to go away and return at 7 o'clock. The state also contended that certain scarlet stains on the floor of a room next to Leo's office were blood. The state made the detective theory largely its own: that Mary tried to run after Leo made an improper proposal; that he caught her, struck her, and that she fell, breaking her neck against a lathe in a near-by room; that strands of her hair were found on the lathe; that Leo carried her back to his room and then to the washroom in an effort to revive her there; that he feared she would talk when she became conscious; and that he then tied the cord about her neck, and got Conley to help him get rid of the body.

THE state saw something significant in the fact that, in a letter which Leo said he wrote to his father that Saturday, he told him that "there was nothing startling" in Atlanta to report—thus preparing his alibi in advance of the discovery of the body.

Leo's case was hurt still further, if that were possible, when his mother leaped to her feet in court and cried out to Mr. Dorsey: "You Christian dog!" This was printed in the pamphlets which, in verse and prose, assailed Frank and all Jews, and which were hawked among the crowds outside the courtroom.

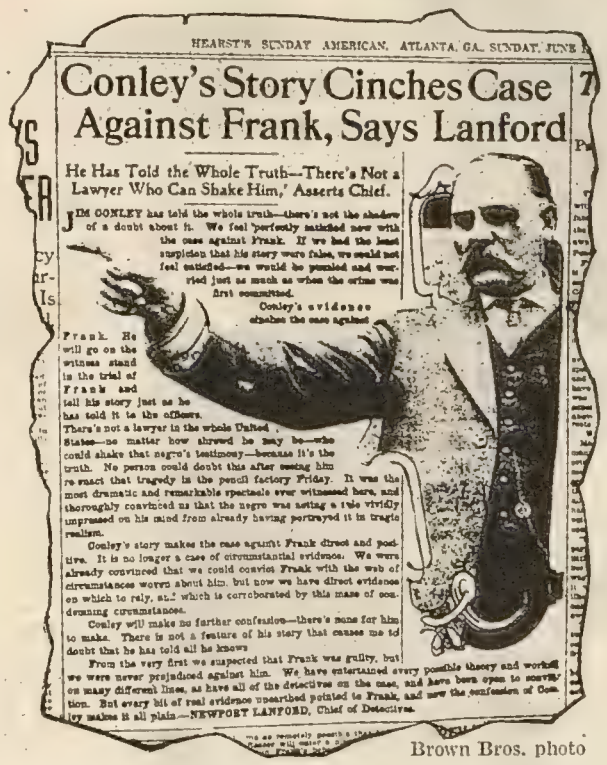
Leo was his own chief witness. His defense was simply an alibi. In a remarkable statement he accounted for every minute of his time on that celebrated Saturday. His story showed him to have been at home at luncheon at the time Conley said they were taking the body down. He did not deny that Mary came to his office, and that nobody else saw her enter or depart. His theory was that Conley met the girl on her way out, accosted her, struck her, raped her, and then slew her. The dialect of the notes, Leo maintained, was beyond his capacity to know or employ. The prosecution insisted that Leo's memory of his activities was too minutely positive to be genuine, since he was vague on incidents before and after that Saturday.

Mrs. J. B. Simmons, aged sixty-five, was a valuable witness for the defense. She said she had passed the factory at 2:30 o'clock that afternoon and heard screams. Dorsey tried to make her say it had been after 3 o'clock, when it was known that Frank had returned to his office from luncheon.

Other witnesses told of seeing Leo on the streets at 1:20, the time he said he was going home for luncheon, the time Conley said they were in the basement with the body.

There were more than 300 witnesses in all, and the trial ended on August 25. Messrs. Rosser and Arnold spoke to the jury for two days, and Solicitor Dorsey was bitter in his denunciation of Rosser for mentioning racial hatred in his closing address.

Judge Roan might have charged the jury and sent them out on Saturday morning, but the mayor and Governor Brown and the Chamber of Commerce and the newspapers asked him to wait until Monday, fearing the half-holiday might end in a riot if by any chance Frank were acquitted.


HEARST'S SUNDAY AMERICAN, ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, JUNE

Conley's Story Cinches Case Against Frank, Says Lanford

He Has Told the Whole Truth—There's Not a Lawyer Who Can Shake Him,' Asserts Chief.

JIM CONLEY has told the whole truth—there's not the shadow of a doubt about it. We feel perfectly satisfied now with the case against Frank. If we had the least suspicion that his story were false, we would not feel satisfied—we would be puzzled and worried just as much as when the crime was first committed.

Conley's evidence clinches the case against Frank. He will go on the witness stand in the trial of Frank and tell his story just as he has told it to the officers. There's not a lawyer in the whole United States—no matter how shrewd he may be—who could shake that negro's testimony—because it's the truth. No person could doubt this after seeing him re enact that tragedy in the pencil factory Friday. It was the most dramatic and remarkable spectacle ever witnessed here, and thoroughly convinced us that the negro was acting a role vividly impressed on his mind from already having portrayed it in tragic realism.

Conley's story makes the case against Frank direct and positive. It is no longer a case of circumstantial evidence. We were already convinced that we could convict Frank with the web of circumstances woven about him, but now we have direct evidence on which to rely, and which is corroborated by this mass of condemning circumstances.

Conley will make no further confession—there's none for him to make. There is not a feature of his story that causes me to doubt that he has told all he knows.

From the very first we suspected that Frank was guilty, but we were never prejudiced against him. We have entertained every possible theory and worked on many different lines, as have all of the detectives on the case, and have been open to convic tion. But every bit of real evidence unearthed pointed to Frank, and now the confession of Conley makes it all plain.—NEWPORT LANFORD, Chief of Detectives.

Brown Bros. photo

*Chief of Detectives Lanford and his signed statement that "Jim Conley has told the whole truth" in accusing Frank.*

MONDAY morning the Fifth Regiment, Georgia National Guard, was posted throughout the city, and Judge Roan gave the jurors their instructions. Both sides have admitted that the charge was impartial and fair. To avoid a riot, at Roan's suggestion neither Frank nor his lawyers were in court when the jury retired. It remained secluded for forty minutes. There were two ballots; one, as to Leo's guilt, which was unanimous; and the second, as to recommendation for mercy, which would mean a life sentence. The first vote here was 11 to 1 against leniency, and the solitary juror then joined the others.

The next morning, August 26, Judge Roan sentenced Leo to hang on October 10. A motion for a new trial failed, and the crowd in the courtyard carried Dorsey on its shoulders and hissed the defendant's attorneys.

But in the next few months Frank's counsel gained a series of delays. An appeal stayed the execution; the trial court was sustained; State Supreme Court Justice Hill sentenced Frank again, and a further delay ensued. Meanwhile Conley was convicted as an accessory and sentenced to a year in the chain gang.

On May 6 Justice Hill denied Frank's extraordinary motion for a new trial, refusing to consider the validity of new evidence which defense attorneys said would free their client. This evidence, mainly, was that one of the notes found by Mary's body bore a faint carbon tracing of the signature of H. F. Becker, a former master mechanic at the factory, who had used a pad of the sort in 1909. The defense contended that Leo would not have had access to such a pad, but that it unquestionably would have been among old papers in the basement, where Conley could have found it.

On October 3 W. M. Smith, Conley's lawyer, said he believed that Conley had killed the little girl. Eleven days later the Supreme Court of Georgia, all members sitting and concurring, affirmed Judge Hill's decision denying the extraordinary motion. Frank's lawyers then announced that they would appeal to the court on the ground that Leo's rights had been invaded, because neither he nor they had been in court when the trial jury had reported to Judge Roan.

On November 11 the court upheld the prosecution's demurrer to the defense motion to set aside the verdict of guilty. Nine days later Justice Lamar of the United

States Supreme Court denied the written application of Leo's counsel for a writ of error for a review of the case. A week later, however, Chief Justice White of the highest tribunal accepted the papers.

On December 7 this august court denied the motion, and two days later Judge Hill sentenced Frank for the third time to hang, this time on January 22, 1915.

On December 17 a petition for a writ of habeas corpus was sought from United States District Judge W. T. Newman, who turned it down. Two days later Newman announced that he would allow an appeal to the United States Supreme Court, but declined to issue a certificate of "probable cause."

By this time, and during all this time, the Leo Frank case had upset the whole nation. Adolph Lewisohn, Samuel Untermyer, Louis Marshall, Rabbi Wise, and other leading Hebrews had interested themselves earnestly in the matter; and prominent Gentiles were active. There were mass meetings all over the country, and petitions containing hundreds of thousands of names were finding their way to Georgia urging clemency or a new trial or commutation. Senator Borah, Philander C. Knox, Myron T. Herrick, Senator James Reed, Mayor Rolph of San Francisco, governors of many states, editors, and business men joined in the flood of appeals deluging Georgia.

Georgia furiously resented this invasion of its sovereignty and the direct accusation or subtle implication that a pogrom and not a program of justice was animating the state's citizens.

A DISTURBING element in the already wholly discordant situation was the appearance in Atlanta of William J. Burns, the detective, and some of his men. Burns talked a lot and further enraged the Atlantans. Some of his men were arrested on charges of fabricating evidence favorable to Leo.

On December 24 Louis Marshall, saying he had taken the case as a professional duty and without retainer, appealed to Supreme Court Justice Lamar, and four days afterward the Supreme Court promised to review the case. Nothing came of this, however, and the issue was once again in Georgia.

On May 10, 1915, Judge Hill sentenced Frank to hang on June 22. It was the fourth deathwatch set on the young Hebrew.

Every possible judicial recourse to save Leo's neck had been exhausted. On May 21 the Prison Commission accepted his plea for a commutation, and promised to examine it. While the full tide of national appeals was inundating the state, Conley was released from prison chain-gang servitude.

On June 9 the prison board voted 2 to 1 against commutation—and only Governor John M. Slaton, going out of office in a few days, stood between Leo and the hangman. On the 12th a tremendous mass meeting was held on the Capitol grounds and loud outcries directed to the governor against interfering with the laws of Georgia at the demand of Yankee Jews.

AT midnight of June 20 Leo with a heavy guard of armed deputies was secretly spirited out of the Atlanta prison, taken in automobiles to a Central of Georgia railway car, and rushed to Milledgeville, where the state penitentiary is located. The next two days were hectic ones in Atlanta. Not knowing of the prisoner's departure, but fearing Slaton was planning to commute his sentence, mobs swirled and eddied throughout the streets.

Before noon of June 22, Governor Slaton announced the commutation from hanging to life imprisonment for Leo Frank—and hell broke loose in Atlanta.

The militia was called out and thrown around the governor's mansion, seven miles from the heart of the city, and martial law was declared.

Hundreds of automobile loads of armed men raced through the streets to the executive home, where the mob trampled the grounds, screamed at the curtained windows, and hurled itself vainly against the militia's bayonets.

Leo Frank now was a side issue, though his secret smuggling out of town had become known.

The issue was now "Georgia's traitor governor who sold out to sheeny gold." Slaton was hanged in effigy; and the rumor that he and Mrs. Slaton were leaving at once for New York caused the throng to scream imprecations.

Sheriff Mangum was hauled bodily into the Senate chamber at the Capitol and made to swear that the governor had not actually pardoned Leo, but that he was at that moment in a Milledgeville cell as Convict No. 965.

But vocal fireworks constituted the sole total of the mob spirit. The commander of the troops tired of the display presently, and he waved his arms for silence. When he got it he pulled out his watch, announced grimly to the mob that in five minutes he

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Eight years later, in October, 1923, a prominent Atlanta physician revealed that a colored man named Freeman, believing he was about to die had ten years before confessed that he saw Jim Conley in the factory with the Phagan girl. He had seen Conley "tussling with a white girl" on the day of the murder.

The authorities had been informed about this statement, but by this time they had already settled upon Frank as the guilty man.

"Frank Exonerated!" stated the headlines all over the country.

And Justice?

(By Pacific & Atlantic)

Ex-Gov. John M. Slaton ruined his political career by commuting Frank's sentence to life imprisonment.

(©: 1928: by THE NEWS, N. Y.)

From the Sunday News, N. Y.

*John M. Slaton, who as governor of Georgia commuted Frank's sentence to life imprisonment.*


# Chew this

*for quick relief from*

# Constipation

APPARENTLY just a piece of delicious minty chewing gum—

*Actually a marvelous new method of relieving constipation!* A method that makes possible gentle, thorough cleansing with a small dose of one of the most remarkable laxatives ever discovered!

For *because you chew it* the tasteless new laxative it contains is carried into the intestinal tract *gradually.* No dangerous cramping, griping or drugging of the system. This laxative is not absorbed like ordinary laxatives — it passes unchanged from the body after its work is done. No weakening or habit-forming after-effects.

Over a million Feen-a-mints are sold daily to ex-users of pills and salts. Children love its delicious flavor. Keep it on hand for the entire family. For sale at every drug store in the United States and Canada.

**Feen-a-mint**

*The chewing laxative*

Health Products Corporation L-3
113 N. 13th St., Newark, N. J.
Please send free samples and copy of "The Mysterious 35 Feet."
Name_____
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**"You can go 20 miles on less than a gallon of gasoline"**

BEWARE!

Inflammable cleaning fluids may disfigure you for life or kill you outright *—then it's too late for advice.*

For Safety's Sake—demand

**CARBONA**

UNBURNABLE & NON-EXPLOSIVE

**Cleaning Fluid**

Removes Grease Spots

20¢ BOTTLES AND LARGER SIZES AT ALL DRUG STORES

# 7 Shaves for a Postage Stamp

**That is all it costs you to try this unique new shaving method—we stake everything on this free trial**

GENTLEMEN:

The postman is our best salesman. For he brings the test that wins men to our new product. The product actually sells itself daily in the greatest laboratory of the world—America's bathroom.

Each morning hundreds of new users try Palmolive Shaving Cream at our expense. And 86% of them, we find, discard their former methods for it. Thus, our problem is to get men to take our test. To sign and mail the coupon.

If we can win so many millions in so short a time, surely you want to try this remarkable cream yourself. We do not want to sell you sight unseen. First let us prove our case—then you will *want* to buy.

***Mail coupon—learn these 5 points***

After rejecting 129 experimental formulas, our laboratories succeeded in embodying—all in one shaving cream—the 5 things men had asked for. 1000 men had been consulted, had given their advice.

1: Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2: Softens the beard in one minute.
3: Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4: Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5: Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now, whether your old shaving preparation suits or not, try ours. *You* risk nothing. *We* undertake, in 7 shaves, to win you. It's an open-and-shut proposition, and you are the judge. So won't you mail the coupon now?

**PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—**

Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m. mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific time —over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

4324

## 7 SHAVES FREE

**and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc**

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-3042, Palmolive, 595 Fifth Ave., New York City.

.....

.....

.....

(Please print your name and address)

[THE MYSTERY OF THE PENCIL FACTORY]
Continued from page forty-seven

was going to give the order to charge. There was a tense three minutes—and the mob went back to Atlanta, cursing and yelling.

Slaton went to New York and there retaliated in an interview against Georgia's threats. "I know it means political oblivion for me," he said. "But I did what I thought was right. Conley had the same opportunity and much more disposition to assault and murder Mary Phagan. As to the mob—well, every city has its riffraff and Atlanta's mob was composed of men whose wives support them by running boarding houses, whose children are in factories instead of schools, and who loaf on corners talking of the inequalities of opportunity and law in America."

The pale, slender, little Hebrew was now but a number in a penitentiary dormitory. Pending his restoration to full health, he was made a prison clerk. On July 18, 1915, William Creen, doing life for murder, attacked Leo from behind and slashed his throat with a dull butcher knife. Creen said the command to do so came from on high in a dream.

At midnight of August 16, while Frank was recovering from his wound, a mob of twenty-five armed men raided the prison; overpowered Warden J. T. Smith after cutting all wires leading to the prison, which is three miles out of town; handcuffed Captain J. M. Burke, prison superintendent; forced a trusty to unlock the gates; and seized Leo where he lay sleeping on his cot.

With a man at each arm and leg and one grasping a handful of his hair, he was carried swiftly down the steps and placed in the caravan of automobiles which had brought the raiders. It was all done silently, swiftly, efficiently, and it was all over in five minutes.

THE next morning, a farmer driving his team and wagon of produce into Marietta, 170 miles away, saw a man dangling from a tree near the roadway. He alighted and examined the figure twirling gently around in the breeze from the end of a rope. He recognized Leo Frank, hanging in his silk nightgown, a hangman's noose beside his tilted jaw. He had been dead for several hours.

The farmer whipped up his horses and a little later a mob of 6,000 men and boys was crowding the highway for a look at the famous prisoner.

Somebody of course suggested that they cut the body down and burn it, but Judge N. A. Morris, an old man, stood beside the motionless form and announced that he was going to take the body into Atlanta and turn it over to the widow.

There was some argument, but the veteran had his way, and he left the throng to fight over the souvenir rope while he put the stiff corpse in his flivver and ran into the city.

Everybody in Marietta knew who comprised the lynching party, but nothing came of it.

On August 24 a coroner's jury answered the country-wide protest of horror by paraphrasing the original trial jury's verdict, "that Leo Frank came to his death by being hanged by the neck till dead by parties unknown to this jury."

Two further quotations and the story is done. One was said by Judge Roan before he died in New York City on March 23, 1915. He stated:

"I gave that case more consideration than any other I ever sat on. Though I heard evidence and arguments for thirty days, I don't know this morning whether Leo Frank is innocent or guilty. But I was not the one to be convinced. The jury was convinced and I must approve the verdict. Therefore, I overruled the motion for a new trial."

The Macon Telegraph replied editorially to America's condemnation of the pre-dawn lynching: "The men who lynched Leo Frank went ahead with clear consciences. It would never have happened had the rest of the nation left this state to mind its own business."

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*Another real life mystery story by Mr. Sutherland will appear in next week's issue.*

*Margaret helped him up on the beach. Peter shook his head. What was the matter with him?*

# Week-End

*The Story of a Desperate Decision*

By RICHARD CARROLL

*Pictures by* FRANCES ROGERS

PETER AVERY leaned back contentedly in his seat as the train pulled out of the station. Two full days at the beach with Margaret and the baby lay ahead of him. Behind him, and waiting for his return, was success. The evidence of that success was in the right-hand pocket of his blue serge trousers—the sum of sixty dollars in three twenty-dollar bills handed him on Friday night by the cashier of his company.

The week before it had amounted to only fifty-two. The eight-dollar raise was in appreciation of services well rendered. Johns & Co., makers of fancy shirts and scarfs, knew how to reward loyalty. And the man who shipped off the firm's goods had been loyal for seven years.

It was Saturday. Long ago he had promised Margaret he would take her down to the beach, not for an afternoon, not for a day, but for an entire week-end. With that extra eight dollars coming in every week, the time had come when he could afford it. They would stop at a hotel, actually stay there overnight. Jean could play all day in the sand.

The very essence of contentment oozed from him as he stretched in his seat, lazily and benevolently contemplating the unsuccessful attempts of Margaret to restrain Jean. The child was romping all over the car.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WEEK-END
Continued from page forty-nine]

Now she had wandered down the aisle and was perched beside an old fellow whose black whiskers and black skullcap had caught her young fancy. She had turned her back on the beaming lady across the way after a single wondering stare. She shrieked with delight when the old fellow framed a grimace for her. Peter spoke to Margaret.

"That kid gets me worried now and again. She's too darn daring. Ain't got no sense of danger. She'd walk right off this freight if you didn't watch her all the time. Imagine her pickin' up with a guy like that she ain't seen outside a book."

Margaret called the child back. Peter admonished the truant, kissing her. He loved this daughter of his, this bijou edition of Margaret. The same blue eyes, brighter and clearer in the child. The same golden hair, with Jean's silkier curls uncontrolled. In the three years since Margaret had given her to him he felt himself growing closer and closer to her.

And the labor of her gift had taken little from Margaret. A little pale from overmuch work indoors. Hands a little thinner. An odd line or two that Peter had not noticed before on the fairness of her face. Altogether five years of married life had served only to mature a beauty that would never wholly disappear. Two days at the seashore basking in the sun would restore the roses, erase the lines.

*The child was in the center of the group. Someone, a man, was working over her.*

PETER, lolling in his seat, surveyed his family with satisfaction. He was proud of them. He was proud of himself, of his attainments, and of his happiness. He whispered to Margaret so that the people in the seat ahead could not hear.

"'Nother year, kid, and I'll be makin' enough to do this regular. Six months more 'n' I'll be due for another lift. Make it ten more a week and we'll be sittin' pretty. Another one, huh?" He pointed to Jean.

Peter stretched his legs along the aisle. The cheap shoes glistened with polish. Margaret had taken the shine out of his best blue suit, his only best. The tie at forty-nine cents was faultless. Tony down on the corner had made of last year's straw a thing of beauty that had to be kept out of the rain at all costs. His pale face, thin and none too healthy, yet bore a look of deep content. Physically he was not strong. But he had Margaret and Jean and sixty dollars a week. He caught his wife's hand, Jean between them. The train pulled into the station.

The fun and the frolic of it! Such a beach, so many people. The waves rolling up on the sand. Peter shared every ecstatic shriek of Jean's. He rolled in the sand with her. He promised Margaret he would teach her how to swim the while he piled a sand prison for the child.

For a long time he did not venture into the water, content to share Jean's happiness. They had donned their bathing suits and had rented a huge umbrella. Margaret reclined in the shade, infinitely lazy and happy. Peter joined her. All around them were gay chatter, light laughter, admonishing mothers, stern fathers, screeching youngsters. For hours they lounged in the shade, drinking in the vivacity of the beach.

Jean, wearied at last with the excitement of it all, nodded and slept. Peter spread his bathrobe under her, piled sand around her for protection. She would be safe there where he could keep an eye on her.

"Let's swim out to the float."

Margaret demurred. She couldn't swim. The water frightened her.

"That's all right. I'll take care of you. Just put your hand on my shoulder and you'll be O. K. There's nothing goin' to scare you."

Margaret still hesitated. Peter insisted.

"What's the matter? Afraid I can't take care of you? Say, kid, I'll get you there and back without no trouble."

LAUGHINGLY he lifted her in his arms, staggering under the light burden. Peter wasn't strong, but he wouldn't let Margaret know he couldn't carry her. Not Peter. He wobbled to the edge of the water and put her down, thankful he had shown her.

"Don't forget, kid, keep your hand tight on my shoulder and I'll carry you along with me. You won't have any weight in the water, not for me, anyway."

Peter stretched his arms. The arm muscles were surprisingly well developed, considering the rest of him.

Bravely they set out. Margaret, nervous in spite of her complete faith in Peter, held on hard. The water scared her. She knew she wouldn't last a minute if Peter's sustaining shoulder were drawn away. They negotiated the distance in safety.

From the raft Peter could see the form of Jean asleep under the umbrella. He gave himself up to the pleasure of swimming. He dived, played ball in the water with the fellows and girls, swam under water.

Margaret sat on the raft and watched him with admiring eyes. Her Peter was the best swimmer of the bunch. She did not notice the time pass. Peter, a little tired, finally climbed up beside her. Instinctively his glance turned to the beach. Jean was no longer asleep. She was playing near the umbrella.

"We'd better be gettin' back, honey. Jean's liable to wander away and get lost."

Margaret stood up. She walked down the steps of the raft leading into the water. Peter dived and came up alongside her. Together they set out for the shore, Margaret's hand again on Peter's shoulder.

They'd never forget the glorious adventure of this day. Hadn't they braved a hundred yards of ocean together with Margaret's part of it a blind, implicit trust in Peter?

Peter wasn't as fast now as when he started, but his arms still could cut through the waves. Once he lifted himself out of the water to see Jean on shore. She wasn't in sight. Peter increased his speed. Margaret held on. He spoke to her.

"Gettin' scared, honey? It's all right, kid. I could carry you to China and back again like this. You ain't no weight. No more'n a feather."

Peter looked again toward shore. About sixty yards now. He looked again. Jean was standing on the pier. She had wandered from the sand and the protection of the umbrella. She was standing near the edge, a little thing, looking out in their direction. The blue of her tiny sun suit set off the gold of her curly head.

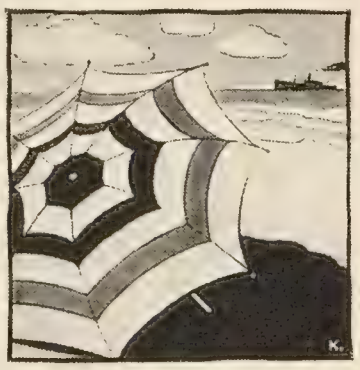
Margaret thrilled to the play of Peter's muscles. She felt their rise and fall, the steady swish of his arms beating back the water. He was strong, her man. She knew he wasn't, but she felt he was. Her hand pressed his shoulder.

Peter's eyes were on Jean. The baby saw them, recognized them, and held out her arms. Peter waved back. The unexpected happened. Jean came running toward them, tripped at the edge of the pier, fell into the water.

It happened in a second, less than a second. Peter slid from under Margaret's hand and struck out for the child struggling in the water. Jean had not cried. Margaret hadn't seen her baby fall.

When Peter's shoulder slipped from her grasp she floundered. The black-blue of the cold water sucked at her. She began to sink. She screamed.

PETER heard. He hesitated the fraction of a second. Came back. Margaret clung to him. Desperately Peter struck out for the spot where Jean had gone down. He could see the bubbles. He thought he could. He couldn't reach it in time with Margaret's weight dragging from his shoulder, holding him back from his baby. He couldn't. His arms were heavy.



Jean! Jean! His baby Jean who loved him like anything. Her laughing blue eyes. Peter slipped from Margaret's convulsive clasp. She must know something was wrong. He couldn't tell her, never thought of it. He was free of her.

"Peter! Peter!" The agony of the cry brought him back. She didn't know what was wrong. Helpless, pitiful in her bewilderment. She was choking.

Jean! Her baby Jean!

Cold reason shook him. His frantic thoughts straightened. The seconds passed through him as ages. One overpowering thought stood out. Margaret had trusted him. He had given her his word that she would be safe with him. He had told her he would take her safe to shore.

He swam steadily, strongly, toward the spot where Jean had disappeared. Now it was a blur to him. Only the area of his thoughts was clear. He would bring Margaret safe to shore. That was his contract, his sacred contract with Margaret, with himself, with the man he was.

The decision was made. It was a decision only fractions of a second in the making. But it was made. Margaret he would save. The baby must drown. The word stuck in his mind. Drown! Jean drown! She was drowning now. The strength of him could not reach her helplessness. He couldn't reach her. He couldn't. He couldn't what? That was it. Yes. He couldn't reach his baby. Then his brain gave way. He had decided. Margaret. He hated Margaret. Did he? Why? What was it all about? Where was Jean? He'd ask Margaret. The fifty yards.

MARGARET helped him up on the beach. Peter shook his head. What was the matter with him? He had decided something. His loss hit back at him. Didn't Margaret know? She was crying.

Peter started to run for the pier. Something inside of him trying to weep. Margaret held him back. He sought to pull away. He found speech.

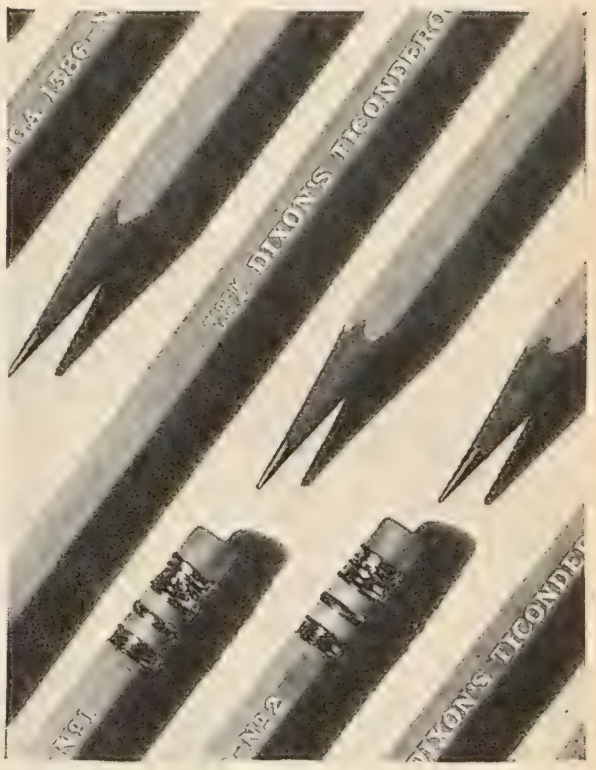
"Jean! Jean! Jean's drowned. She's in the water. She's dead. She's drowned. She came out to meet us and she's drowned!"

Margaret did not scream. She willed strength into her shaking limbs. She was sick. She ran with him now—ran to the pier. Together they ran. They tried to break their way through a group at the end of the pier, blocking the path to Jean. Margaret sobbing as she fought the crowd. She would soon be hysterical.

Margaret saw Jean first. The child was in the center of the group. Someone, a man, was working over her. Jean's eyes were open. She was crying. Jean was crying. She couldn't be dead and cry. Margaret ran to her, knelt beside her. Peter stood over her, looking down at Jean. His brain was striving to put things together.

Jean stopped crying. She laughed up at him, actually laughed. Peter pushed the crowd back. He was laughing himself, laughing like the dickens. He couldn't stop laughing. Gosh! It was funny. A woman was talking to him. He didn't hear her. She was telling him how she pulled the baby out of the water after Jean had gone down twice. Peter didn't hear her. He thanked her, not knowing what for. Jean was on her feet now. Margaret took her in her arms, staggering with the weight of her, for she was weak, very weak. They were all laughing. The three of them. An odd note in the laughter. Together they went back to the shade of the umbrella stuck in the sand on the beach.

THE END




The biggest little thing in easing business routine is a really good pencil.
That's why, office by office, American business is adopting Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga" as standard equipment —

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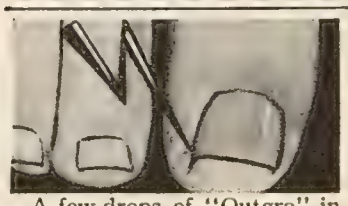


Ingrown Nail
*Turns Outward*

A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the toe nail stops the pain instantly and so toughens the tender, sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Thousands of grateful users. Drug stores sell "Outgro" in small bottles.

# Vox

### *Didn't You Give the Children Any Machine Guns?*

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Murder—murder—murder! Gosh, but you're bloodthirsty!

Sidney Sutherland's "The Mystery of the Bungalow in the Glen," Edward Doherty's "The Murders on the Roof," and Viña Delmar's "Crippled Girl Strangled by Husband on Wedding Day"—all in one issue.

I read all three one evening, and my husband was out of town. I had the creeps so bad that when I went to bed I

put the carving knife, poker, and shears right next the pillow, for protection. Then I put football nose guards and ear guards on my face, and felt safer.

Why not run a Pollyanna story for us poor left-at-home wives? It might save some lives. Just imagine—if one of the children had sneezed that night, and I'd lost my head and used one of my pieces of hardware, you'd have been guilty of—

Murder!—*Marguerite B.*

### *Just a Weak Mortal. No Sales Resistance at All*

SCOTCH PLAINS, N. J.—Though LIBERTY buys stories written by authors who should be mildly restrained by the gentle pressure of the hangman's noose, I lay down my nickels for LIBERTY.—*A Reader.*

### *We'll Have Something for You Next Month*

ELMHURST, N. Y.—I'm getting tired of reading these romances. Don't think that, on account of the Kellogg Peace Pact, you have to quit publishing war stories. Give us more of 'em.—*One Who Wishes He Could Go to War.*

### *Thanks So Much*

OAKLAND AIRPORT, CALIF.—I want to congratulate you on your stand against the unfair, selfish, and ruinous prohibition laws. In fact, I have just received a present of a most wonderful bottle of old rye, and I am going to drink a toast to your success.

It really is wonderful whisky, and I keep tasting and toasting continued success.

It is so hard to get hard liquor, and so I keep toasting in this marvelous rye. I keep thosting you and tashing this wondrous whishky, which wash a present so hard to get.

It's really moshkind of you to oppose prohibishion, whish keeps me toshing and tashing such so hard to get thish whishsky I keep tashing for prohibishion, and toshing for LIBERTY.

Love and kishes.—*T. F.*

### *Thoughts on—*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—This biography of Bryan now current in LIBERTY is positively an insult to the memory of "The Great Commoner." It is almost unthinkable that a national magazine would permit such a glaring misrepresentation of an idol of the common people. This Whosis person contributing the series of articles undoubtedly received much of his information from the files of hostile Republican papers.

This fellow paints Bryan as a scheming, foxy, demagogic politician ready to betray his own party for political benefit.

If that guy is a writer—I am a glass blower.—*E. E. Blakely.*

### *—Mr. Werner and—*

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Mr. M. R. Werner has certainly succeeded in deflating the Bryan balloon.

Words, words, words, were all "the boy orator of the Platte" was ever able to contribute to the gayety of nations. Nothing substantial whatever.

Where would be our present-day political and financial eminence among the nations had we fallen for Bryan's sixteen-to-one fallacies?

Bryan was the Pickwick of American statesmen: fatuous, flatulent, and flabby. — *W. S. L.*

### *—Mr. Bryan*

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Bryan is dead. Let him stay that way. He was a fanatic against intemperance in drinking, but intemperance in eating killed him.—*Gene Tilfrey.*

### *It All Depends on How You Look at It*

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, CAN.—In a recent issue of LIBERTY, one C. R., of Edmonton, Alberta, summed up Adela Rogers St. Johns' articles on Barbara La Marr with the lamentation: "Five husbands—no offspring. That is the tragic story of Barbara La Marr."

I wish to extend C. R. the consolation that "Five husbands—no offspring" is much better than "Five offspring—no husband."

Much better.—*A. M. F.*

### *Oh, Yeh?*

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Say—I seen in Vox Pop where a fella from Birmingham, Alabama, wants you to stop printin "The End" when your storys is supposed to stop. Say—don't you do it.

I bet that Alabama baby gits mad every time he sees a red traffick light.

Lots of your storys I read I wouldent have no idea when to stop unless it said "The End."—*Cactus Charlie.*

### *Mr. Stoddard Is Reassured*

DADE CITY, FLA.—Lothrop Stoddard need not worry because "The East Tucks in Its Shirt" and adopts western inventions.

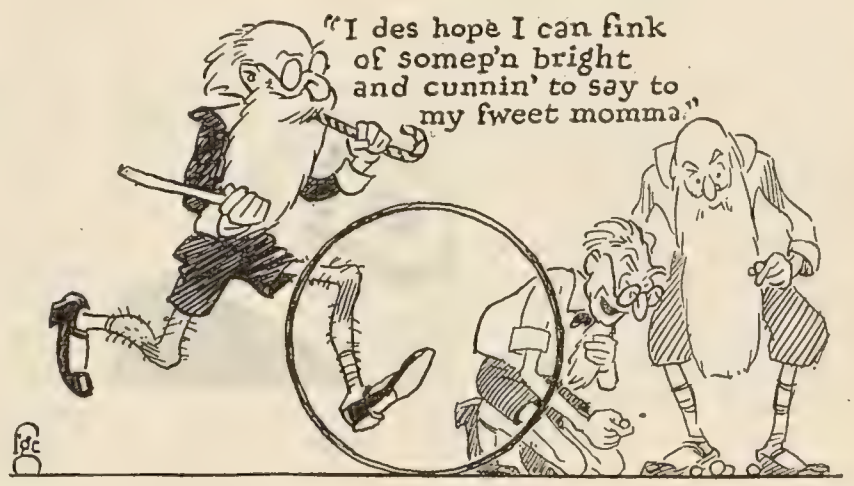
To change Kipling slightly, they may copy all they can follow, but they cannot copy our mind, and we'll leave them a-sweating and stealing a year and a half behind.—*Nolen Ambrose Turner.*

### *That's Worth a Nickel*

FINDLAY, OHIO—Honestly, you only can average about one sensible article each month, and the same number of stories, yet you sell two million copies a week. Why? Because anyone would part with a nickel just to see how rank a magazine can be, yet live.—*Andy.*

### *You Don't Say! Well, We're Just Flabbergasted, That's All*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—What a lot of bologna your "Bright Sayings of Children" corner is! Those jokes may be the lispings of "children," but those "children," if tracked down, would be found to have long white beards. It's a case of second childhood.




I think it's really a contest as to who, there being no age limit, can manufacture the best jokes. The stuff you have published lately has certainly not been the actual sayings of truly young children. I read 'em every week, and I know.—*Theresa H.*

# Pop

### *Why Must You Know?*

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Couldn't you fix it some way so I wouldn't have to read the whole of LIBERTY in order to know what Vox Pop's taking a crack at?—*E. Bartel.*

### *Apes and Atheism*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It seems to me that Arkansas and Tennessee, spoken of as anti-evolution states in your editorial, "Evolution," and your article, "Apes and Atheism in Arkansas," have got hold of the wrong end of the stick.

Why jail teachers if they try to put Darwin's ideas into young heads? Why not jail the real culprits: gorillas, "chimps," monkeys, and apes? They started it.

We oughtn't to rest till all the simians now roaming the jungles are in simian Sing Sings.—*N. Boyden.*

WILBRAHAM, MASS.—In a recent issue of LIBERTY you had an article, "Apes and Atheism in Arkansas," by J. N. Heiskell. I am glad to see that one more state has passed laws against the teaching of evolution in schools. That man came from a lower form of life I sincerely believe to be a lie.

Just because the ape happens to bear a slight resemblance to a man is no reason why some crack-brained scientist, or otherwise, should immediately jump at the conclusion that man descended from the apes. The poor ape can't help it if he is built to stand on his two legs. He is an anthropoid, and there is a distinct gulf, if you will, between the man and beast.

I don't blame Arkansas a bit for wanting to keep its schools from being invaded by the terrible lie that man descended from the apes. Evolution cannot last much longer, but the work that Christ started is still going on, and will be until the end of time. The Bible will endure forever.

I sincerely hope that every state in the Union will recognize its duty and make it unpopular for the evolutionist and, incidentally, the atheist.—*One of the Younger Generation Who Thinks.*

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—Your editorial, "Evolution," was not only illogical, but criminally inconsistent.

May I ask if you have ever attended college in either Tennessee or Arkansas? Your editorial answered the question. No. Then why launch out into a fight of which you don't know the fundamental principles? I was reared in Memphis, Tennessee, completing my college career in the same state, the greater part of it after the so-called "evolution trial" at Dayton.

I state without fear of successful contradiction that there is not a boy or girl in either state who cannot get all the volumes they want on evolution.

I am not fighting evolution. I thank God that we have scientists with minds so brilliant that they can trace definitely the origin of the species; but who, in the name of truth, wants a fool to pack the minds of our youth with his preconceived ideas when there is no law to keep us from going to our great libraries and reading evolution until we go blind?

You yelled for freedom, and then, instead of permitting the youth of Tennessee and Arkansas to read themselves into the light, you insinuated that a "teacher" ought to be over them, beating his ideas of evolution into their heads.—*(Rev.) H. H. Duck.*

### *He Says He'll Stay a While*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Thanks, LIBERTY, for F. G. Cooper, in Vox Pop. I think he is the cleverest cartoonist of the day. Your capture of him makes LIBERTY worth another nickel.

Don't let him go 'way.—*Verne V. Gunsolley.*

### *It Ought to Be Sole-Stirring*

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Your readers can knock a great writer—Viña Delmar—I won't mind.

They can even say that Robert W. Chambers' "Happy Parrot" series was no good—and I'll only think that they are crazy.

But if they dare knock America's greatest humorist—living or dead—Bert Green—then I get real mad.

When they read his things, they ought to try moving a feather across the soles of their feet, gently—then back. Repeat several times, and see if it helps any.—*W. M. C.*

### *We Hope So Too*

HARTFORD, CONN.—You publish an awful lot of tripe in LIBERTY, but occasionally redeem yourselves with a story like "Honeybunch," by Shirley Seifert. I'm not overly sentimental, but the first reading brought tears to my eyes; a second and more critical reading showed that here is an unusually fine piece of writing. I hope Shirley Seifert will do more things like "Honeybunch" for LIBERTY—and soon!—*Edwin Adams.*

### *Appreciation*

AURORA, ILL.—"Crippled Girl Strangled by Husband on Wedding Day."

"Oh, boy, that sure looks like a swell story," says I, when I opened LIBERTY and looked at the first story.

And it sure came up to my expectations. It was all I thought it would be. My thanks to LIBERTY; also to Viña Delmar.—*D. L. K.*

### *Let Us Know How You Come Out*

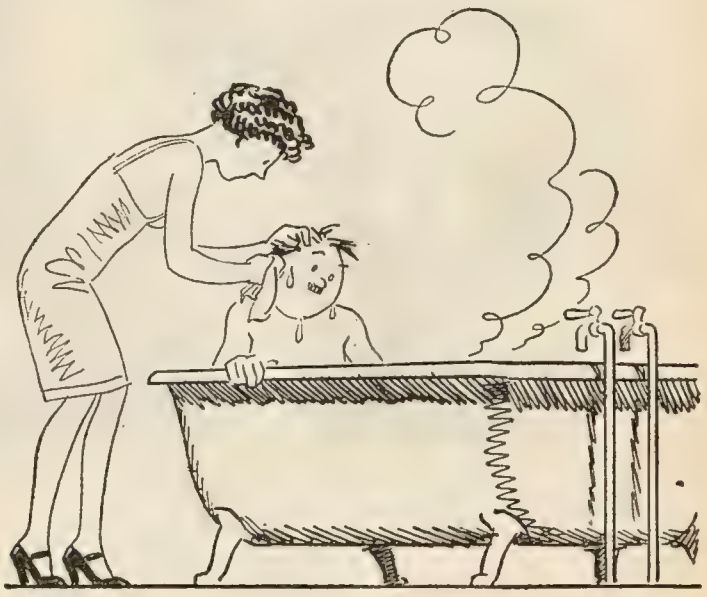
NEW YORK, N. Y.—I like LIBERTY. I realize that it takes a year to be psychoanalyzed, but I'm going through with it. Sumpin's wrong with me.—*Pat.*

### *That Bachelor Business*

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—Hey! Just a word about those letters from "Selfish, Unhurried Bachelor" and "Just Another Bach." I'll be darn if I see where they get that bunk about men having to rise and defend their rights as humans. When did they stop defending 'em?

Now, confess, you two men—didn't you intend to say that you wished all we scheming females would forget all we know, go in a trance and let you all play that you are cave men like the men of days gone by? And let you knock and kick us around, wait on you, and let you treat us like we're servants instead of wives?

I suppose those two bachelor birds



expect a wife to bathe and dress the poor child she calls her husband, and let him off for the evening while she sits at home darning socks and sewing buttons on his shirts and pants.

I don't mean to be hitting you bachelors, but I'll be darn if you can knock on the women. We girls are not so tough, anyhow. Get a better view of the life happily married men lead, and give it a try yourselves.—*Charlotte H.*

*For Colds –*

HOW many people you know end their colds with Bayer Aspirin! How often you've heard of its quick relief of sore throat and tonsilitis. No wonder millions use it to conquer colds, neuralgia, rheumatism; and the aches and pains that go with them. The wonder is that anyone still worries through a winter without these tablets! Friends have told you Bayer Aspirin is marvelous; doctors have declared it has no effect on the heart. All drugstores.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

BAYER ASPIRIN

# Two Strokes a Hole!

## A New For the Love o' Lil

SANDY swung his red Ritz-Ritz into the dusty parking space of the Swellview Golf Club with a tinkle of tarred pebbles and a merry yodel of the horn. He turned a row of wouldn't-be hyacinths into a green hash resembling spinach, squashed yellow buds adding an eggy look. The tires scrunched!

"Help me down, dear," Lil said sweetly.

She hopped down as daintily as the gayest feathered Brazilian bird alighting upon its favorite jungle flower for tea. Her own fine feathers were soft green, splashed by a futuristic scarf: $103.50—including the pocket monogrammed to order. The deep-toned Wagnerian boom which resounds only from a superpriced car's slammed door, and Lil minced up the golf club steps.

This week's cover picture.

"We must change our coat of arms," Sandy told her. "The one we picked doesn't make enough of a show. I copped a swell label from a whisky bottle in Havana. It has crowns, dragons, bullets, and a spear."

"Anything suits me except a hog or a hippo," Lil sighed. "But I can't say I'm stuck on a spear."

Caddies' faces, fair, freckled, pitted, and ebony, bobbed up at the window like those at Coney risking split scalps from baseballs heaved by brides and grooms. The caddies' eyes shone like sun on coal. The Jenkinses had arrived, sponsoring big-tip optimism!

The sky was a Della Robbia sea dotted with fantastic cloud ships. Carved viking prows swooped down upon a billowing armada of frothy sails streaming with fairy pennants.

"Huckleberry, here's one buck," Sandy whispered to his caddie. "Don't snitch about my wife's heels."

Lil's tan suède pumps left a dime-sized hole at every step. Her heels cut into the sod like a fruit knife into a lemon.

"Address the ball, dear," Sandy said, making a tee while Huckleberry handed Lil a driver.

"I will not," she answered. "I won't say a word. I can swat a golf ball as well as drop raisins into a rice pudding. You give me two strokes a hole and all I want as a prize is the aquamarine necklace in Flynn's window. Wheeeeee! Here she goes!"

She went—and how. She shot that ball into the air and it fell to earth only Huckleberry knew where. It sliced its way through a tree, killed an unhatched chippy in a nest, zoomed over the nearest bunker, and dropped from view.

"You don't know Mrs. Stetson from Eve," her husband told her. "But a national champ wouldn't dare laugh at that shot." He mumbled "beginner's luck" under his breath.

"Shut your mouth when we come to a sand pit," Lil said. "I always giggle when I use a niblick and scatter the sand. I haven't had as much fun since you inherited your half million. I don't know the dif between a putter, a mid-iron, and a mashie; but I'll learn! Wheeeeee!"

"Her ball finds de sweet spot ebery time," Huckleberry said on the eighteenth green. "It's as sure as Ol' Man Moses gettin' $H_2O$ from de rocks."

"You won," Sandy said, staring at the score card with a wet-hen look. "You'll be sicking eagles on me soon."

"Two strokes a hole?" Lil was murmuring. "Why, a man in Scotland wouldn't insult his wife with such a chicken-feed handicap. Let's have sodas, dear. Then drive me to Flynn's for that necklace. It's only $350!"

*(Next week's cover adventure: House Warming)*

Photo by R. A. Barford

*Bryan in Toronto, early in 1918, from a hitherto unpublished photograph. He had addressed a meeting, and as his ideas were unpopular with Canadians, he had been howled down. He departed in a snowstorm.*

## *An American Phenomenon*

### *By* M. R. WERNER

*(Author of Barnum, Tammany Hall, etc.)*

MR. WERNER'S biography has now followed Bryan's career to its concluding phase. Last week's installment told of his resigning as Secretary of State, in 1915, rather than sign a note to Germany that he thought might bring war. It then reviewed his efforts as the foremost campaigner for national prohibition.

PART ELEVEN—THE FUNDAMENTALIST MILITANT

BETWEEN 1916 and 1919 Bryan was engaged in negotiations for a motion picture on the curse of drink, of which he was to be the star. Augustus Thomas was to write the scenario. Bryan was supposed to help raise the money necessary to produce the picture and also to use his influence in getting it distributed through the churches, the Anti-Saloon League, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the Good Templars. The Good Templars were to share in the profits, and Mr. Bryan himself, though he at first disclaimed all desire to share in the profits, finally consented to take the largest share of them, 35 per cent. Bryan did not live up to his contract, and he was sued by the promoter of the enterprise, George R. Dalton.

The plan was to make a motion picture out of Bryan's prohibition lectures, with Mr. Bryan making the appropriate gestures. The name of the picture was to be

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BRYAN
Continued from page fifty-five]

Throughout the Ages. There were to be scenes of Oriental feasting and scenes of drunkenness in the various countries of Europe. The scenario included a scene in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, and an effort was to be made to induce President Wilson to pose. The complaint in Dalton's suit against Bryan for breach of contract read: "Defendant Bryan is a man of peculiar attainment, possessing especial ability as an actor."

But Bryan appeared in one motion-picture scene involving prohibition. Less than an hour after the Supreme Court of the United States decided in 1920 that prohibition was legal, the motion-picture cameramen found Bryan in a hotel lobby and asked him to pose. He did so. "Talk; say something, Mr. Bryan," one of the cameramen urged. "A little pep, a little action, please."

"Ah, gentlemen," Bryan responded, with gestures, "I am much gratified at the Supreme Court's decision—"

"Cut," shouted the movie men, "'snuff," and they ran off for more news, leaving Bryan in the middle of a smile with his arm suspended in midair.

On the night of January 16, 1919, when the prohibition amendment was ratified by the thirty-sixth state, Nebraska, Bryan celebrated the occasion with the leading dry men of the nation in Washington. He called it "the Passover from the old era to the new." When the clock showed that it was one minute before midnight he quoted from the Bible the passage in which the angel assured Joseph and Mary that they might take the child Jesus back to the Holy Land: "They are dead that sought the young child's life!" King Alcohol, said Bryan, had slain many more children than Herod ever did.

After prohibition was adopted as a law, Bryan suggested other moral reforms. He presented to the constitutional convention of Nebraska a proposal to write into the constitution of that state a provision calling for the single standard of morality for men and women. He suggested that the penalties for immorality be enforced equally against both sexes. He wanted women to be declared respectable by constitutional provision, or, rather, he wanted both men and women who broke his particular moral code to be declared disreputable. He found another crying outrage in the low age of consent for women in some states.

Bryan also tried to get a bill introduced into Congress denying the use of the mails to newspapers which published bets on races, elections, or prize fights and the winners of lotteries.

In addition to his interest in moral reforms, Bryan was interested in the development of Florida real estate. He had invested money of his own in real estate there, and he had profited by his investments, much to the disgust of the eastern newspapers. He also devoted part of his time to delivering lectures for a real-estate company at $250 a lecture. Bryan sat in an arm chair on a float and talked to the crowd that lined the shore of a lagoon. A large cotton umbrella sheltered his bald head, and sometimes he wore a broad-brimmed white hat. He joked with his audiences about his frequent campaigns for President, and he spoke to them of the general glories of the Florida climate. After the address, people crowded up to shake hands. Then Gilda Gray danced for the same real-estate company.

ANOTHER feature of life in Miami was Mr. Bryan's Sunday Bible Class, which was held in Royal Palm Park, and the attendance varied from 4,000 to 8,000.

Bryan also maintained his interest in national politics, and when the Democratic national convention was held in San Francisco in 1920, he attended as a delegate from Nebraska. It looked as if an effort would be made in this convention to repudiate the prohibition amendment, and Bryan was determined to resist such an effort with all his strength. He was a member of the committee on resolutions which framed the platform, and he offered a minority report urging a plank in the platform indorsing prohibition and pledging the Democratic party to no modification of the enforcement law.

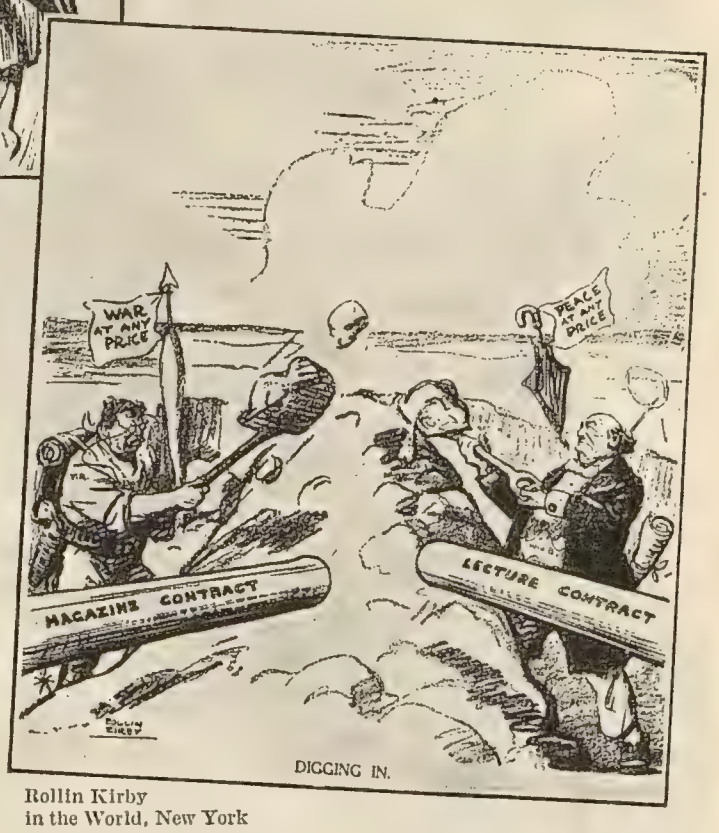
He also had a few other suggestions. He wanted the government to establish a national bulletin which would give publicity equally to both parties during campaigns. He urged a plank against profiteering, and wanted a law to limit the profits of middlemen. He advocated a plank opposing compulsory military service. His fifth plank praised President Wilson's treaty of peace as the best under the circumstances, for that was the least the Democratic party could do for the work of its own leader. He urged that ratification of treaties thereafter should be by a majority vote.

Bourke Cockran of New York had introduced a resolution favoring permission to make light wines and beers for home consumption. "We believe," said Bryan, speaking for the advocates of prohibition, "that, having won

Rollin Kirby in the World, New York

D. R. Fitzpatrick
in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

*Cartoonists' views of Bryan's educational activities in Florida and his pacifist labors. At the left is the "New Evangelism" under the Florida palms. Above, he is calling the martial American eagle an "unchristian bird"; and at the right, T. R. and he are "digging in" for war and peace, respectively.*




Rollin Kirby
in the World, New York

a victory that terminates a curse that has come down to man throughout the ages, we should not encourage further discussion of the subject or invite lawlessness in any part of the country. [Applause.] It is alcohol that we hate," Bryan continued, "and we hate it whether we find it in whisky, wines, or in beer."

The advocates of modification had maintained that men would not get drunk on wine and beer. "Why should we be drawn away from the tremendous problems that confront us today," Bryan asked the convention, "in order to quarrel over the amount of alcohol in a nonintoxicating drink? [Applause.] If you cannot get alcohol enough to make you drunk, why do you want alcohol at all? Why not cut it altogether and go on about your business? [Great applause.]"

Bourke Cockran answered Bryan and protested against the lack of argument in his oratory. The convention finally decided that the Democratic party would say nothing in its platform about the enforcement of prohibition.

When some delegates suggested that Bryan was not supporting Woodrow Wilson, he told the convention: "You cannot call me an enemy of Woodrow Wilson; it was my treaty plan that he took to Paris; I have helped him to become immortal." But Bryan's suggestions concerning the treaty of peace were voted down.

His influence in politics was already dying rapidly. Mark Sullivan, in describing the convention scenes of 1920, wrote of him: "Bryan seemed like an elderly uncle in a black alpaca coat who comes to visit us in the city. We give him the easiest chair; we treat him with affection; when he advises us about our affairs, we listen respectfully—but we go our own way." The time was coming when politicians, impatient with his kind of advice, would refuse Bryan even the easiest chair.

DURING the campaign he took practically no part, for he felt that the Democratic candidate, James M. Cox, was representative of the antiprohibition forces and of the eastern capitalists. After Cox was defeated by Warren G. Harding, Bryan suggested that Woodrow Wilson should resign with the understanding that President-elect Harding become President immediately. Before the Democratic convention in 1920, Bryan had expressed his disagreement with Wilson's views about Article X of the League of Nations Covenant. But Mr. Wilson paid no attention to any of Mr. Bryan's suggestions.

Bryan went back to his Florida real estate, his lectures, and his Bible talks with the hope that 1924 would be more his kind of convention than 1920, in spite of the fact that the national committee had decided on New York City as the place for the 1924 convention.

As the time for it approached, he made a campaign to be elected a delegate from Florida. He had given his house in Lincoln, Nebraska, to a religious organization, and his heart as well as his mind and money were now involved in Florida real estate. Florida saw the advantage of sending William Jennings Bryan as one of its delegates to the national convention, for at the moment Florida was interested in publicity.

Some men were still urging Bryan to seek the nomination for President. In his papers there is a carbon copy of a letter Bryan wrote to some delegate from Arkansas who had asked permission for the Arkansas delegation to nominate him in 1924. He refused with thanks on the ground that he "would feel greatly humiliated to be put in the attitude of a candidate and then fail to secure the nomination. It would be an unfortunate ending of my political career." Then he added this paragraph:

"The only condition under which I feel I would be justified in considering the question from a personal standpoint is the remote contingency which cannot be brought about by any plans of myself or my friends—if, when the convention meets, no one has a preponderating influence and no one else can be found to lead our forces—note the number of 'if's'—and the party should feel that it is my duty to my party and my country to be a candidate the fourth time, I would consider it. . . ."

BUT he had a suggestion for a Presidential candidate, and the man was, of course, a Florida man. Dr. A. A. Murphree, president of the University of Florida, he declared, would be "as great a surprise and as great a success" as Woodrow Wilson. He kept urging Dr. Murphree's nomination in newspapers and in letters to delegates, after he had received his friend Dr. Murphree's permission to use his name. Dr. Murphree felt that it could do no harm to the University of Florida and plenty of good to the state's publicity.

The convention of 1924 in New York City proved to be the most tumultuous convention the Democratic party had ever held. It was the battlefield of a struggle of the dying forces of the South and the West against the growing dominance of New York and the East, and Bryan was the decaying leader of the forces which would not die without a prolonged struggle. His speeches in that convention, and the action of the spectators toward him, were an unpleasant spectacle, and he added to it the touch of toothless obscenity by his constant injection into his efforts of the word Florida.

Some of the most unpleasant experiences of William Jennings Bryan's life took place in Madison Square Garden, but no other could have been so distressing to him as his experience there in 1924. The galleries were crowded with the people he understood least, New Yorkers, and they were enthusiastic for their governor,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[BRYAN
Continued from page fifty-seven]

Alfred E. Smith, who had made it quite clear that he did not believe in Bryan's political or moral ideas. They were proving disorderly, for it was impossible for them to see the victory of their candidate, and they were in no mood to receive the fulsome type of oratory with which Bryan had delighted country audiences for so many years.

He rose to speak against any mention of the Ku Klux Klan in the Democratic party's platform, and the followers of Governor Smith, who happened to be born a Catholic, wished a strong denunciation of that organization as un-American and uncongenial to the tenets of the Democratic party's faith. As Bryan began, there was applause, and he said, "I have spoken to you on many themes, never on themes more important than this today, and since they take applause out of my time, and since I am speaking to your hearts and heads and not to your hands, keep still and let me speak to you." There were cries from the gallery assuring him, "We'll do it." The galleries continued to scoff and to hiss and to boo during the rest of his remarks. He said:

John T. McCutcheon in the Chicago Tribune

*A McCutcheon conception of Bryan and Wilson, shortly after Bryan's resignation. Both are represented as "for peace, but by different routes." This was Bryan's own view of it.*

> The Democratic party has done more for me than for any other living man, and, my friends, I am grateful. I cannot express my gratitude. . . . But, my friends, much as I owe to my party, I owe more to the Christian religion. If my party has given me the foundations of my political faith, my Bible has given me the foundations of a faith that has enabled me to stand for the right without stopping to count how many stood to take their share with me. [Applause and cheers.] . . . And, my friends, I believe religion is of more importance than politics, and I believe the world needs now not so much to get into a fight between denominations as it does to get back to God and a sense of responsibility to God. [Applause.] . . . And, my friends, we can exterminate Ku Kluxism better by recognizing their honesty and teaching them that they are wrong. [Boos and hisses, followed by applause.]

BRYAN was telling the truth about himself when he said, "I believe religion is of more importance than politics." His power in politics, even he could see, was fast leaving him. He was truly an old man. In the committee meeting before the platform was reported to the convention, there was disagreement about whether the Ku Klux Klan should be mentioned. The committee sat and argued until dawn. Bryan kneeled and asked God's guidance of their deliberations. He had never had to do that before. In all his other conventions he had been strong enough to fight his own battles.

He was determined that nothing should be done by this convention to make possible the return of the hated liquor. As a member of the committee on resolutions he was asked to write a plank to go into the platform expressing regret at the death of President Harding. "As I first wrote the plank," he wrote, "I used the expression, 'Our party stands uncovered beside the bier of Warren G. Harding,' etc. Senator Caraway asked if I was not afraid that some might mistake that for standing by 'beer.' I accepted the suggestion, at once recognizing that the word 'grave' was preferable."

On the eighth day of this turbulent convention, when the delegates still could not agree on a nominee, Bryan arose to explain his vote. He began by telling the delegates that he only wished to aid them toward a harmonious decision. He said that the Democratic party had plenty of candidates in all the states, and then he said: "We have a man in Florida. He is the president of our state university." There was great laughter and derision. "His name," Bryan continued, "is Dr. A. A. Murphree." Voices shouted: "We want Smith! We want Smith!" "He is a Democratic scholar," Bryan said. There were hisses and boos. "He is a scholarly Democrat," said Bryan. A voice in the gallery shouted more clearly than Bryan could now shout: "Never heard of one." Bryan began to get angry. His friends were watching the spectacle in distress. He went on painfully and named Josephus Daniels and Joseph Robinson.

Rollin Kirby in the World, N. Y.

*A cartoon that reflected much public impatience with Bryan as a pacifist lecturer for money.*

THEN he said: "This is probably the last convention of my party in which I shall be a delegate." There was great appreciative applause from the ribald gallery. "Don't applaud," Bryan said angrily; "I may change my mind." He went on to the tune of constant interruption and advocated various men in the South and the North who, he said, would make able Presidents.

"If you will pardon me," he said, "my next northern man has the misfortune to be my brother." There was laughter and applause, with some hisses and boos.

"I have given you the names of seven Democrats," he said. Voices shouted: "Name the real one you have got in mind!" "Attaboy!" "What's the matter with Smith?" "Do not rush me, my friends," said Bryan. Voices: "McAdoo, McAdoo." "Give me time," he begged, "to develop my subject in my own way. I shall not disappoint you when I am through." A voice: "Say Smith!" Finally he named William G. McAdoo and urged his nomination as a progressive Democrat.

There was applause from the McAdoo supporters and general disorder in the galleries and on the floor from the Smith adherents. The chairman ordered that the disturbers be cleared out of the galleries, and announced that Bryan had half an hour to speak and that all time spent in interruptions would be added to his time. Voices shouted, "We don't want to hear him." The chairman assured the delegates and galleries that Mr. Bryan would be finished in five minutes, if they would listen in silence. Bryan, pathetically trying to say his say, assured his baiters: "I think the audience will not object to anything else I am going to say." A voice: "Who is paying you for this?" Bryan: "I have passed the personal part." There were loud hisses. Another voice shouted, "A thousand dollars a minute." Then Bryan got angry.

"I am glad we met in New York," he said. "I want the Democratic party to appeal to the millionaires of New York and tell them that less than half the people who

die in the United States leave enough money to make it worth while to administer on their estates. Of thirty millions of voters, less than one in four have income enough to pay a tax on. . . . These men of wealth ought to know, and the Democratic party ought to tell them, that it is better to leave a good government to their children than to leave large fortunes. [Applause.] That is what the Democratic party is prepared to do. . . ."

As he finished, a voice cried: "Stop speaking!" and another, that of a New Jersey delegate, taunted: "The same old Dollar Bill, the same old Dollar Bill."

The convention voted to exclude mention of the Ku Klux Klan in the platform, and it finally agreed to nominate John W. Davis, whom Bryan had opposed on the ground that he had once been J. P. Morgan's lawyer. The convention then nominated Bryan's brother Charlie for Vice-President in order to attract votes in the West and to gain Bryan's support.

After the convention of 1924 Bryan told Senator Heflin that he had never been so humiliated in his life, and he had tears in his eyes as he said it. The cynical East, using contempt as its weapon, had stripped him bare of everything but his God, and the rest of his life was spent largely in furious resistance to what he regarded as attempts to take even Him away from him.

HIS idea of God had always been of great importance to William Jennings Bryan. His heritage, his training, and the facts of his own personal failures had strengthened the importance of that idea until he had practically nothing left except his God and his real estate. In his later years Bryan had two spiritual desires that were of the utmost importance to him. One was the desire to pass on to the rest of the world the ideas he had received from his parentage and his environment; and the other was to comfort those who might be grappling with the thought that there was no inherent value in the world with the assurance that God was in His heaven, and that while all might not be right with the world just yet, Christ had died for it and was going eventually, with the help of God, to see that the righteous prevailed.

Bryan wrote: "As those who brought me into the world, cared for me so tenderly during my early years, and so conscientiously guarded and guided me during the formative period of my life, have passed to their reward, I know of no way in which this appreciation can be effectively expressed, except by transmitting these principles to others." Bryan thought that the great love he felt for his own father and mother must somehow be transmitted to the rest of the world, for he was essentially a propagandist, and he could love nothing without an attempt to gratify his vanity by sharing it.

As he grew out of the control of his parents he acquired a few spiritual and worldly ideas of his own, and those too, it seemed to him, were of overwhelming importance to others. Unfortunately, owing to the commonplace quality of his ideas and the commonplace manner in which he attempted to transmit them—always excepting his oratorical powers of transmission—they were of very little value to anybody. His voice, as he told his huge audiences under the palms in Miami the stories of the Bible and their significance for man today, must have been impressive, but when he put those ideas on paper they were singularly dull.

"MY purpose," he wrote, "is to prove, not only the fact of God, but the need of God, the fact of the Bible and the need of the Bible, and the fact of Christ and the need of a Saviour." This was an ambitious aim, but Bryan had never hesitated to bite off more than he could chew. His stern insistence, expressed with this lofty determination, was in itself the greatest form of doubt. The terrible fear that must have frequently come upon him, that all he told himself and others might not be necessarily so, goaded him on to a fierce insistence upon the fact of what he wished so earnestly to be true. This insistence, born of his unconscious uncertainty, led him eventually into rasping intolerance by the pathway of bigotry.

Occasionally, however, even Bryan, busy man as he was, had his conscious doubts. His recipe for this affliction was activity and more activity. "I am not sure," he wrote, "that we will find many lessons of more practical importance than this: Keep busy. As 'Satan finds some mischief, still, for idle hands to do,' so human weakness besets us most between our tasks. As sins abound in the nights that separate the days of toil, so our periods of discouragement and doubt lurk in the dark intervals between our seasons of activity." And so Bryan ran again for President, or lectured again on the Chautauqua circuit, or went once more to Mexico, or chopped down trees, or issued another collection of his Bible essays. It was of vast importance to keep out the dark intervals of doubt between the seasons of activity.

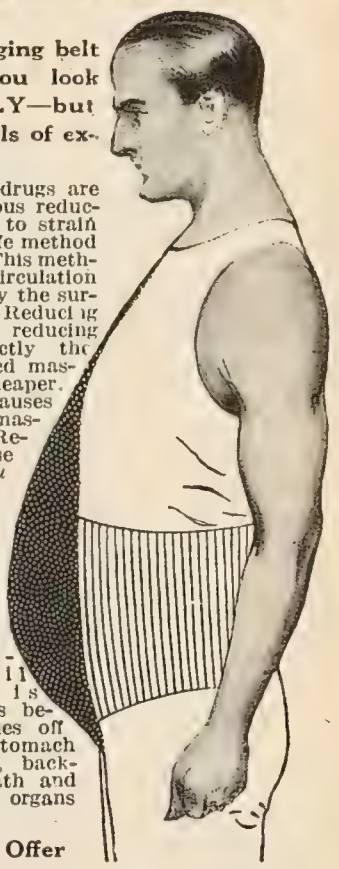
Whatever doubts Bryan may have had when he found himself at home in the dark, there is no indication of their presence in his public life. He had the comfortable faculty of closing his mind to anything he did not wish to believe, and he was able to soar grandiloquently from the facts of nature to the hopes of his soul without feeling the necessity for establishing a logical link between the two.

In his book, In His Image, there is this passage:

The Creator has not left us in doubt on the subject of immortality. . . . I am as sure that we shall live again as I am sure that we live today.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


Fat Men!



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[BRYAN
Continued from page fifty-nine]

There was no room for humility in such a mind as his. An agnostic accepted the evidences of his senses and made the most of them, but Bryan created out of his hopes and fears the complete picture of bliss that was so necessary to his peace of mind. In the material world he fought against injustice for the common man, and no politician of his time had a wider emotional sense of that injustice than Bryan, for he was a common man. He tried to change the laws to meet his ethics, and sometimes he even succeeded, but when he failed, which was more often than not, because his mentality was never tuned to the actual desires and aspirations of his fellow men, he took refuge in a profound day-dream of supreme grace ordaining an eternal happiness, based upon the principles of Christ and the laws of Moses.

Thus existence became for him a great Sunday school; on the closing day—commencement—prizes would be distributed and punishments meted out. For Bryan was never able to conceive of justice and right for their own sakes without any connection with a system of rewards and punishments.

And religion—his particular religion with its beliefs in God, a hereafter, and Christ as the intermediary—he found necessary if there was to be any morality in the world.

He had a profound distrust of his own better nature and that of his fellow men. "Is man's natural tendency downward or upward?" he asked, and he answered unhesitatingly: "Who, if he examines himself and understands others, can doubt that it is downward?" Civilization, he felt, had only increased man's temptations to do evil.

Besides, what incentive was there for effort, if there was to be no eternal reward? "Why cross stormy oceans and endure continuing sacrifices upon the frontiers of the world if mankind does not need a Saviour and Christ was but an ordinary human being?" Bryan could understand no effort for the sake of the process or for the beauty of the result.

IT is easy enough for us to tell Mr. Bryan that he should have been amiable, decent, tolerant about his religious beliefs, but for him there was involved in his religion all the happiness he had in this world and all the hopes that he had for future bliss. As Walter Lippmann has put it, the modernist asks the fundamentalist "to smile and to commit suicide." Also, many of the men who have been happy in any age have usually been creators, and Bryan, entirely uncreative himself, turned to a mythical creator for the reasons and the sense of reality of his existence.

Bryan was unable to endure the strain of standing alone. Unlike the steadfast thinker, he was terrified of lonely righteousness. And then, it was so easy for Bryan to believe in God. He wrote in italics in his book, In His Image: "I know of no theory suggested as a substitute for the Bible theory that is as rational and as easy to believe." Perhaps it was the saving of the wear and tear on the brain and the heart that induced Mr. Bryan to fall so comfortably into the lap of his unproved conviction. "Is it not more rational," he asked, "to believe in God and explain the varieties of life in terms of divine power than to waste our lives in ridiculous attempts to explain the unexplainable? . . . It is shameful to spend the time that God has given for nobler use in vain attempts to exclude God from His own universe and to find in chance a substitute for God's power and wisdom and love."

Once more he was up to his old trick, begging the question, by his insistence that God gave us time.

The advances of science were complete evidence for Bryan of the existence of God. "Now that we know," he wrote, "that the human voice can be carried through the thickest masonry and around the earth without the aid of wires—even to the most distant planets, for all that we know—how can we doubt that an omnipotent God is within speaking distance of all His people?"

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*The aging Bryan under verbal fire from the galleries at the Democratic national convention of 1924, in New York City.*

Having begged the question of God by these various puny devices, Bryan found it easy to beg the question of Christ. In one of his speeches Bryan said: "*It is easier to believe Him divine than to explain in any other way His words, His life, and His death.*" The italics are Bryan's. Christ also appealed strongly to Bryan because he was a commoner. In one of his Bible talks the Great Commoner expressed his delight that God's plan of human salvation had not come from a learned society—or, he might have added, from New York City—but from God and His son, the latter being "one whom John described as unlettered—a Galilean peasant reared in a carpenter shop."

HAVING begged the question of God and Christ, it was easy for Bryan to take the Bible literally, to accept without question its divine authorship. If the Bible was written by men, Bryan demanded, why have men, who now have newspapers, telegraphs, telephones, radios, and universities, never made another book as good?

He never seemed to notice that Bible writing had nothing to do with telephoning, and that since the Bible was superior in his mind to the telephone book, it did not necessarily follow that the one was divine because the other was made under his eyes. He insisted that the burden of proof was on those who challenged the divine authority of the Bible.

Bryan, who was prejudiced by the force of his own desires, was both untaught and unteachable, and he seemed to take delight in disdaining the revelation of funded experience for the very reason that he possessed no authoritative wisdom of his own.

It was Bryan, more than any atheist or any blasphemer, in the United States, who pulled down the Bible from its high place by the literal interpretation to which he subjected its valuable poetry. He accused the modernists of making it worth nothing; but it was he, singularly devoid of any feeling for real poetry and of any intelligence of symbols, he with his simple faith in words as words and facts as facts, who made the Bible everything for fear that he might make nothing of it if he took it as an important spiritual guide and a tonic for the imagination, instead of an almanac of heaven and earth and a genealogical table of mankind.

To Bryan the Bible was even practically useful as a dream book. He wrote: "The Bible explanation of dreams is sufficient. The God who can speak to man in the daytime can communicate with him also at night." One wonders whether Mr. Bryan always dreamed Biblical dreams.

With his ideas of God, Christ, and the Bible, it is little wonder that Bryan in his last years became a fierce and rasping antagonist of the Darwinian theory of evolution. In the spread of its belief he saw the greatest menace to the Christian religion, for he knew that if he himself once accepted Darwin's theory of the descent

of man, the whole prop of his morality was destroyed. It was unfortunate that his theory of morals was so feeble, but it was true.

He wrote: "The evolutionary hypothesis is the only thing that has seriously menaced religion since the birth of Christ, and it menaces all other religions as well as the Christian religion, and civilization as well as religion; at least, this is the conviction of a multitude who regard belief in God as the most fundamental of all beliefs and see in Christ the hope of the future."

Before the war, Bryan had made strenuous efforts to establish universal peace, but when the war broke out in spite of all his efforts, he was sad and found his only consolation in the hope that eventually men would go to the Prince of Peace for their inspiration and turn their swords into plowshares. Then he spent the war period striving to convince his contemporaries of the divine virtues of peace, which he felt sure would come when men laid down their arms and their liquor.

THERE was only one discouraging cloud on the horizon of his future hope, and that was made artificially by scientists and poured out of laboratories into schools and colleges to spell for a gaping world the terrible words "Darwin" and "Evolution." If these words were to prove to the curious common man that after all he was not fashioned by the hand of God, but was a slow growth from slime, there was no hope for sublimity. This possibility worried Bryan so much that he spent his time lecturing state legislatures on the advisability of passing laws preventing the teaching of evolution in their schools.

The mild-mannered, sweet-tempered Darwin brought out all the bestial vituperation of which Bryan was capable. Hitherto he had managed, even in the heat of political strife, to keep his temper, but his snarls at Darwin emanated from the jungles of the mind. He leered and guffawed like an oaf when he grew tired of hammering with a stone club. Darwin's modest humility offended him more than brazen bigotry. He wrote about Darwin and evolution in a manner that he would have regarded as criminally unfair if it had been used against him politically, or if it had been used by the opposition to his brand of Christianity. All his abysmal ignorance of Bryan's mind exhibited itself in public when he began to talk or write about evolution.

THE thing which annoyed him most about Darwin's works was the expressions of uncertainty which the great scientist used. "The phrase, 'we may well suppose,' occurs," Bryan wrote, "over 800 times in his two principal works. The eminent scientist is guessing." But Mr. Bryan, the eminent politician, was always sure. "If Darwin had described his doctrine as a guess instead of calling it an hypothesis, it would not have lived a year," he wrote. Accustomed as he was to playing with words, he was naturally inclined to overestimate their intrinsic value. When it was discovered that his currency hypothesis was false, his free-silver issue died quickly. The "guess" of Darwin has endured because of its foundation in factual discovery, rather than because of its four-syllable title.

Another thing about Darwin's theory that annoyed Bryan was this: "But the Darwinian doctrine is more dangerous because more deceptive. It *permits* one to believe in a God, but puts the creative act so far away that reverence for the Creator—even belief in Him—is likely to be lost." And Bryan once wrote: "Theistic evolution may be defined as an anæsthetic which deadens the patient's pain while atheism removes his religion." He liked the epigram so much that he repeated it constantly in speeches and essays. Bryan had to see his God in the invisible hosts of righteousness the Bible assured him were on his side. He wished to keep God near and on the job. "How," he wrote, "can one feel God's presence in his daily life if Darwin's reasoning is sound? This restraining influence, more potent than any external force, is paralyzed when God is put so far away."

(Copyright, 1929, by M. R. Werner)

*Next week Mr. Werner's account will reach the opening of Bryan's last battle—his debate with Clarence Darrow at Dayton, Tennessee, in the Scopes evolution trial.*


# 16 and 40 No Excess Fat

## It's easy to avoid

Everybody knows that excess fat is nowhere near so common as it was. Mothers look like daughters. Slender figures are the rule. You should know how scientific research has brought this change about.

Science has discovered that a great cause of excess fat lies in a deficient gland. No starvation, no over-work can cure it. The cause must be corrected, and that lies in a gland which largely controls nutrition.

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*In the Danger Zone*

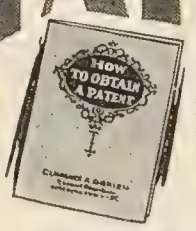
In the kindergarten class one boy cried so he had to be sent home. Bobby caught the fever and was also dismissed. Next day the "professional crier" started again. Bobby went up to the teacher and said:

"I don't want to sit by that cry-baby. First thing you know I'll get to crying too."—W. Clay Stearley, 504 N. Meridian St., Brazil, Ind.

*Third-Grade Humor*

On their way to music practice the kindergarten pupils had to pass in single file through the third-grade classroom, with the teacher leading and the music teacher, a short, fat woman, following last. As the procession filed out one little lad in the third grade was heard to whisper: "Ah, ha, boys! There goes the caboose!"—S. M. Joseph, North Little Rock, Ark.


PATENTS

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Mail me free sample **Liquid Hair Groom.**

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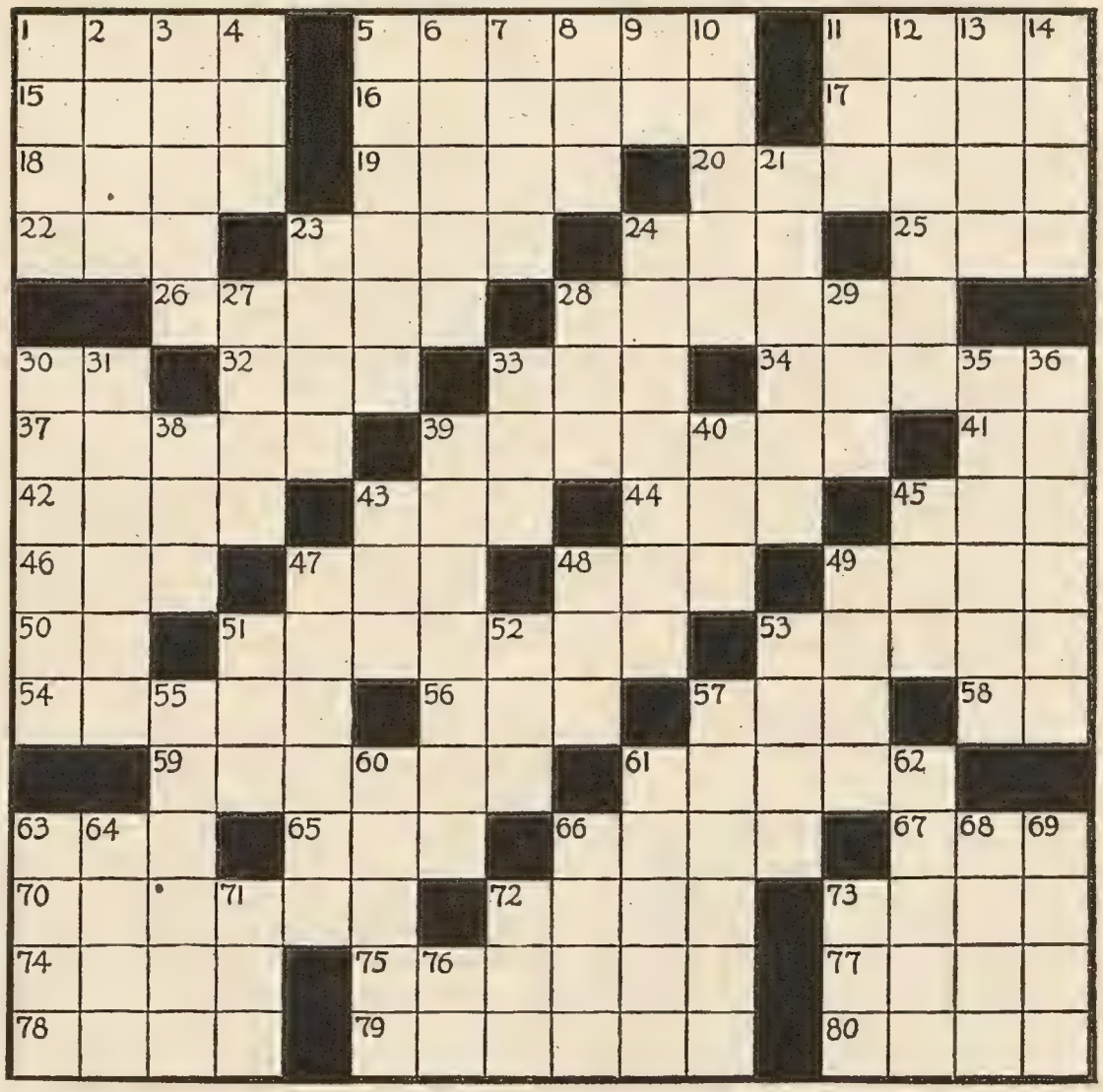
LUCKY TIGER


# Two New Puzzles:

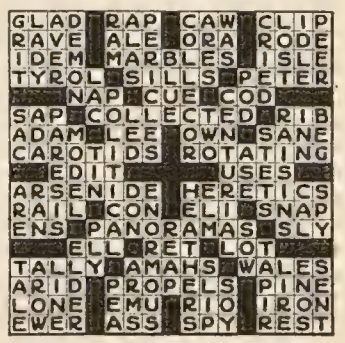


**HORIZONTAL**

1 Satisfy completely
5 Fruit (plural)
11 Nocturnal birds
15 Persian poet
16 Large gully
17 Envelop completely
18 Citrous fruit
19 On the highest point
20 City in Italy
22 Poem
23 Level
24 Stake
25 Spread for drying
26 Pigeons
28 A fertilizer
30 A state (initials)
32 By
33 Man's name shortened
34 Mourning hymn
37 More docile
39 Mocked
41 A preposition
42 A kiln
43 Put in place
44 Code call for help
45 High in the musical scale
46 Steep; immerse
47 Rotating piece
48 Devoured
49 Mohammedan magistrate
50 An adjective suffix
51 Distinguished performer
53 More certain
54 Trap
56 Inebriate
57 Entangle
58 Compass point
59 Emitted vapor
61 Make smooth
63 Scotch cap
65 Guided
66 A Scandinavian
67 Distinguished aviator
70 Excite to action
72 Dispatch
73 Pack away
74 Impudent
75 Luxurious residence
77 At this point
78 Relieve of tension
79 Denominated
80 Periods

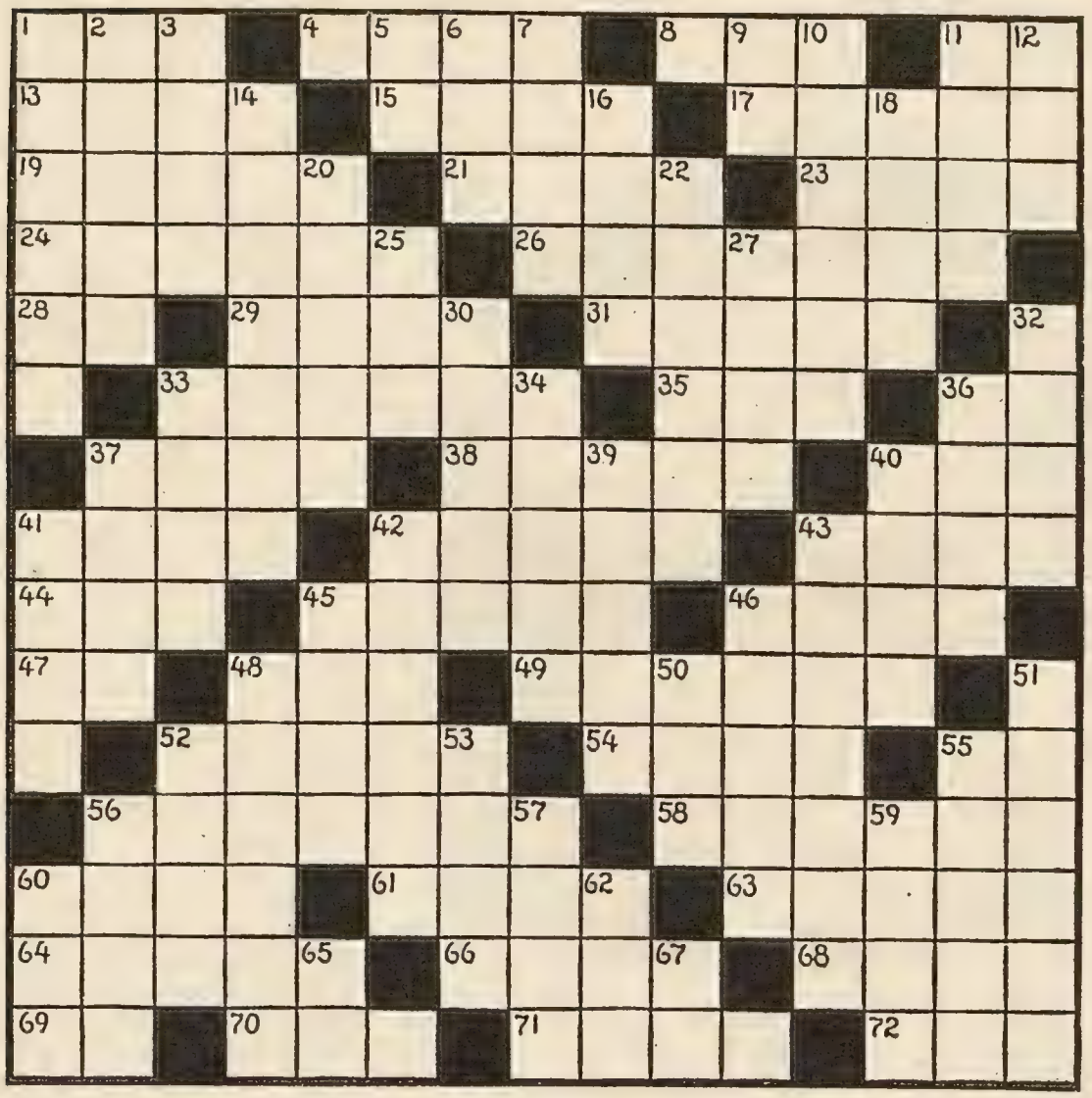
**VERTICAL**

1 Not concerted
2 Surrounded by
3 Brought to subjection
4 Sooner than
5 More deserving of serious thought
6 Classifications
7 A river in England
8 Small seed of a fruit
9 Prefix signifying in or onto
10 Cardinal number
11 Acknowledge
12 An author
13 Openwork fabric of silk, linen, or cotton
14 Hurried
21 Pieces for musical practice
23 Always
24 Fine cotton muslin
27 To disclose to view
28 Disfigure
29 Cause to be quit of
30 Stocks against a future time
31 Underground cavity
33 Fondle
35 Pertaining to a precious metal
36 Complete
38 Came together
39 Conveyed by will
40 Female hare
43 Perched
45 A river in Switzerland
47 Fishing baskets
48 Siamese coin
49 Attractive by reason of daintiness
51 Form of to be
52 To cover with turf
53 To preserve from injury
55 Protective covering (plural)
57 Repaired
60 Retains
61 Surgeon's implement
62 At a time to come
63 Binding fabric
64 Particular extent of surface
66 Distribute
68 Feminine proper name
69 Sheep
71 American Indian
72 Artful
73 Pronoun
76 Assimilated form of ad




**Answer to last week's puzzle**

# Take Your Choice

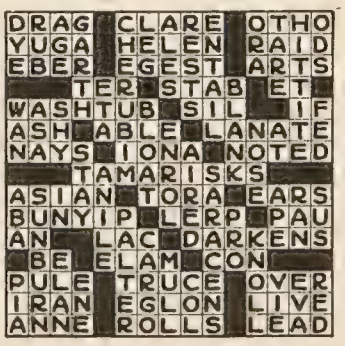


HORIZONTAL

1 School, as of seals and whales
4 Dexterous
8 Petal of a corolla
11 Symbol for copper
13 Star in the constellation Draco
15 Crop
17 Bower
19 Regenerate
21 Descendant of Shobal (Genesis xxxvi)
23 One twentieth of a grain
24 Small, short-billed auk
26 Pottery resembling ironstone china
28 Article
29 Object intended to be attained (plural)
31 Turns or twists, as of yarn
33 Throbbed
35 A pronoun
36 The symbol for tantalum
37 Knowing
38 Heavy harrows for breaking up ground
40 Obeisance
41 Descendants of a common ancestor
42 Moreover
43 Command or request to be present
44 Compass point
45 Thimble on the wooden arm of an axle
46 Canadian province (abbr.)
47 A fish
48 Rootstock of a fern
49 In India; a gorge
52 Greek letter
54 Star in the constellation Pegasus
55 Symbol for cerium
56 Fable
58 Move unsteadily
60 A bulrush
61 Semiprecious quartz
63 A king of the Jews
64 Cast or throw out
66 Male of the red deer
68 Rage
69 While
70 Man's name shortened
71 Large flat-bottomed boat
72 Man's nickname

VERTICAL

1 Sliding collar on a ship's mast
2 Ancient Greek theater
3 Nick
5 Prefix from the Greek; out of
6 Back or backward
7 Sharp specific flavor or tinge
9 Note of the scale
10 Hosts
11 Inclosure for small domestic animals
12 Suffix denoting act or process
14 Inasmuch as
16 Turn or twist out of shape
18 Small pieces or quantities
20 At the same time that
22 Malevolent
25 Printer's measures
27 Insect's eggs
30 A flock of herons
32 A jolly-boat
33 Coin of India
34 Flow off gradually
36 Weight of India
37 Staff of authority
39 Members of an indigenous race of Japan
40 A city in Maine
41 To control
42 With a crook or bend
43 Ascend or climb with difficulty
45 East Indian climbing shrub
46 Supreme being among Mohammedans
48 Most unusual
50 Rule of conduct or action
51 Gave attention to
52 Strong current of air
53 European mountains
55 A spice
56 Breed of dogs (plural)
57 Corrodes
59 Contemptuous name for a child
60 Beverage
62 One hundred thousand
65 Note of the scale
67 Pass from one spot to another




Answer to last week's puzzle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The skin hungers for Pasteurized Face Cream. And the longer it is left on, the more beneficial—*there is no necessity for washing it away.* Even oily and pimpled skins which rebel against the average cream, respond amazingly to Pasteurized Face Cream. 1.00

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Helena Rubinstein

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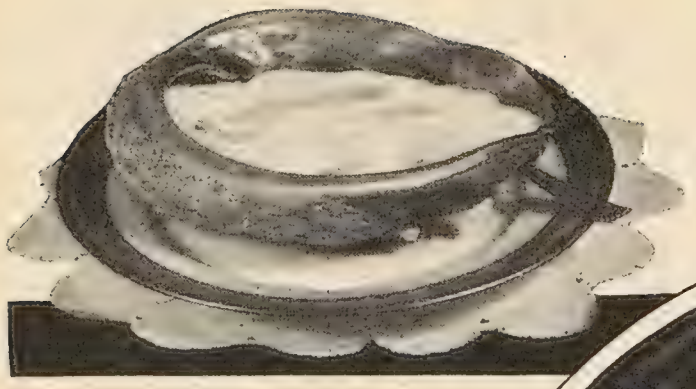
# Shell Cookery

By Ethel Somers



*Large shells, such as may be found on the seashore, make fine bowls for chowder.*

*The chilled fish appetizer served in scallop shells; and, above, shells filled with creamed fish, to be browned in the oven—a pleasant variation for serving Lenten meals.*

USING a wide range of fish species and flavors, a variety of methods in preparation, and variable forms of service are important factors in making Lenten menus interestingly palatable. For the luncheon fish service perhaps nothing adds more charm and distinction than serving the chowder, the salad, the creamed fish, and the soufflé in attractive fish shells.

Such service makes a dainty food even daintier, and the shells keep hot viands hot and chilled salads cold. Their use will often cause more interest and comment than would that of the finest china. They may be had in quantities at small cost. And their use need not be confined to the service of fish.

## *Fish Chowder*

- ½ pound salt codfish, freshened
- 2 to 4 white or Bermuda onions
- 1 cup water
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 3 medium potatoes, sliced and diced
- 1 tablespoon butter or 2 tablespoons cubed, fried salt pork
- 1 quart milk
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
- ¼ teaspoon pepper

SOAK the salt codfish in a quantity of cold water, preferably with the fish suspended on a rack near the top of the water. Slice the onions in a large kettle with a tight fitting cover. Add half of the water and simmer onions until parboiled, or about fifteen minutes. Add the potatoes cut in half-inch cubes and the other half cup of water. Cook until the potatoes are parboiled—about ten minutes. Break or cut the soaked fish into flakes. Add to the potato mixture, together with the remaining ingredients, except the parsley. Simmer gently (never boil) until the fish is tender—about fifteen minutes. Add the parsley and serve hot with hot crackers that have been sprinkled with cheese and browned in the oven.

## *Scalloped Fish*

- 1 pound haddock, halibut, cod, or salmon fillets
- 1½ cups cream sauce
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ½ to 1 cup grated American cheese
- ½ tablespoon lemon juice
- ½ cup chopped parsley
- Paprika

DIVIDE the cleaned fish into pieces one-quarter inch thick and one inch square. Pour some of the cream sauce into the bottom of a shallow buttered baking dish. Cover this with a sprinkling of cheese and a layer of fish. Sprinkle with some of the salt and pepper, parsley, and lemon juice. Repeat for three layers, topping with grated cheese, minced parsley, and paprika. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for forty minutes or until brown. Bake in shells, if desired.

IN planning meals during Lent, Ethel Somers' three cookbooks, prepared for LIBERTY readers, are invaluable. In them you will find recipes for fritter batter; lobster, anchovy, tuna-fish, halibut-cucumber, shrimp, and frozen fish salads; fish as well as other sandwiches; and savory rice for stuffing fish. You will also learn the best methods of baking, frying, and creaming fish, and how to make fish loaf and croquettes. These cookbooks cost ten cents apiece, or you may have all three for only twenty-five cents. Please use the coupon.

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## *Oyster Stuffing for Baked Fish*

- 2 cups stale bread crumbs
- 2 cups oysters, cut
- ¼ cup melted butter
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ½ green pepper, chopped
- 1 tablespoon chili sauce, if desired

CUT the oysters in thirds with a pair of shears kept in the kitchen for such use. Mix the ingredients until well blended. Moisten the inside of the fish to be stuffed with a sprinkling of lemon juice. Sprinkle lightly with salt and butter which has been cut in fine pieces. Add the stuffing and skewer the opening shut before baking.

For another service, this stuffing may be covered with buttered bread crumbs and, if desired, a sprinkling of cheese, and baked in scallop shells.

## *Broiled Fish Fillets*

- 1½ to 2 pounds fish fillets
- 1 tablespoon butter or oil
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper or ½ teaspoon paprika

FILLETS of salmon, sable fish, shad, mackerel, herring, lake trout, or whitefish may be selected. Lay the fish, skin side down, on a heat-proof glass platter or greased broiling rack. Sprinkle with the seasonings. If a fish broiler is available, it is wise to turn the skin side up at the start for one or two minutes, to crisp the skin. Then reverse the fillets and scatter the seasonings on the flesh side. Broil close to a high broiling flame (500° F.) from eight to twelve minutes, according to the thickness of the fish. Serve with lemon wedges rolled in chopped parsley or sprinkled with paprika.

## *Braised Fish Fillets*

- 1½ to 2 pounds fish fillets
- 2 small or 1 medium onion, sliced thin
- 2 cups of the pulp of canned tomatoes
- ½ cup tomato juice
- ½ cup powdered bread crumbs buttered with 2 tablespoons melted butter
- ¼ cup grated cheese
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons butter

WHEN buying fish to be braised, select halibut, striped bass, haddock, cod, red snapper, or pike. Place the fish fillets on an oiled heat-proof glass platter or fish rack. Slice the onion over the top. Sprinkle with the salt, pepper, and butter finely cut. Cover with a layer of tomato pulp, then the buttered crumbs and cheese. Pour the tomato juice into the bottom of the pan and bake in a hot oven (425° F.) for thirty minutes.

# Fashion Facts for SPRING

By BETTINA BEDWELL

*Paris.*

PARIS is giving out spring style statistics. At the great spring fashion shows of the grande couture they are telling us in fabric, cut, and line what we should wear to be chic. The dresses, coats, and suits contain all the important fashion facts for spring. Applying these facts appropriately means being right with the world so far as appearance goes.

Here are some of them. I'll tell you the rest soon. First of all, the spring silhouette will have trimly fitted hips and a slim length of limb line which will accent slenderness. Skirts will come well below the knees. Waistlines will be placed high on the hips, or they will rise to the normal line. However, notwithstanding this, the general effect of the blouse will be one of length, for the skirt will not begin to flare until below the hipline.

Skirts will flare by incorporating some part of the circle much more often than by the plait. Freedom of movement will be absolutely essential, and no hampering narrowness of hem will be tolerated. Daytime hems will, largely, travel around in a straight line.

Fabrics will be supremely important. This means that you will choose the exclusive material rather than the popular if you aim at a distinctive chic. Variation and novelty will be essential. Printed materials will have both large and small figures, geometric and floral. This means woolens, silks, and cottons. In silks for practical uses there will be much less crêpe de chine, and many more shantungs, tussahs, pongees, and even China silks.

Coats that give importance to the back will be new and chic. They will be of any length. Flares in the coat will, in many of the smartest ensembles, repeat the flare of the frock.

You will see, and partake of, a greatly increased formality for afternoon. You will strive for the girlish effect which is produced by softness, suppleness, lingerie details, and fluttery scarfs and bows. Diagonal lines, tiers, and flounces will break up long lines.

Erickson has sketched for you four of the Paris models that carry important style facts for spring.

The Schiaparelli ensemble in blue, green, and gray tweed has a coat with a very distinguished back flare. It is achieved by inverted plaits from a pointed shoulder yoke. The soft scarf collar is important. The frock, with its tucked-in blouse and suspendered skirt of tweed, is novel and chic. This skirt is flared by set-in circular gores.

*The sleeves give cachet to this black jersey coat. The frock is of black and white silk.*

*This shantung suit from Cheruit has a flared jacket and circular skirt.*

*Paris revives the shirt-waist dress in two tones of blue jersey.*

*Schiaparelli signs this blue and green tweed ensemble with its not quite full-length coat.*

OUR first sketch, from Schiaparelli, illustrates one of the new spring ensembles, with a frock of black and white silk. The coat of black jersey flares gently from the shoulders and has sleeves which are plaited and caught under a band at the elbows.

The left-hand sketch below is a simple shantung suit from Cheruit. The short flaring jacket is amber in color. The square-necked blouse and circular skirt of yellow are joined by a closely fitted curved yoke.

Alongside of it is shown the shirt-waist dress, a Paris spring favorite. Marcel Rochas makes this frock in light and medium blue jersey, with a trim blouse, fitted skirt yoke, and plaited lower skirt. The belt is of light blue leather.

*Movie Stars— Who Have Their Choice of the World's Best— are Skating on*

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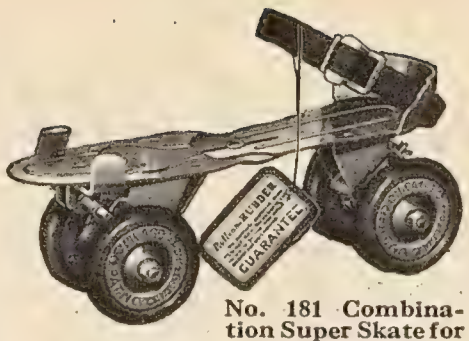
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
**Rubber Tire Roller Skates**
*"Speed Without Noise"*

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*"O, Gee!— Grandma's Coming Downstairs— Rheumatism's Gone"*

LARGEST SELLING RHEUMATIC TABLET IN THE WORLD


# *Oily Glands, Oily Face*

By EILEEN BOURNE

IN the misfortunes that visit blonde and brunette skins, the dark one feels keenly the favoritism shown her rival type.

"What," she asks, "is a dry, sensitive skin compared to a complexion that oozes oil at every pore?"

The truth is that there is very little choice in troubled complexions between the excess-oil characteristics of the brunette skin and the barren-oil-gland characteristics of the blonde. It may be said for brunettes that while they agonize over a shiny nose, a smudgy look around it, and the ravages or fears of acne, they are in less danger of early wrinkling than their oil-gland-impoverished fair sisters.

The oil or sebaceous glands that "gush," to the detriment of the surface covered, must first be recognized as being in a more or less diseased condition. Local treatment is highly recommended, but only after internal treatment is rigorously attended to.

Faulty bowel action or anæmia is said by our best skin authorities to be a condition found in almost every case of skin greasiness. Where a tonic is needed, and it often is, from reputable medical sources comes the recommendation to take advantage of the "solid sunlight" found in cod-liver oil. To overcome constipation and its greasy skin contributions, colonic irrigations, enemas, mineral oils, or some good cathartic are advised.

A reformed diet for this and other reasons is strongly advocated. Substitute starches, sweets, fat meats, and gravies with eggs, vegetables, fruits not too sweet, lean meats, and cheese. Bread should be cut down to minimum consumption; spices, condiments, alcohol, coffee, and tea eliminated entirely; and water drunk copiously and regularly between and after meals. Then, plenty of fresh air and sunlight.

Warm water, rather than hot, or face steamings, with the faith that moves mountains in the cold water or ice rub that follows the cleansing, come first in recommendations for local care. Soap you must use for the face bath. And, unless you use a lotion especially prepared for an oily skin, use nothing of a cosmetic nature on your face.

The more complicated lotions which may be used effectively contain sulphur, mercury, salicylic acid, and resorcin. But there are simple antiseptics for amateur preparation. Vinegar diluted with water is one. Boric acid mixed with camphor water is another good cosmetic for oily skin. Alcohol, lemon juice, witch-hazel, toilet water, or toilet vinegar may be used to wipe off the grease, or a few drops of benzoin added to the last cold-water rinse may be used.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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# The Murders on the Roof

*Molly Reaches the End of Her Adventure*

*in*

## Edward Doherty's

*Serial of Mystery on Broadway*

*Pictures by* Dalton Stevens

*Finn brought his hands down over Molly's head, encircling her, holding her prisoner. In each of his hands was an automatic.*

Part Ten—(Conclusion)

MOLLY did not believe Chet Qug had had any part in the murder of Spots Larkin—though she realized Platt had summoned him for questioning. He must have some good reason for it. She would wait patiently to find out what it was. There were so many things she must wait for!

"Ted," she said, "you did fire a shot, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"But—did you fire at him? Did you see Marcia there? Did you come after she left? Did you—"

"Whoa!" he said, smiling at her.

"I can't help asking questions."

"Molly, I climbed that skyscraper across the street—with a cop after me. I talked him into helping me. We rigged up a sort of bridge over the street. And I jumped on to the roof."

"Ted! And you weren't frightened?"

"I was never so scared in my life—until I got used to it. There was one ladder that added years to my life. I'll never be young again."

"You jumped!"

"It was nothing. I'd jump over the moon for you."

"You jumped! On that gravel roof. And you in your stocking feet!"

"Ah, but I didn't land on my feet."

They smiled at each other.

"And I didn't fall on gravel, Molly. I fell on some steel plates, and slid. They were covered with ice and snow."

"But the shot, Ted—"

"Oh, yes. I tried to get into the elevator downstairs, and when I came out of that argument I was going to the lockup with the cop—and I found a gun in my pocket. They had tried to frame me. I had the gun jammed into the band of my trousers when I landed.

"I had it in my hand when I came into the den—I bet Platt has my footprints on that map the reporters are looking at. Well—you can imagine how numb my hands were. They didn't feel like hands at all.

"Molly, when that shot went off I was more scared than anybody in the world. I didn't see anybody in that

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[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF
Continued from page sixty-seven]

room. And there I was, blazing away at the wall. Platt saw that bullet hole as soon as he opened the door. I could see him looking at it."

"Ted Morehouse—you were going to kill Carozzo!"

"I was. Rather than see you—"

"Don't," she said.

For a long moment they looked at each other, satisfied by what they saw, glad.

"Molly," her father whispered, "everybody's looking at you. Especially the reporters."

She laughed.

"And how they're aching to get away and write about *you!*" she said. "In a little while all the tickers will be boiling like coffee, in newspaper offices all over the country. In a little while boys will be running through the streets in the big cities, in the little towns, crying, 'Anthony Sommers Innocent.' Aren't you thrilled?"

He arched his eyebrows and stared at her.

"And Bill Edens will print your picture on the front page," she added. She began taking off her heavy coat. Ted helped her.

"How do you know so much about newspapers?" Anthony Sommers asked.

"I'll tell you later," she said. "There's Qug!"

Chet Qug was staring at her. He stood before Platt's table, his back turned to Platt, and there was a bewildered look on his face.

"Geez!" he said. "Eileen Drew! What's it all about?"

"Mr. Qug!"

Qug wheeled.

"And you're the commissioner of police! Geez! My pal the boss cop of the town. What's it all about?"

"Sit down, Chet. I simply want to ask you a few questions. You were here yesterday morning. You probably know who threw this spindle at Mr. Morehouse."

"Of course I do. But, geez, you don't think I'm goin' to squeal, do you? I ain't no cop, Geoff."

"Chet, very serious consequences attend on your telling. Eileen Drew, it turns out, is Molly Sommers, the daughter of Anthony Sommers. She came to this cabaret to find out who framed her father. She thought Carozzo and Pio Mora knew—and so she let them make love to her, hoping to catch them off their guard and make them talk. It didn't work, as you know.

"We have proved this morning that Anthony Sommers did not kill Larkin."

"GEEZ. Everybody knows he was framed. Why don't you put the screws on Big Joe? I don't know anything. And even if I did—I ain't no canary, and I don't sing. See?"

"Carozzo's dead."

"The hell you say! Well—all right. I told him I'd croak him. Go on. Ask me something. But you ain't goin' to railroad me."

Platt laughed at him gently.

"Don't worry, Chet. Marcia killed him. She made a confession. What I'm trying to get at now is, who killed Larkin? And I think if you can tell us who threw the spindle at Morehouse, we can find out who thrust the other spindle into Larkin's neck."

"Well, have you sprung Sommers?"

"He's never been in jail."

"And I never been in a fight. Come clean with me, Geoff Platt. What do you mean, he's never been in jail?"

"Just that," said Platt.

"But it don't make sense."

Platt smiled at him, and then at the reporters.

"You boys are going to have a full newspaper written before you get out of here," he said. "I thought I'd get this over quick and then supply all the details. But Mr. Qug needs proof.

"Anthony Sommers never went to Sing Sing because he was pardoned by the governor immediately after his sentence.

"You see, Chet, I knew Sommers was innocent—not only because I took the diamond from Spots Larkin, but because Sommers was drugged. I sailed to Europe with the diamond as soon as I could. I had to leave Sommers to his fate, but I trusted in his ability. I thought he could easily get a jury to acquit him. But he insisted on telling the truth—and that convicted him.

"I came back to New York while the jury was still considering his fate. I was fortunate at finding my brother here."

"The senator, eh?"

"Yes, the senator. Together we went to the courtroom. We got there just as Sommers was being sentenced. We went directly into the judge's chambers. We took Mr. Keen with us. We explained everything to him and to the judge. We, the four of us, got in touch with the governor. He happened to be at the Biltmore.

"THE pardon was signed in half an hour, and the prison authorities and the parole officers, and others who might talk, were cautioned to keep silence until we had an opportunity to ferret out the truth. The warden at Sing Sing was instructed to say that Sommers was in the hospital, and that no one was allowed to see him. Mr. Sommers wanted exoneration, naturally, but said he preferred to wait until we could prove his innocence before we made it public.

"To make it simpler Mr. Sommers went abroad with my father."

"Yes," said Sommers, laughing. "We bought a couple

*She sat up. Finn's guns were empty; but Mora was still clutching those thin wrists.*

of raincoats and went to Portland, Oregon. Later we spent some time in Japan."

"Mr. Sommers is one of my father's most capable attorneys now," Platt said.

"I pass," said Qug. He turned and looked at Sommers, gave him a nod, and smiled at Molly.

"Geez, Eileen," he said, "I'm—I'm glad. I always said you were the squarest dame that ever hit the street. Didn't I?."

Platt's question swung him around again: "Who threw that spindle?"

"As long as Sommers is sprung," Qug answered, "what difference does it make?"

"You won't tell?"

"Am I a rat?"

He stood up, kicking back his chair. He looked about the room, at the newspaper men, the detectives, at Theresa and Mora and Mickey Finn, at Molly and Ted and Anthony Sommers, at the waiter who was known as Flat Wheel.

"I can send a guy to the chair," he said slowly. "And you think I'll do it? Why? Because he killed a louse like that wop Larkin? Hell! Let the grand wopera go on doin' their own killin'. I won't chirp."

"All right," said Platt. "You may go now."

"Keep the change."

Qug shook hands with Molly.

"You're goin' to marry the big guy, kid?" he asked.

"As soon as possible," Molly said, for all the room to hear.

"Atta baby!"

He shook hands with Ted, too.

"Boy, you better take that kid out of New York," he said. "There's a couple of news hounds over there, there's Platt, the millionaire cop, there's that guy Mora you plunked so pretty the other night—and there's me—all of us downhearted. Good luck—and for the love of lucre, the next time you fight a guy, don't lead with your right."

"CAPTAIN O'MALLEY," Platt called, "manacle these three men. They've been searched. No—sorry! Only Mora has been searched."

Mora and the waiter held out their wrists for the cuffs, but Finn objected.

"What right have you got to hold me?" he asked. His little red eyes burned in his pasty face.

"Never mind the right," said O'Malley. The steel bracelets clicked. "Now let's see what kind of rod you got on you. Stand up!"

Deftly the police officer's hands made their search. He found a pearl-handled automatic in Finn's dinner coat.

"Ah hah!" he said, his bulldog face all smiles. "What right have I got, you say? Siddown!"

Molly wondered if Finn were wearing his elbow guns. Apparently not, since O'Malley hadn't found them. No, he couldn't be wearing them now—that's why he had the other gun. She looked at his loose wide sleeves. If he did have his guns . . . She was tempted to whisper something to Platt about the matter, thought better of it.

"Gum and a gun," O'Malley said.

He poured three handfuls of gum packages into a handkerchief, and brought them to Platt's desk.

"The greatest gum chewer in New York," he said. Keen snickered and winked at Platt.

O'Malley now searched Aiello. Aiello was frightened. His nostrils quivered. And he blushed.

The captain took from one pocket a piece of cake wrapped in a napkin, from another pocket a bottle of olive oil, half full. There were salted nuts and raisins in other pockets, lumps of sugar, a stick of celery, a chicken sandwich in oiled paper.

O'Malley chuckled.

"Well, you won't starve where you're going, anyway," he said, snapping the handcuffs on the shaking wrists. "Siddown. It ain't lunch time yet."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF
Continued from page sixty-nine]

Solemnly O'Malley placed on Platt's table the contents of the waiter's pockets.

"I let them keep their dough," he said, "so they won't be saying later that I robbed them."

"Thank you, captain," Platt said. "Gentlemen, I think it is time now to explain about the diamond you have described as the 'Larkin diamond.'"

He played with the packages of gum as he had seen Mickey Finn play with them, built log houses of them, knocked them down, built them up again, seemed absorbed in the play.

"As a matter of fact the jewel in question belonged to a Belgian family. There is a legend concerning it, mythical probably, but interesting nevertheless.

"The story is that the diamond came into the possession of this family at the time Cæsar invaded Belgium. One of those ancient Belgæ—'fortissimi sunt Belgæ' Cæsar wrote of them—spared the life of a Roman officer he had wounded, and was given the diamond as a token of gratitude. Probably mythical, as I said. The Belgian may have killed the Roman and stolen the jewel. I don't know.

"The story goes on to tell how the mercy shown by the Belgian—the mercy and the courage, I should say—went into the diamond and remained there, to bless all those who rightfully wore it. The first Belgian hero gave it to his son, and became the grandfather of a great soldier.

"At any rate, this stone has come down through countless years to the eldest sons in the de Mournay family. The father has given it to the son upon his wedding day. The son has given it to his wife, and she has always—so the legend goes—borne a child who grew to be a distinguished man. It is known as the Fortissimi diamond.

"During the war the Count Jules de Mournay, the elder, was impoverished. The Germans overran his property, worked his coal mines, occupied his châteaux, left him nothing but his personal possessions. Among these, of course, was the diamond.

"After the war he found it impossible to work his mines. He could not pay wages. His châteaux had been burned, his orchards cut down, his fields ruined, his live stock stolen. He must get money, much money. And he could get it only by pledging his fabulous diamond.

"Fortunately—"

PLATT paused, and the gum house he had built fell and was scattered.

"This is a very delicate subject, gentlemen," he said. "I had hoped that I might avoid touching on it. But I see no way out but to tell the truth of it, and trust to your discretion."

He built up the packages of gum, and went on, staring at them.

"Of course you know," he said at length, "that I am related by marriage to the de Mournays. My sister Eleanor is the wife of the present head of that house, the young Count Jules.

"At the time of which I speak, however, the young people had not met. The older count came to this city. He came to my father with the diamond. And my father was able to help him.

"My father did not want the diamond as security. He would have been satisfied to take the old man's notes. He had visited the count's estates some years before the war. He had seen the count's mines. He knew that the count would be able, in due time, to repay the loan with interest.

"But Count Jules insisted that my father keep the diamond, explaining that he, the count, would thus have a greater incentive to restore his fortunes than if he were merely attempting to repay a loan."

Mickey Finn interrupted.

"My throat's dry," he said. "Give me a stick of that gum, for God's sake."

Heedless of him, Platt continued:

"My father kept the diamond. He had a duplicate made of it. And he put both the original and the duplicate in the safe of our home in Larchmont.

"All barbers, I guess, are bald. My father is a railroad man, but he is also a banker. He owns safety vaults. He advertises their safety as the bald-headed barber advertises his hair tonics. He is proud of their burglar-proof qualities. And so—and so he put this priceless diamond in a little old safe in his home, and left it there.

"I was in this city when I learned of my sister's engagement. My father wrote me of it, and asked me to come at once to Paris and to bring with me the Fortissimi diamond. I went at once to Larchmont. The safe had been opened. The diamond was gone—with other jewels."

"For God's sake! Just one little piece of gum!"

PLATT smiled at Mickey Finn, but it was a smile that had no humor in it.

"In a little while—perhaps," he said, and turned away from him. "I cabled my father," he continued. "I told him I would come as soon as it was possible. And I set to work to find the diamond. I hired detectives, men and women. I hired crooks and set them to watching other crooks. I had several of them in Carozzo's spaghetti joint in the Village. I had several in other dives.

"Of course we had tried to find fingerprints of the thieves. There were none. We had no clews whatever until I learned that a man known as Spots had a diamond he wanted to sell—a diamond he said was 'as big as a coconut.'

"It took us a week to locate Spots. It took several days to learn that he was negotiating with Carozzo. And on the night of May 14 I learned that he would come to this cabaret, with the diamond in his possession."

One of the packages with which Platt was toying broke. A white powder spilled out of it.

"Cocaine," he said. "I thought so. You want cocaine, Mickey, not gum."

"Yes," Finn said. He began to shake. He seemed to shrivel, sitting there in his chair. Molly could not look at him.

"You not only use cocaine," Platt said, "but you have peddled it, too. You peddled it as gum. Pio Mora used to sell it concealed in banana skins."

"Ees all lie!" said Mora, without lifting his head. His voice was so low that Molly scarcely heard it.

"On the night of May 14, Mickey, I found the Larkin diamond that you and your pal, Spots Larkin, stole from my father's house."

"You got nothing on me," Finn snarled, his wrists jerking so that the steel cuffs bit into his flesh.

Platt walked close to him, a gum package in his hand.

"Give me it," Finn begged. He stretched out his queer long arms. "I did crack your lousy box. I copped the stone. What more do you want?"

"You stole the rubies too, did you not?"

"Yes."

"You sold them to Carozzo?"

"Are you going to torture me all night? Yes. I sold them to him, damn him—and he cheated me."

With despair he saw Platt put the gum back in his pocket. He began to curse, to rage. Two policemen held him in his chair. Platt waited until he began again to plead.

"This is the necklace, is it not?" he asked, holding it up in front of him.

Molly gasped. Her necklace! How had Platt recovered it? Her necklace? Certainly not. It was Platt's. She wondered if all the jewelry Carozzo had given her had been stolen: the pendant, the earrings he had rolled out on the glass top of his desk an hour ago.

"Yes," Finn shouted, "that's the necklace. I wish I never seen it! Please, for God's sake, give me a snifter, Mr. Platt. Just a little snifter. I'm all shot to hell. Can't you see how I need it?"

Platt poured a stream of powder on to the back of one of Finn's shaking hands. The gum wrapper floated to the floor as he sniffed. Anthony Sommers jumped at the sight of it, and Platt said quickly:

"You took a sniff or two before you killed your pal, Spots Larkin, didn't you?"

Finn straightened, seemed to grow taller. His face changed. His legs and arms stopped jerking. He laughed.

"You got nothing on me," he said again.

Platt put away the rubies and took from his vest pocket a little card. He held it up before the prisoner.

"Ever seen it before?" he asked.

Finn blinked but said nothing. Platt turned to O'Malley.

"It seems," he said, "that Finn must have mistaken the duplicate for the real diamond. I admit it had more sparkle to it. So he gave to Larkin the thing he thought was a duplicate—and he sold the other in a pawnshop. I'll bet he was surprised when he found it wasn't worth over fifty dollars. I'll bet you kicked yourself, didn't you, Mickey?"

"I don't get you," O'Malley said. "If he sold the duplicate in a pawnshop, how come you had it to put in Larkin's pocket?"

"He did sell it," Platt explained. "The thing I put in Larkin's pocket wasn't the duplicate of the Fortissimi diamond—it was just a piece of glass I had a jeweler make for me. Call it a decoy, if you will."

*Ted was looking at her. And as she ran to him, he stood up.*

"And he wrote his name on the pawnbroker's card, eh?"

"Not his own name—but it's in his handwriting. I've got three experts who will swear to that."

"I see it now," said O'Malley. "He gave away the real diamond by mistake, and when he found out what he had done he was mad enough to murder. He moseyed into the den to take it away from Larkin. And when he found Larkin had nothing at all—he croaked him. I'll be damned!"

"Try and prove it," Finn challenged.

Platt turned to Anson Keen.

"Mr. Keen," he said, "will you please tell Mickey Finn what you have discovered on those gum wrappers that were found by Sergeant Hanson in the wastebasket?"

"With pleasure," said Keen. "We found some particles of cocaine, and a number of fingerprints. I have the report of the fingerprint experts here somewhere, if you want it—all about whorls and loops and stuff like that. Very technical. Shall I read it?"

"NO, please don't," said Platt. "We're all tired, and I dare say a bit hungry—and these reporters want to get out of here sometime. Keep them here all day and they'll never write a story at all. Just tell us whose fingerprints you found on those wrappers."

"Mickey Finn's," said Keen. "There are four or five perfectly developed prints."

"And the photographs of fingerprints on the spindle—you have examined those too?"

"Are you going to make me reveal all the state's evidence?"

"I am."

"But, Geoff—"

"You didn't reveal much of your evidence against Anthony Sommers, you will remember," Platt reminded him. "You convicted him—and he was innocent. I think you can afford to let Mr. Finn see what you have against him before we ask him to make a confession. Don't you?"

"I don't—but this is your party. And if you want it—here it is. We found two prints on the spindle base—that is, on the photograph of the spindle base—two prints made by Anthony Sommers, rather blurred, but they were sufficiently plain for us to identify them. Three prints made by the fingers of Pio Mora. Two made by Carozzo. And five very clear prints made by the right-hand fingers of Mickey Finn."

"Now, this spindle that was thrown by someone here yesterday—your fingerprint men examined that thoroughly, did they not?"

"They did."

"Whose fingerprints did they find?"

"Pio Mora's and Mickey Finn's."

"Good prints?"

"Excellent."

"Still you got nothing on me," Finn bellowed. "You got just as much on Mora as you have on me."

"So far, yes," said Platt. "But when I tell you we also have your fingerprints on those receipts— You remember Mora said he did not touch those papers. He said somebody else cleaned off that spindle. There is no print of his on any of them."

FINN'S sharp jaw stuck out, but only for a moment. Then it dropped. He seemed to be on the point of surrender. His long hands fell limply between his knees, the cuffs striking the rung of his chair.

"I didn't kill Larkin," he said, "but if you let me have a word with Miss Drew—in private—I'll tell you who did kill him!"

Ted Morehouse started, his big fists clenched tight. "The murderous rat," he said. "Speak to you? I'll—"

"But, Ted—" Molly smiled fondly at him, but her chin showed rebellion. "But, Ted, perhaps he really has something to tell me."

"Don't go near him," her father warned her. "He's up to some trick. See how his shifty eyes are looking all around the room—looking for a way to escape."

Molly stood up, brushing away their fears with a light laugh. "Ever since I heard of the Larkin murder," she said, "I've wanted to know who murdered him. This man says he knows. He's manacled. He's in a room full of policemen. What trick can help him?"

She started toward Finn before they could stop her. Platt stood in her way.

"Give me a moment, please," he said. He took her hand and walked with her toward the door of the den.

"Molly," he said earnestly, "I don't want you to talk to that man. I have no idea what's in his mind, but I can assure you it isn't anything good. He's desperate—playing for time."

"But—with all these men around, and every one of them with a gun—what can he do?" Molly asked.

"But he's a hop-head, Molly. And hop-heads can't be trusted, even in jail. But that isn't the reason I took you over here. I wanted to explain about the rubies."

"You don't have to explain, Geoff," she said softly.

"But I do," he insisted. "You see—it was I who stole them from you."

"You?"

"My crook friends have been good teachers," he said, looking into her deep gray eyes. "I took them from your neck while you were attending to Carozzo. I didn't want them to be found on you, because—because they were stolen. And because—because I wanted to give them to you myself. I didn't want you to remember Carozzo

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[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF
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when you wore them. I wanted you to remember me."

"But, Geoff—I can't take them from you. They're too valuable."

"But you took them from Carozzo. Oh—I know why you took them. But—"

"No, Geoff. I did take them from Carozzo. But I didn't want them. I was glad when they were stolen. They made me feel—ugh!—as if I had sold myself to him for a mess of red pebbles."

"We are friends, Molly?"

"The best of friends, Geoff."

"You would not marry me—but wouldn't you like me to be happy?"

"Oh, Geoff, you know I would."

"Then let me have this little pleasure of giving you these rubies. They are nothing to me. I can't wear them. I can't spend them. I shall only lock them up in a vault and leave them there."

"But some day there will be a girl—"

He shook his head.

"Some day you may have a niece," she reminded him.

"Will you compromise?" he asked. "Let me give you one of these rubies for a ring—and I'll keep the others for my niece. Will you, Molly?"

"Yes," she said. "But it must be the smallest ruby of the lot."

"I'll pick it," he said. He turned to lead her back to her father.

"I'm sorry I can't be at your wedding," he said. "I must take this man to Keen's office; and I don't know how long it will be before he makes his confession."

"You think he killed Larkin?"

"I'm sure of it."

Molly was so absorbed in the change that had come over Platt's thin face that she did not see Mickey Finn running toward her—not until it was too late.

Finn came with his handcuffed hands raised high above his head. He came running, crying, "Mr. Platt! Mr. Platt!" And before Platt was aware of his intention, Finn had brought his hands down over Molly's head, down to her waist, encircling her, holding her prisoner. In each of his hands was an automatic—his elbow guns.

He turned her violently around so that he stood with his back to the door of the den, his face to Platt. Molly's arms were pinioned to her sides, her head was on his breast. She tried to free herself. She could not.

"Keep still," he said. Molly obeyed, frightened.

"Hands in the air," Finn cried. "If anyone makes a move I'll kill the girl!"

"Do as he says!" Platt commanded.

A MOMENT before the room had been buzzing with conversation. Now it was so still Molly could hear men breathing. Finn snarled out orders. His jaw was in her hair. And his breath. She tried to jerk her head away. His right arm tightened about her, hurting her.

"Get over on that side of the room," Finn ordered. "All of youse! Quick!"

He laughed as they complied.

"Mora," he said, "take the key out of that fat-headed cop's vest."

She heard heavy steps, the jingle of earrings.

"Unlock them cuffs."

Molly waited, heard the sound of metal falling on the floor. Finn's cuffs? No. The waiter's, perhaps.

"You—Flat Wheel."

"Yes, sir," she heard the waiter's voice.

"Take them cuffs off Mora. And then you two guys frisk all these dicks."

He laughed. "A fine lot of chumps youse are," he called. "You thought you had Mickey Finn, eh?"

Again Molly tried to jerk away. She could not endure holding her head so. She heard quick feet coming toward her: a man running. She heard a shot. She screamed.

"Ted! Ted, are you hurt?"

"It's nothing." It was Ted's voice. He had fallen to the floor. He was lying there, bleeding—dying, perhaps—and she couldn't see him, couldn't go to him.

"Quick, Mora," Finn called. "Open these cuffs on me. And you, Flat Wheel—"

"Let the doctor go to him," Molly begged. Thank God the medical examiner was still here.

"Let him croak!" Finn said. "Flat Wheel—get busy. Line them guys up, and frisk them. Pile their guns on that table, and then bring the table here. Anybody makes a move, shoot."

"I'm all right, Molly," Ted was saying. "It's only a scratch. In my leg."

She waited—an interminable time. She pictured the line of men standing on the far side of the room, under the balcony, faces to the wall, hands in the air; pictured Mora and the waiter searching them, taking guns, billies, clubs.

In a little while these three men would escape from the room. Must she go with them? Away from Ted? That could not be! Ted lying on the floor, a few feet away from her, wounded, bleeding, with no one to help him!

"Make a tourniquet, Ted," she called.

"I'm making one, dear," he said.

"Shut up!"

AGAIN Mora's heavy tread and the jingling of his earrings. He was coming to unlock Finn's handcuffs.

She felt the pressure of Finn's arms slacken, heard the key clink on the steel of the gyves, felt herself free. She dropped through the arms that had held her prisoner, squirmed aside, felt a hand in her hair, and heard Finn's voice crying, "Get up, you—"

As she jerked away she heard shots close to her—so close they stunned her. Finn was shooting at Mora. Mora's great hands were holding Finn's thin wrists, and Finn was shooting from both guns.

She lay between their feet, looking up. Mora stepped over her, carefully, pushing Finn back, holding on to his wrists, letting him shoot.

She sat up, caught a glimpse of Finn's face. What must he see in Mora's face to put such terror in him?

Finn's guns were empty; but Mora was still upright, still clutching those thin wrists. He staggered, coughed, and Finn wrenched loose his hands, and ran.

He darted through the den, through the French window, across the roof toward the spot where the fire escape had been—the fire escape that had been removed.

He turned, perhaps to see if he were pursued, turned, still running. The act caused him to slip on the steel plates, to fall. He fell headlong on to the bridge. He screamed. His hands caught a girder, but it was covered with ice and he could not hold on to it. His fingers slipped from it, and he dropped.

Molly stared at the place where his hands had been, still seeing the clutching frantic fingers slipping. She pictured his body falling, falling, crashing on the ground. His last scream was echoing in her ears.

She rose from the floor, leaned against the wall, and saw Mora lying at her feet. His wife was dipping her finger in his blood and making the sign of the cross.

Platt caught her as she swayed. His face was ashen.

"You're—all right?" he asked.

"All right," she said. "Ted?"

"Only a flesh wound."

Molly did not see the rabbit-faced waiter slumped on a chair, head and arms lying on the table, weeping into a pile of guns. She did not see the reporters running out—free at last to write the story of their lives. She did not see the detectives looking for their weapons. She saw only Ted. He was sitting on a chair, and the doctor was bandaging the calf of his right leg.

Ted was looking at her, holding out his arms. And as she ran to him, he stood up—to the doctor's great disgust—and held her close to him.

THE END

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*Mail Pilot Hopson's narrow escape in New Jersey last November, after cracking up in a fog at night and landing on the railroad tracks.*

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# The FLYING Postman

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National Air Transport photo

*Pilot "Wild Bill" Hopson.*

JUST as he regained consciousness after cracking up in a fog one night last November, "Wild Bill" Hopson heard the screech of a locomotive. Cut and dazed by his bump, he scrambled from the cockpit. He had taken two steps when a train came thundering out of the murk, crushed his ship like an eggshell, and tossed the wreckage all over that New Jersey neighborhood.

The train missed Bill by a split second. Without knowing it, he had landed square on the railroad tracks.

"Well, I guess that shows what close connections we mail pilots can make," he told us later.

In his case the idea barely escaped being overdeveloped, but what he said about it emphasizes one of the most important features of air mail service in the United States today. Quick connections are the life of this job.

Our race against time goes on through sunlight, starlight, and darkness. Our race course is the open sky arching from Atlantic to Pacific, from Gulf to Great Lakes. Time sets the pace. He's hard to beat. But it's our business to beat him continually despite all hazards of storm, mechanical trouble, or human elements.

Winning means bringing the mail through on schedule. That means speed, precaution, teamwork. Teamwork most of all. On the ground as well as in the air, every detail must click, click promptly, and click right. From start to finish we meet the utmost coöperation, for Time never flies alone. Danger and Death ride with him to trap us if they can.

In our drive against Time and his dread allies, no flight is ever exactly like another. Too many shifting circumstances prevail. Yet, as an air mail performance, the flight I am about to describe was typical. It represents the average as well as any specimen can.

This sprint began one Saturday not long ago at Hadley Field, transcontinental airport for New York City. Since the whole purpose of the race revolves around the cargo, let me first introduce Ed Donelly, United States post-office agent, who directed that part of the job.

About noon, Ed put a box in the pit of my plane. "Flowers for Mary Pickford," he said. The box, containing Long Island roses, was addressed to Miss Pickford's California home. Ed cited other parcels.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

These BETTER BRAN FLAKES were made to give you *health and pep*

SEE who makes these better bran flakes. Kellogg of Battle Creek! No wonder they are better in flavor. More appetizing. More popular. Crisper.

Only in Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes will you taste the famous flavor of PEP. And with this flavor you get the nourishing elements of wheat. Plus extra bran, to be mildly laxative.

With milk or cream, Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are wonderfully wholesome. Try them! You'll say they are the best bran flakes you ever ate. Children love them. Serve Pep Bran Flakes at their luncheon or evening meal.

Grocers everywhere sell Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes. In the red-and-green package. Made by the makers of Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

Kellogg's

PEP BRAN FLAKES

IMPORTANT—*Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are mildly laxative.* ALL-BRAN—*another Kellogg product—is 100% bran and guaranteed to relieve constipation.*

[THE FLYING POSTMAN
Continued from page seventy-three]

"Five hundred baby chicks for Dallas, Texas." He lowered the infants to a protected corner. Chicks and queen bees are the only live cargo we transport, human passengers excepted.

"News reels of the Bremen fliers for San Francisco and Portland, Oregon." In they went. "For Chicago, two consignments of Paris gowns just off the Leviathan." Our chief item remained.

"Registered mail," sang Ed, "for Cleveland and points west, thirteen pouches four hundred pounds, and three packages fifty pounds of American Express." With a final glance of inspection he made the pit door fast. "Okay, Paul, you've got your load."

I climbed to the cockpit. George Andrus, government weather expert, called to me from his office door. "Bellefonte reports," said George, "broken clouds, ceiling three thousand feet, visibility six miles, eight-mile northwest wind, temperature forty-five, barometer thirty point one seven."

"Any dirt over the mountains?" I inquired.

"Nothing bad. You may find a tail wind around central Ohio. No rain or fog."

George's dope seemed to indicate fine flying. I looked at the clock on my dash. Fourteen minutes past noon, eastern standard time. One minute to spare.

Jim Maxwell took his place by the tie chain. Jim manages the National Air Transport field at Hadley, New Jersey. "All set, Paul?" he asked.

"All set," I answered.

HE snapped the chain catch free, releasing the ship. "Give her the gun," he cried.

I opened the throttle. A blast of power, 400 horses strong, boomed from the Liberty motor. The big Douglas plane taxied out on the grass, gathering headway. I looked at my clock again. Fifteen minutes past 12—take-off time to the dot. Then aloft she soared, and another day's mail was in the air on its flight from coast to coast.

Now put on your long-distance glasses. Watch this winged steeplechase through to the end. Don't forget it is Saturday noon as I start for the West. My leg of the race will finish at Cleveland, where I'm due to arrive at 4:20 P. M. From Cleveland on, half a dozen pilots will take a hand in the contest with as many different planes.

What are the stakes? Who bets on us? Who wins when we win? Who loses if Old Man Time and his gang defeat us? Here you are—here's what, who, and how much:

Out in Chicago several ladies of fashion count on wearing new Paris gowns to the opera this very evening. The gowns reached America less than three hours ago. Only the air mail service can rush them through.

Down in Dallas, a poultry farmer must fatten 500 fancy chicks for the Democratic convention. Time means money to him. He relies on the air mail, too.

San Francisco movie houses have spent considerable sums advertising the Bremen films for tomorrow night's show. Theaters in Portland, Oregon, have promised their patrons the same program for Monday matinée. Time must be beaten in every case, so come on, you Douglas airship, strut your stuff!

But the largest stakes of all are in the registered mail. Probably my pouches contain non-negotiable paper totaling from a hundred thousand to more than a million dollars, most of it being New York drafts on western banks.

Payments for California fruit and vegetables sold in the East constitute an enormous item all by themselves. By rail, the same drafts take at least six days to cross the country, as compared to thirty hours by air. Six days more elapse if they are railroaded back to Manhattan for clearance. Therefore, by flying their commercial paper, Californians save about nine days' interest on their money. Proportionate savings are gained for all business centers of the West and South.

At cruising altitude I urge my ship forward to the limit. I want all the speed she'll give me. I'll use this

*Pilot Collins' forced landing at Indiana, Pennsylvania, after which "Elmer, aged seventeen" and ambitious to become an ace, showed him what real flying is, in the family flivver.*

National Air Transport photo

*The author, Pilot Paul F. Collins.*

picnic weather while it lasts. We get little enough of it on the eastern runs.

Just above the clouds, I'm making slightly better than 105 miles an hour against a light head wind. This is what I call sitting pretty. Not a thing to worry about for three hours. At 4 o'clock the new Union Terminal Tower looms up on the horizon, and a few minutes later we glide into the Cleveland Municipal Airport.

Now my chore for today is all washed up. But while I'm stretching my legs with a round or so of golf, the mail must go flying on.

Less than half an hour after I land at Cleveland, most of my New York load takes off again, for Chicago this time, in the pit of a fresh Douglas plane with Leo McGinn at the joy stick. Compared to some of Leo's trips in the past, this ride today will be ice cream to him.

Two years ago, during one of his first night runs out of Cleveland, Leo had the involuntary honor of beholding Chicago as few others have beheld her and lived to tell the story.

THE fracas began when he tangled elbows with a bad combination of wind, rain, and fog on approaching the shores of Lake Michigan. At that time we had not yet come to the stage of investing much faith in our instruments, partly because the ones we then used were not altogether reliable, also because instrument flying was a matter of confidence, of learning to trust our lives to the antics of cute little dials.

In those days blind flying meant blind flying—blind as a one-eyed nag with the staggers. That was just how Leo felt as he groped around the sky for Chicago.

When he attained the particular area of fog under which he figured the city should be located, he saw nothing but a vast black void full of empty gloom. Any ground light would have enabled him to keep his ship on an even keel. As it was, he had no more control over her than a modern parent over a flaming youth.

While his craft pitched and wallowed through the storm, Leo peered down anxiously into the abyss below him. Still no sign of Chicago.

On reeled his ship. Down gazed Leo.

Suddenly a brilliant panorama of lights, people, and strange architecture materialized out of the darkness over the top of his left wing tip. Rigid with astonishment, he watched the vision pass and disappear in a whirl of mist.

"THE whole thing was twisted on its ear," he said afterward. "It seemed made of fantastic domes and towers like some Oriental palace. There was a large gilded archway in the middle. Chicago never looked like that to me."

Here Leo added a comment that struck some of us who knew him as being rather far-fetched. "Boys," he said, "I thought sure enough I'd crashed and gone straight to heaven. I thought that queer-looking arch must be the Pearly Gates."

Fortunately the truth dawned on him almost immediately. In the blind fog his ship had flopped over on her side and wallowed down to a point directly over the entrance of White City, a Chicago amusement park. So he righted her, went on, found the landing field, and delivered his mail none the worse for his adventure.

With such thrills behind him, Leo won't make any fuss about jumping this Saturday load of ours into Chicago by 7 P. M. Our Paris gowns will be in time for the opera tonight.

Then at 8 P. M. our baby chicks continue their southwest jaunt under the wing of Paul Johnson, pilot for the Chicago-Dallas line. Those chicks will be breakfasting on Texas worms at 8 tomorrow morning.

And forty minutes after our Bremen films reach Chicago with Mary Pickford's roses, out they fly again, escorted by E. Hamilton Lee, veteran daddy of the service. Lee has piloted mail continually since 1918 without a major crack-up. Twenty minutes after midnight, in Omaha, Nebraska, he'll turn the cargo over to "Slim" Lewis of the Boeing Line. Slim will start off without

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE FLYING POSTMAN
Continued from page seventy-five]

a word for Cheyenne, Wyoming. He'll come in without a word, too. President Coolidge hasn't anything on Pilot Lewis as a silence maintainer.

Except when he talks to the dice, Slim is certainly a lad of very few remarks, yet he once gave me a mighty big slice of flying philosophy. He was then my flight instructor at Scott Field, Belleville, Illinois.

"Try like hell not to crash," he drawled. "But if you've got to do it, just keep her nose out of the ground and you'll always be able to walk away."

So far it has worked every time.

In Cheyenne tomorrow at 4:30 A. M. Slim's mail pit will be transferred to another Boeing Line ship with Henry Boonstra in the pilot's seat. Henry will rush our cargo through to Salt Lake City even if he has to get there on snowshoes.

That was what he did in the winter of 1923. On his way to Salt Lake from Rock Springs, Wyoming, he left late in the afternoon and ran into a snowstorm and darkness. The storm became a raging blizzard, impossible to penetrate.

Coalville, Utah, was the only intermediate town. Henry headed for Coalville, but his ship, beaten down by the tempest, cracked up on a mountain peak, miles from any habitation.

National Air Transport photo

*Pilot Earl Ward—thinking, no doubt, of the beauties of nature in hot weather.*

*"You should have seen those girls make for the bushes," Pilot Ward said afterward.*

UNINJURED, yet in grave danger of death from the cold, Henry retired into the cockpit of his wrecked plane, stuffed a tarpaulin across the opening to keep out the snow, and spent the night hugging what warmth was left in the exhaust pipe. He had no food.

In the morning he crawled out, badly chilled but alive. The blizzard had abated. Far across the valley, deep with snow, he saw a lonely cabin. He started for it at once, but the fresh snow's surface would not sustain his weight. He sank to the armpits.

Henry knew that unless he could reach that cabin he would starve. Returning to the ship, he salvaged a knife and some wire. He wore a heavy canvas flying suit lined with bearskin. With the knife he then hacked off the legs of his suit at the knees. He ripped them open, spread them, and lashed split branches on them crosswise to keep them flat. Tying his feet to these improvised snowshoes, he started again for the cabin twelve miles away.

The journey took him all day long. When his trick shoes gave out, he crawled the last two miles through the snow on his hands and knees. At last he reached the cabin, staggered to the door, and pushed it open. The place was empty. Then the sun went down, leaving him to spend another hungry night.

On the second morning he followed a trail blazed among the trees until he came to a hut where some trappers were living. There he ate and spent the third night. With the aid of the woodsmen he tramped through to Coalville the next day.

AT Coalville he learned of the frantic search being made for him. Every plane in the section had been ordered to participate. Train crews and railroad hands had also been mobilized. Even the Boy Scouts were after him.

What Henry wanted most just then was a lot more nourishment and a lot more sleep. But the first thing he asked for was a telegraph blank. He sent the message to C. F. Egge, then General Air Mail Superintendent at Washington, D. C.

"Dear Mr. Egge," he wired, "I am very sorry I have caused you so much trouble."

The whole episode merely explains why daylight flights in clear weather are not exactly dramatic to Henry Boonstra any more.

As a rule, western pilots fly over wilder territory than we do on the eastern routes, yet it once took Harry A. Smith, now chief test pilot for the Bellanca Company, two days to find his way out of the Pennsylvania mountains after a forced landing. "I saw no less than two hundred wild deer in the woods," Harry declared. "Some came so close I could have knocked them over with rocks. They were just curious."

In that respect the deer had a lot in common with the humans who always hang around a pilot and his ship after a forced landing. Because of these rubbernecks, some of us are tempted to fly through dangerous weather instead of coming down to wait for better conditions. Five minutes after we land the field is sure to be full of nuts. And the questions they ask!

I once heard a dark-complexioned gentleman explain my ship to his lady friend. "Them wings," he told her,

" is made of fish skins so they'll slide easy through the air." He pointed to the propeller. " And that there windmill," he elucidated, " keeps the engine cool."

For all the dumb-crackers, forced landings are nothing today compared to what they used to be. Before regular emergency fields were established, a forced landing meant trucking the mail from the stranded ship to the nearest railroad. Generally some farmer's boy volunteered with the family flivver. I was once picked up by a keen young buck who had his heart all set on becoming an ace at the earliest possible date.

Driven down by fog that morning not far from the town of Indiana, Pennsylvania, the mail and I were rescued by Elmer, aged seventeen, and his horseless carriage, aged about the same.

Right away Elmer saw his chance to prove what a natural born flier he was.

The antique auto he rolled up in looked as though it couldn't have a quiver of speed left in its old tin carcass, but Elmer proceeded to show me a thing or two as we started off for town over a rough dirt road.

Switching his cap around hind-side-front to resemble an aviator's helmet, he chinned himself on the gas lever and away we shot at a forty-mile lick.

I GASPED. I ducked my head. I began to regret having left my parachute behind in the ship. On tore Elmer, beaming like a cherub.

" Guess maybe I might learn to fly, mightn't I? " he whooped in my ear.

" Learn? " I took a tighter grip on the door panel. " Why, boy," I said, " you ought to be giving lessons now! "

Somehow we came through alive. Elmer slanted an eye at the town clock, " Fair enough," he announced modestly. " I've done it in less, though."

I don't mind confessing how much better I felt —after that ride with Elmer—as I took off again when the weather cleared, and climbed right up to the clouds where life seemed once more safe and peaceful.

Before Elmer convoyed me back to my ship, I put through a long-distance phone call from the town of Indiana to our Cleveland headquarters. " This is Collins," I told the Cleveland field manager. " My mail will be in by train tonight. I've just had a forced landing at Indiana, Pennsylvania."

He didn't catch the last word. " Indiana! " he yelped. " Do you mean to say you flew across the whole state of Ohio without noticing it? "

It would be almost impossible to imagine a regular mail pilot overlooking geography to that extent. On the other hand, spotting exact localities is not always so easy. Kaufman mistook Philadelphia for New York City one night, and W. L. Smith, one of the record-breaking men of the service, found himself gliding above the sea near Ambrose Lightship while trying to make Curtiss Field in a fog.

LANDMARKS seen from aloft get to be fixed in a flier's mind after a while, just as objects along a road grow familiar to motorists or pedestrians, but in the air it takes somewhat longer to memorize the appearances of various places because we have only general characteristics to go by. Few details can be seen.

Nor need they be. Spotting landmarks on the ground is really necessary only at the end of a flight and in cases of emergency landing. For the sake of using favorable winds which blow stronger at higher altitudes, we make many of our eastbound flights far above the clouds without a glimpse of the world below.

We take off, climb to cruising altitude, then fly entirely by compass until twenty-five miles or so from our destination. Only then do we descend for a peek at terra firma. An experienced pilot coming down after three hours of compass flying should be able to tell at once approximately where he is. Within five minutes he should spot his exact location.

National Air Transport photo

*Pilot Leo J. McGinn, who once mistook a Chicago amusement park for heaven.*

The air highroad from Chicago to New York affords a good example in geography.

Chicago can always be identified by the smoke—the " pistol smoke," as Will Rogers calls it. Ohio presents a uniform pattern of small hills, valleys, towns, farms, and scattered villages. Indiana looks flat as a pancake. Pennsylvania specializes in variety.

North of our course over Pennsylvania lie long stretches of timber country, very sparsely populated. I have flown more than a hundred miles there without seeing any human dwelling. To the south come high plains striped with rolling pasture

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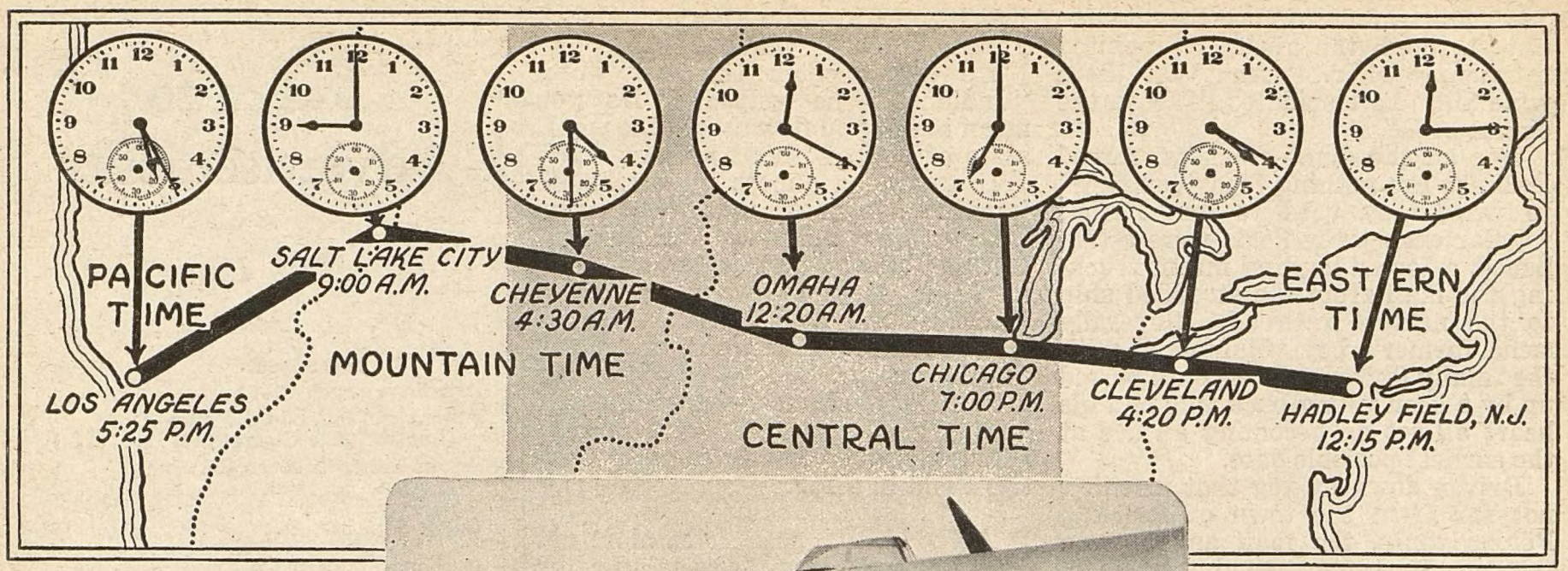
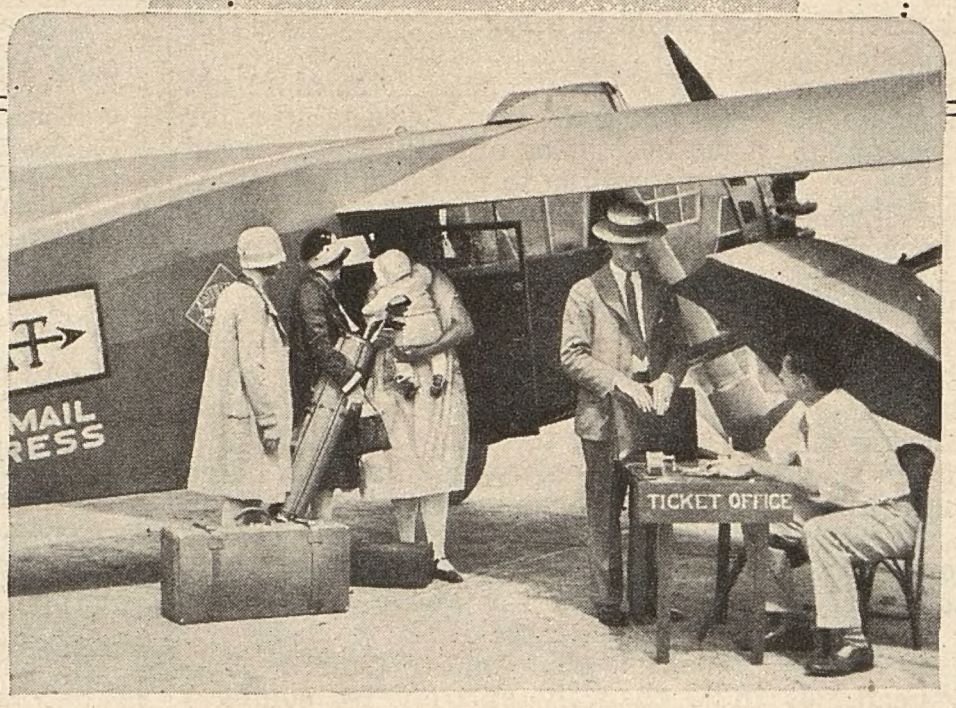



*Passengers are the only live cargo the mail planes transport, except chicks and queen bees.*

*Coast to coast within thirty hours: the westbound pilots' relay race against Time.*

[ THE FLYING POSTMAN
Cont'd from page seventy-seven ]

and soil under cultivation. All the land between Bellefonte and New York is lower, broken by fine wooded ranges.

It was there that Earl Ward won a remarkable winged victory over temptation.

During one of his regular New York-Cleveland trips last August, Earl found it monotonous up high, so on coming to the pleasant acres of eastern Pennsylvania, he slipped down to enjoy what he could of the rural scenery. The weather was splendid but very hot, the air balmy, the sky clear as crystal. There wasn't a hint of trouble anywhere as Earl went hedge-hopping along, with his mind on his work. He flew as low as safety permitted. The visibility was perfect.

Suddenly he reached an open spot where a little lake lay hidden in the thick of the woods. As he gazed down from his low flying ship upon the charming scene, what did he see but a quartet of beautiful maidens splashing around all by themselves in no-piece bathing suits!

"You should have seen those girls make for the bushes when they lamped me," Earl said afterward.

"And what did you do, Earl?" we asked.

"Why, I did the proper thing, of course," he answered. "I nearly sprained my wrist shoving my throttle on to full speed ahead."

Be that as it may, I can record one fact to the everlasting honor of the service. Earl reached Cleveland the same afternoon. I've forgotten how late he was.

But I have also strayed a long way from our Saturday race against Time, with that cargo of Bremen films and Mary Pickford's roses. Now jump back with me to where Henry Boonstra brings the load into Salt Lake City on Sunday afternoon. From there it speeds on in a Western Airline ship piloted by Mory Graham.

Here we come down the home stretch! Under the wire!

Our two shipments of Bremen films branch out in different directions from Salt Lake. Those addressed to San Francisco sail straight through with Pilot Harry Huking. They arrive in good season for Sunday evening's show.

The Portland films go north from Salt Lake in a Varney Airways plane piloted by Paul Scott. They flash their story on the screens in Oregon less than forty-two hours after being developed in the darkrooms of New York.

What has become of Mary Pickford's roses? Mory Graham flies them into Los Angeles at 5:25 P. M. on Sunday. Douglas Fairbanks can wear one in his buttonhole tonight, fresh and fragrant.

NOW the long race from ocean to ocean is over. But another has already started.

The flight I describe was simply routine. There was nothing exceptional about it from beginning to end; it was just one more transcontinental flight with the U. S. mail. As a regular mail pilot assigned to the Cleveland-New York run, I enact my rôle in this show about 250 times a year.

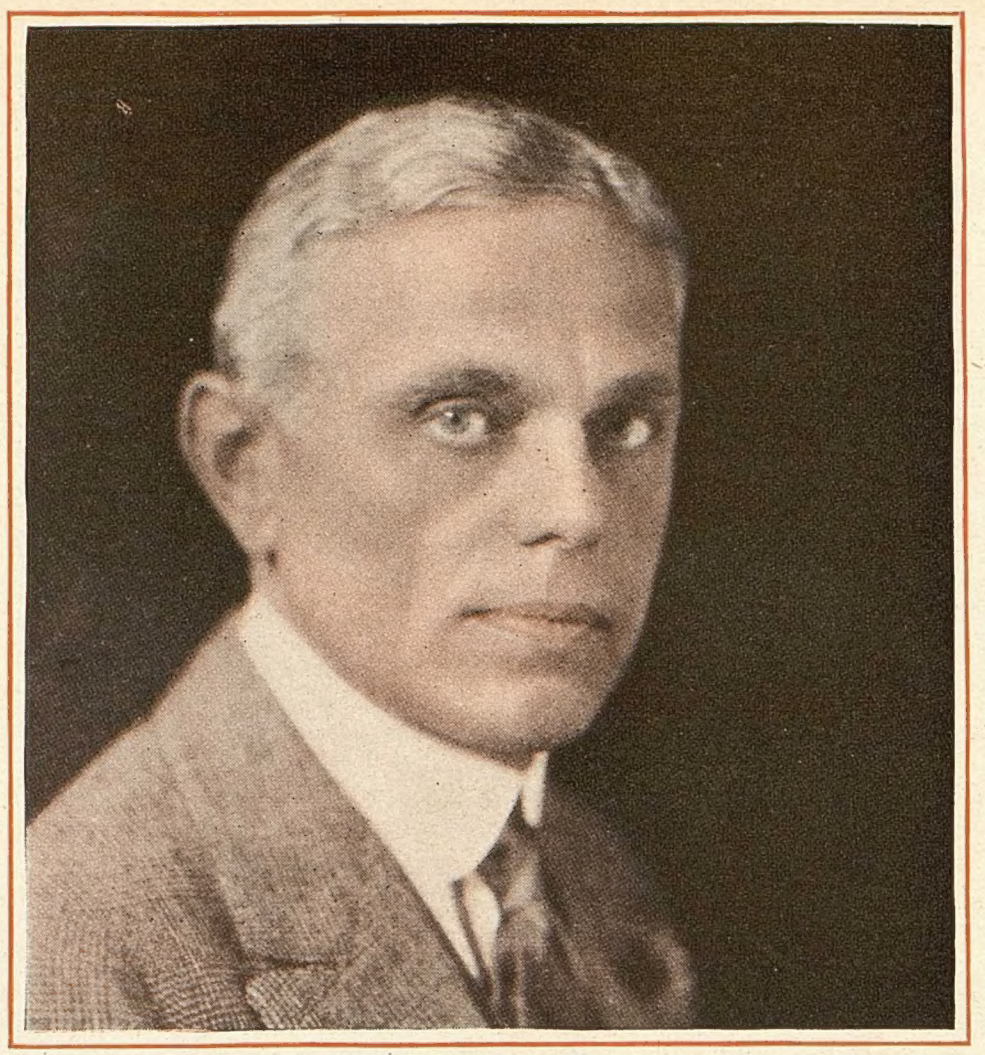
We used to say, "There are no retired mail pilots." That was in the hectic days before safety came to be considered a flying virtue. But sayings change. A few of our original crowd have given up the game and are now earning their living honestly.

However, there are still about a dozen of us left out of the forty pilots first employed by the government when this job began — pilots who have each flown more than a half million miles with the mail.

THE END

## Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 37

1—Dover; Tallahassee; Atlanta.
2—An interpreter; so called in parts of the East.
3—Not of sound mind.
4—England.
5—An angle greater than a right angle.
6—A laudatory discourse.
7—Braves, Robins, Giants, Phillies.
8—Topsy, in Uncle Tom's Cabin.
9—To ostracize; to banish from society.
10—Mount Mitchell, in North Carolina.
11—Leland Stanford Jr. University, at Palo Alto, Calif.
12—Hurry Up.
13—A pendulous fold of skin under the necks of certain animals and birds.
14—Lord Byron (1788-1824).
15—They are Roman Catholic monastic orders.
16—Days of tranquillity and peace.
17—Carthage.
18—Adam was made from "the dust of the ground" and Eve from Adam's rib. (Genesis ii, 7-22.)
19—Bouillon is a kind of broth or soup; bullion is gold or silver in bulk.
20—America and God Save the King.



**NORVAL A. HAWKINS**

*Former General Sales Manager*
*Ford Motor Company*
*Former Director of Advertising*
*Sales and Service*
*General Motors Corporation*

**Has this to say about Miller De Luxe Balloons:**

"Your new Miller De Luxe Balloon is, in my opinion, one of the most outstanding contributions ever made in the interests of safe, carefree motoring. I am using a set on my personal car—and have never traveled in an automobile with so complete a sense of security."

# "Miller *Deluxe* Balloons give me a new sense of riding and driving security" Norval A. Hawkins

TO millions of people who drive and ride in automobiles, this tribute to the new Miller De Luxe Balloon from a man of great authority in the automobile industry must bear a deep significance.

Here is a man who knows tires—and has known tires from the time when the first "one-lunger" chugged down Main Street.

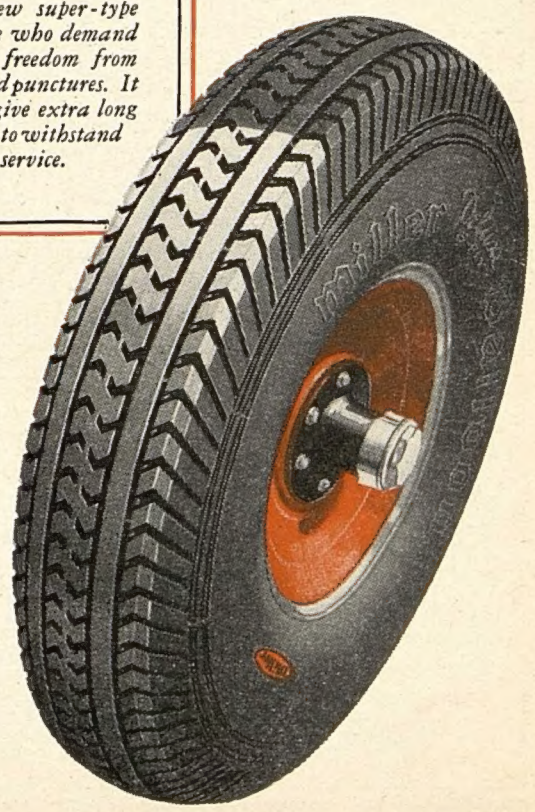
He has known the need for a super-tire, built to stand the grinding wear that new-day driving conditions impose. A tire that brings to motorists a new sense of confidence—a new feeling of security in driving.

This is exactly what *he* has found and what *you* will find when you equip *your* car with Miller De Luxe Balloons.

Users are receiving from these tires *40% to 75% more than the mileage of ordinary balloons*. Due to a 50% heavier tread you are not likely ever to puncture them from ordinary causes.

Miller De Luxe Balloons should last as long as most people keep their cars. And, regardless of the speed you drive or the road conditions you encounter, they will live up to their promise of great mileage, extreme durability, greater freedom from puncture, and slow tread wear. That is why the *men who know* have termed the Miller De Luxe Balloon "the tire sensation of a decade."

*The new Miller De Luxe 6-ply Balloon pictured below is a new super-type tire for those who demand the utmost freedom from blowouts and punctures. It is built to give extra long mileage and to withstand the roughest service.*




THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY of N. Y. AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

# MILLER

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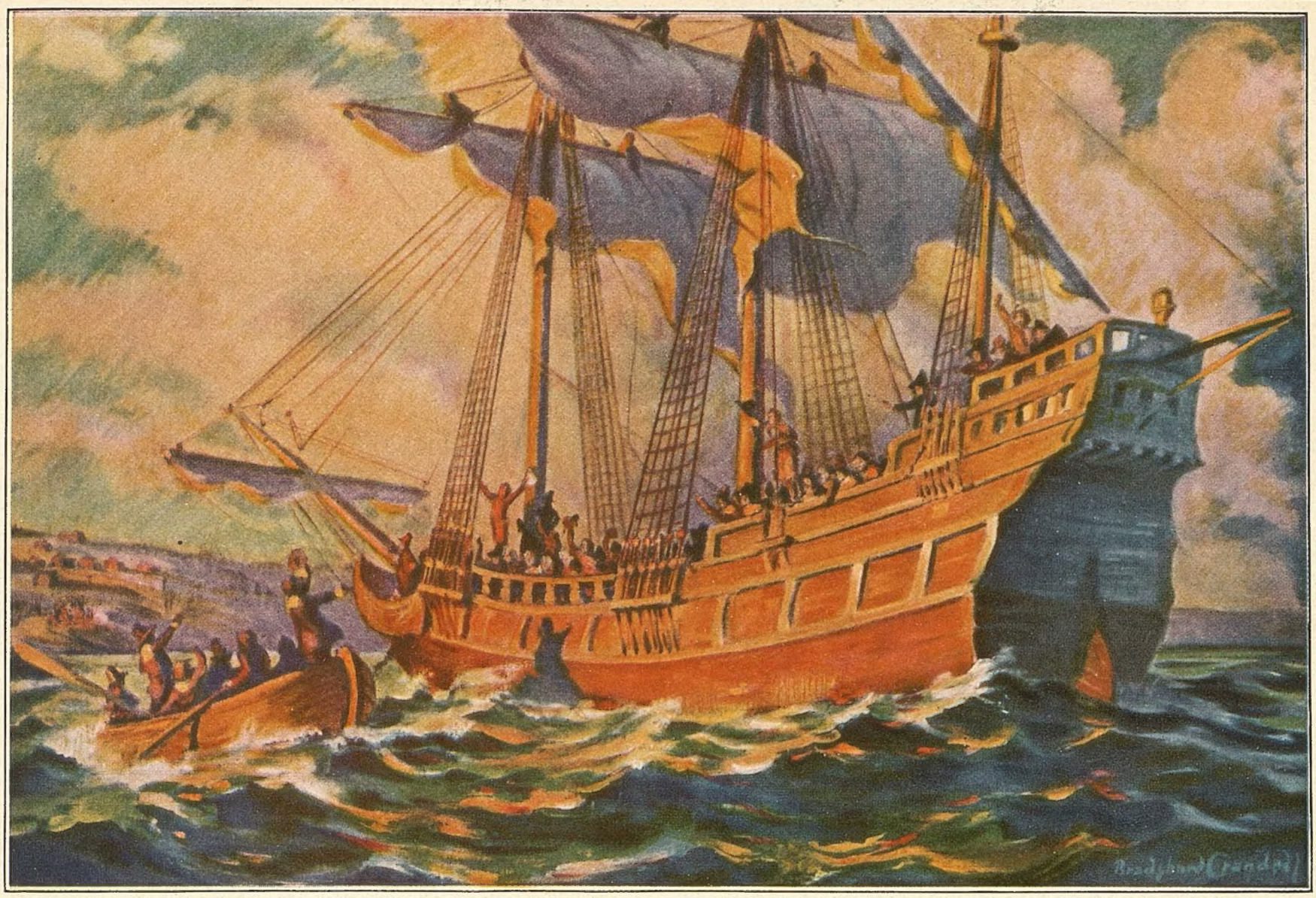


ARRIVAL OF THE "FORTUNE"

*When the "Fortune," the first ship to reach the shores of New England after the arrival of the Puritans, approached the harbor at Plymouth it was thought to be a hostile French craft and Governor Bradford ordered the cannon fired and his men assembled under arms. Fear soon turned to joy, however, as it was learned that the "Fortune" was a friendly vessel with additional members for the colony.*


Cudahy's

# Puritan Ham

*"First in the Land - The Taste Tells"*

For the festive Easter dinner and for every meal and season, there is nothing more satisfying and nutritious than Cudahy's Puritan Ham.

**A FAMOUS PURITAN BAKED HAM RECIPE:**

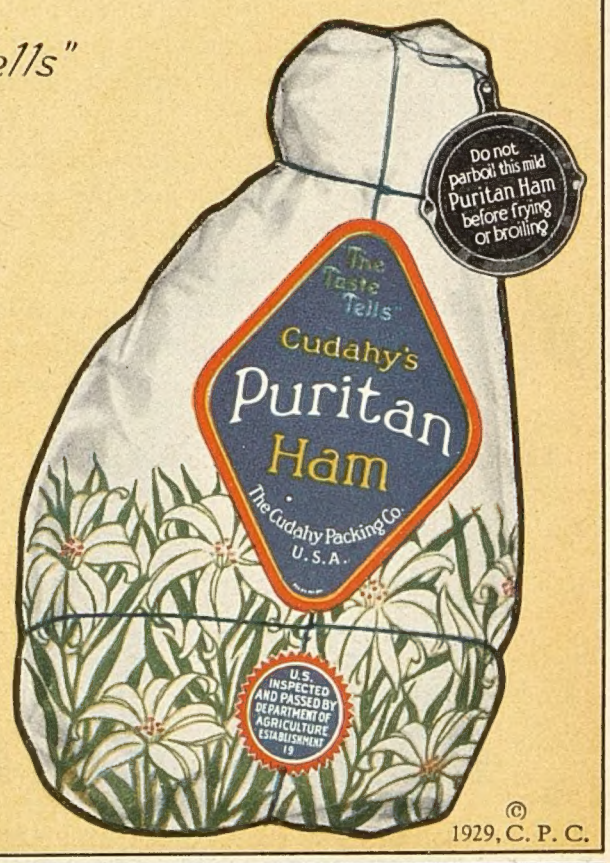
*Select a twelve-pound Puritan ham. Scrub well with cold water, rinse and place in kettle with cold water to cover. Simmer four hours. Seasoning such as bay leaf, celery, carrot, and parsley gives added flavor. Remove ham from liquor and peel off skin, except from shank. Place ham in roaster with cup each of vinegar and hot water and bake slowly for one hour, basting frequently. Score the fat surface evenly and spread with brown sugar and bread crumbs, placing cloves at intervals. Bake until brown, uncovered and without further basting.*

Puritan Ham is excellent in any serving. Boil or bake whole or half ham; fry or broil center slices. Your dealer has a freshly cured stock of Puritan Ham in the special Easter wrappers. Ask for Puritan.

The Cudahy Packing Co. U.S.A.

Puritan Hams · Bacon · Lard

*(A copy of the above picture will be sent free upon request to Department L-2, The Cudahy Packing Co., Chicago)*

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